00032737

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016

914.5
Hil /six
32737

SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.

32737

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CARNIVAL IN ROME.

THE Duke of Wellington was once asked which was the best description of the battle of Waterloo, and in the course of his reply he said, that it was impossible to describe a battle: each person could recall and relate the incidents in which he himself took part, but nothing more: whatever was beyond his own observation could make no impression on the memory. This remark applies with more or less force to every thing which comprises the elements of time and movement. A picture or a bas-relief may be described distinctly and perfectly; but a series of actions, only in detail, by parcels, and more or less imperfectly. A landscape may be painted with the most minute fidelity, but no eye can catch, no memory retain, the successive and fleeting impressions made upon it by a violent storm.

This is especially true of the gay movement and genial frolic of a Roman Carnival; every description of such must needs be unsatisfactory to those who never witnessed it, and disappointing to those who have. Each one who sees or takes part in this festive hurly-burly can recount what he observed or what he did, but he cannot paint in the reader's eye the moving panorama, which is ever changing, yet never the same. He can tell of quaint disguises, of ludicrous antics, of rapid gestures, of showers of bouquets, and hail-storms of sugar-plums; of streets gorgeous as an autumn wood with hanging tapestry, and of balconies filled with women wearing their gayest gowns

and their brightest smiles; but he cannot transfer to his page the atmosphere of frolic which hangs over all, interprets all, and reconciles all—to which each contributes his part, while all feel and share its electric influence.

> "The delicate shells lay on the shore
> * * * * *
> I wiped away the weeds and foam,
> I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
> But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
> Had left their beauty on the shore
> With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."
>
> EMERSON.

To judge fairly of a Roman Carnival, we must view it in connection with the prevailing tastes, the ordinary amusements, and every-day life of the Roman people; and inquire into the causes which have made it, here, so much more an absorbing and characteristic a spectacle than in other Catholic capitals. The taste of the populace of Rome has been in some degree formed by those splendid and imposing ceremonials of the church with which they have been so long familiar; by the gilding and marble of their churches, the rich vestments of the clergy, the clouds of incense curling up from censers of silver, and all the other shows and pomps of their worship. They delight in "the pride of the eye." On all holiday occasions they hang out from their windows strips of bright-coloured cloth. They take great pleasure in illuminations, torch-light processions, and, especially, in fire-works, which are nowhere seen in such perfection as in Rome. Even death itself is not exempt from the influence of this ruling passion. The funerals of distinguished persons take place at night, are illumined by the blaze of torches, and attended by solemn music and trains of ecclesiastics. Thus, the Carnival is linked by natural laws to the remaining portions of the year. It is merely the annual flowering of that taste which is always in leaf.

Something is also to be ascribed to the peculiarity of the place—the Corso and the streets immediately adjoining—to

which the show is confined. The Corso is about a mile long, but disproportionately narrow—being on an average only about thirty-five feet broad—and bordered by lofty houses, nearly all of which are furnished with projecting balconies, constructed with especial reference to this spectacle. When apartments are let in this street for the season, the period of Carnival is not included, except by a special agreement, and for an additional consideration. Temporary structures of wood are usually put up, where permanent balconies are wanting. Thus, the already narrow space between the houses is abridged by these unglazed oriels and projections, and the persons occupying them are brought within speaking, or, at least, communicating distance; near enough to interchange bouquets, sugar-plums, and smiles of greeting. And as the street between is densely filled with carriages and foot-passengers, the chain of magnetic influence is unbroken. All are brought so near together as to act and re-act upon each other; and the effect of a crowded in-door audience is produced in the open air. Were the Corso as wide as Broadway, one half of the mirth and movement of the Carnival would vanish; and that essential spirit which is now preserved by compression would evaporate.

The Roman Carnival extends over the eleven days which immediately precede Ash Wednesday, though only eight days are actually given up to its gaieties; the two Sundays and Friday being put under the shadow of the church. Nor does the sport last through the whole of each day, but only from about two o'clock till dark, in the short days of February; so that the Romans, even in their hours of licence, feel the truth of Hesiod's saying, that the half is more than the whole, and know that fine flavours can only be preserved by abstaining from deep draughts. The course of each day is substantially the same, except that the uproar goes on with an increasing impulse, as the end draws near. The reader will then have the goodness to walk with me into the Corso, at about half-past two on a Carnival day, and follow with the mind's eye

the sketch of the moving scene which I shall attempt to draw; and in this, our airy substance, we can penetrate to the heart of the crowd much more easily than if we were making the effort in our proper material persons.

First of all, the aspect of the long and narrow street draws the admiring eye. The usually rather common-place and unexpressive fronts of the houses have suddenly put on a life and bloom, like that which a mass of multiflora in full flower gives to a dead wall. Gay streamers, of red, yellow, and blue, flutter in the breeze, and heavier pieces of the same vivid colours hang from the windows in such numbers, that to a fanciful mind it looks as if a rainbow had fallen from the sky, and its shattered fragments been caught and arrested ere they reached the earth. Far as the eye can pierce, the balconies are crowded with spectators, of whom a large proportion are gaily dressed women; some with beautiful, and all with animated faces, prepared to enjoy the scene and not unwilling to be admired. The street below is filled by two rows of carriages slowly moving in opposite directions, and filled with gay occupants, and by a motley crowd of foot-passengers, composed principally, but not exclusively, of men and boys, some with masks and some without. All this concourse, comprising every rank in life, from an adventurous English nobleman to the lowest ragamuffins in Rome, and engaged more or less actively in one common occupation, that of pelting one another with various kinds of missiles; so that the air is quite filled with the harmless ammunition of their mock warfare.

These missiles are of three classes—rejecting all minor subdivisions as unworthy of the dignity of history—these three are flowers, bon-bons or sugar-plums, and confetti. For many days before the Carnival begins, flowers are brought into Rome from the neighbouring country; and the stock on hand, to respond to the universal demand, seems boundless. They are so arranged as to meet the various capacities of purse or the higher or lower points of profusion; the scale of choice

ranging from costly bouquets of the delicate and fragrant products of the conservatory, to little branches of wild flowers, the natural growth of the Campagna, of which a large basketfull may be bought for a few baiocchi. They are, as with us on the eve of a ball, a graceful and permitted attention which might be too marked if proffered on other occasions; and there, as here, a sharp eye may draw auguries of hope or fear from the manner in which they are received and acknowledged. The instinctive and universal taste of mankind selects flowers for the expression of its finest sympathies, their beauty and their fleetingness serving to make them the most fitting symbols of those delicate sentiments for which language itself seems almost too gross a medium. In some instances, these Carnival bouquets are crowned with a living bird whose legs and wings are imprisoned in flowery bands, and whose drooping head wears a forlorn expression of surprise and terror, awakening a feeling not in unison with the mood of the hour.

As the sugar-plums are good to eat, they have a homely savour of utility, and fall short of the ethereal expressiveness of flowers; but as tributes, they are valued by young and old, especially when tastefully enclosed in pretty boxes and cones of gilded paper, bearing likenesses of damsels with pink cheeks and invisible mouths. Of the cheaper sort, a considerable proportion falls upon the pavement, and is eagerly scrambled for by the ingenuous youth of Rome, who dart in and out under the wheels of carriages and the hoofs of horses with a courage worthy of a better cause.

The third class of missiles—the confetti—are bits of lime, of which the average size is about that of a well-grown pea, forming quite a serious weapon of attack. Indeed, discreet persons, who mean to go through the thick and thin of a Carnival, protect their faces by masks of wire against assaults which might otherwise do lasting harm, especially to the eyes. They are sometimes thrown by the hand and sometimes skilfully ejaculated through a tin tube. When a quantity of them is

forcibly and unexpectedly hurled into the unprotected face, the first sensation is as if the points of a thousand needles had been suddenly shot into the skin; and then a cloud of darkness settles down upon the eyes which gradually passes off in a rain of tears; leaving the sufferer, if of an irritable temper, much disposed to "pitch into" somebody. Foreigners, the English especially, are said to abuse this privilege of the confetti. The Italians, whose temperament allows only a short transition from gentle courtesy to fiery excitement and the drawing of knives, and who do not understand the good-humoured horse-play of rougher nations, rarely use them.

The most animated contests with these different missiles take place where two carriages, occupied by young persons of different sexes, are detained opposite to each other by a general lock; or under a balcony which sparkles with more than an average proportion of beauty. On these occasions, and at these points, the air is darkened with sugar-plums and flowers, the ladies receiving them gracefully as a just tribute that conquerors do not return. The confetti, be it observed, with persons of good taste, are never used except in masculine encounters.

Of the mass which elbow one another through the crowded streets, the greater part are in their ordinary garb; though disguises are common enough not to attract any particular attention. Among the most usual masks are punchinellos with portentous noses and protuberant waistcoats; harlequins in striped costume and daggers of pasteboard; quack doctors with ludicrous nostrums for all sorts of diseases; and advocates in gowns and wigs, that threaten the passers-by with indictments for a thousand fanciful crimes. Many of the masks carry an inflated bladder at the end of a stick, with which they strike most resonant blows to the right and left—a form of practical joke which never seemed to lose its point, nor failed to call forth peals of laughter. Many of the women appeared in male attire, partially or entirely; a style to be ascribed more to convenience of locomotion in such a crowd

than to any innate propensity of the sex to assume what does not belong to them. At any rate, the change was a sacrifice, for the feet and ancles of the Roman women are made for use and not for show. Some persons simply draw over their common garb a dress of coarse white cotton, adopted as much by way of protection against the lime of the confetti as for a disguise. When to this attire a white mask is superadded, the wearer looks like the ghost of a miller walking abroad at noon-day. I remember one adventurous person who presented a tolerable impersonation of a green monkey.

In the carriages which pass in a straight line up and down the Corso, there is such a variety as to form by themselves an entertaining spectacle. Many of them are the common equipages usually seen in the streets, containing grave or elderly personages who come simply to look on and not to take part. There are also many which are rigged out especially for the occasion, consisting of an open frame-work, resting upon wheels, rudely and hastily put together, but successful in the general effect. Sometimes they are contrived to resemble a ship, sometimes a móving forest; and in all cases, the decorations and the garb of the occupants are in what Tony Lumpkin calls "a concatenation accordingly," so that the sense of congruity is not disturbed. In carriages of this class very elaborate and effective costumes may sometimes be seen. I recall two young ladies in rich Albanian dresses, who attracted much attention; and also a party of young men in the velvet doublets and feathered hats of Sir Walter Raleigh's time. The coachmen appear in some fantastic and extravagant garb, their horses garnished with flowers and ribbons; the great object being to attract notice.

There are three modes of seeing and sharing in the festivities of the Carnival; one is to look at the scene from a window or a balcony; another to ride up and down the Corso in an open carriage, and the third, from which ladies are debarred, is to mingle with the crowd in the street. An adventurous young man will probably make experiment of all. To be

merely a passive spectator soon wearies the eye, and if in a cynical humour, provokes a critical spirit and a wonder that men and women can behave so like boys and girls. To rough it in the street requires a stout frame and nimble feet. The carriage is the best medium, making the occupant at once an actor and a spectator. It is quite curious to remark how a fastidious dignity melts away under the contagious influence of the general riot: to see how soon a middle-aged gentleman, who gets into the carriage with a sheepish air of self-reproach and a look of intense self-consciousness, abandons himself to the genius of the place and the hour, and is seen throwing confetti and bouquets with all the ardour of twenty. Between taking a part and merely looking on, there is the same difference as between dancing and seeing others dance. The mob, gentle or simple, seems uniformly good-humoured, though sometimes a little self-command must be exerted in order to maintain this genial mood. A handful of confetti is suddenly slapped into your face, bringing a vision of ten thousand dancing stars before your eyes—or as your hand hangs listlessly for a moment over the side of the carriage with a choice bouquet in it, for which you have a particular destination in your mind or heart, a cunning varlet snatches it from your grasp and disappears in a twinkling—all this must be taken as a part of the fun, and endured with a smiling composure. Many shafts and sallies of verbal wit pass to and fro among the Italians which are lost to the foreign ear. On one occasion, when riding in the Corso with a young friend, whose blooming complexion and light hair, joined to an expression at once frank and fine, made him an attractive image of Saxon beauty, we were met by a carriage moving in an opposite direction, in which was a lively Italian girl, her dark eyes running over with frolic and mischief, who, when she saw my companion, threw a bouquet at him, calling out at the same time, in a loud and laughter-broken voice, 'Beefsteak et pomme de terre,' a phrase by which the English are known all over the continent.

Nowhere does beauty find a more marked or more abundant homage than in a Roman Carnival. The Italians, with their vivid temperament and susceptible organization, are quick to detect its presence, and expressive in the acknowledgment of its claims. A fine countenance gathers a harvest of applause, and brings round its owner a shower of substantial tokens of admiration. In looking down the Corso, wherever a denser crowd is seen gathered together, wherever a brisker fire of flowers and sugar-plums is observed to be going on, one may be sure that the cynosure is a beautiful face that beams from a neighbouring balcony. Our own fair countrywomen had, at least, their full share of the general tribute. Two lovely sisters in particular, one of whom, from the rare combination of blonde hair and dark eyes, was an object of much admiration to the Italians, were almost the belles of the Corso; and one of the pleasures of each day was to witness the sparkling triumph with which they showed the various offerings which had been laid at their feet.

I noticed in the hands of some of the young men on foot, a curious contrivance for the transmission of flowers to the upper windows. It is a sort of frame-work of wooden slats turning upon pivots. When folded together and lying horizontally, they occupy but little space, but by a sudden movement they can be elongated some fifteen or twenty feet, darting up into the air like a rocket. A bouquet, fastened to the end of this, and held in a firm grasp, thus mounted in safety, and reached the very hand for which it was predestined.

And thus the merry-making goes on till about five o'clock, when preparations begin for the running of the horses. Mounted dragoons appear in the Corso, and the carriages one by one diverge into the neighbouring streets on the right and left; and in a short time all disappear, and foot-passengers alone are left. A detachment of cavalry moves slowly down the Corso and returns on a brisk trot. In the mean time, the horses which are to run have been brought to the starting-

point in the Piazza del Popolo, and are rearing and snorting with impatience to be let go. A temporary semicircular range of seats has been previously erected in the Piazza, looking down into the Corso; and just in front of these seats is the barrier, behind which the horses are ranged. Each horse is led up by a showily-dressed groom, who stands at his head till the signal for starting is given. The impatient animals rear and plunge, and the struggles which ensue between them and their keepers, often graceful and vigorous young men, lead to fine exhibitions of human as well as animal power. Accidents sometimes occur, especially when the number of horses is large, as the space in which they are crowded is only of moderate extent. The signal is at last given, the confining rope falls, and the horses bound forth, swallowing the ground with fiery leaps. They rush down the narrow Corso, the people opening a passage for them like waves before the keel of a ship, and then closing up behind them. When I first witnessed this plunging of these spirited creatures into a thronged street, it seemed to me a perilous sport, and I asked if accidents never occurred, and was told that they never did; but the question seemed to be prophetic, for on that very day one man was killed outright, and two or three were wounded. The horses run without riders. They are goaded on in their course by leaden balls, into which sharp points are inserted, and so hung upon their backs as to pierce them with every movement. They run the length of the Corso and are brought up at the Piazza Veneziana, where a temporary seat is erected for the judges who award the prizes. The horses are a light-limbed and spirited breed of animals, but they have little opportunity to show their real qualities of speed or endurance in a race of this kind. From the narrowness of the street, also, an unfair advantage is given to the one or two that get the start at the beginning, which lessens the interest in the result. Goethe, who was in Rome in 1788, says that, at that time, carriages were not driven out of the Corso before the running of the horses, but were merely drawn up in a line on

each side, leaving only the narrow space between them for the race-course; and that sometimes the horses would dash against the wheel of a carriage with such force as to kill themselves.

With the running of the horses, the out-of-door amusements of the Carnival cease. The crowd in the Corso disperses, and in a few moments the streets are restored to their usual quiet and silence. In the evening there are various social entertainments, and commonly a masked ball at some one of the theatres.

Such, substantially, was the Carnival of 1848, as it dwells in my memory. I confess that, before the eight days were over, it began to grow wearisome: it was like a Christmas pantomime acted by daylight. There were, however, some adverse elements at work which impaired the effect, and threw a dispiriting influence over the whole proceeding. The weather was unfavourable, and this was an untoward circumstance which no energy of resolve could entirely overcome. The sun rarely shone during the whole period, and the only change was from a dull gray sky to a drizzling rain. For such raree-shows the presence of sunshine is indispensable. The gay colours look intrusive and impertinent under a monotonous and leaden sky. The mummers and maskers, stumping through the mud and trying to ignore the rain, reminded one of a flock of peacocks disconsolately pacing round a farm-yard in an easterly storm—their fine feathers draggling in the wet or plastered to their sides with moisture. In this, as in so many other instances, our daily speech expresses the general sense of mankind. It is not without reason that we say that our ardour has been damped, and that cold water has been thrown upon our zeal. All out-of-door amusements, picnics, water-parties, civic processions, military reviews, are dreary failures, unless the sun looks down upon them with a benignant countenance.

At the bottom, there was no great amount of heartiness and abandon, and a good deal of make-believe. There was a

sufficient reason for this state of feeling, in the political excitement at that time so rife among the Roman people, and in the vague and glowing hopes which played before their dazzled eyes. All Italy, it need hardly be said, was at that time in a feverish mood, and all around the horizon dark clouds were gathering in the heavens. In various parts of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom collisions had taken place between the citizens and the Austrian soldiers, in which many persons had been killed and wounded. In consequence of these transactions, and by way of sympathy with those who had fallen, the people, at the suggestion of their political leaders, gave up the usual concluding amusement of the Carnival, the Moccoletti, in which every person carries a lighted taper, and endeavours to protect his own and extinguish that of his neighbour. It was in the midst of the entertainments of the Carnival that we heard of the French Revolution of February, 1848—an event which broke in upon the frivolous piping and dancing like the crashing stride of an earthquake. After this astounding intelligence, it was difficult to enter into the spirit of the scene, or to bar the mind, for even a moment, against the stern realities that knocked for admittance. To a thoughtful spirit, aware of the pregnant significance of this outbreak, and not least of all to the Romans themselves, the frisking and capering of the crowds in the Corso seemed like the dancing of a parcel of monkeys over a powder-magazine. It is evident from the accounts of former travellers, that the interest and animation of the Carnival are gradually passing away: indeed it can hardly be otherwise. Communities as well as individuals have their periods of youth, manhood, and decay. As the people of Rome grow older and more thoughtful, as the sense of the duties and responsibilities of life presses upon them more heavily—especially if they should emancipate themselves from their state of political minority—it cannot but happen that the inclination towards a style of amusement so essentially boyish must pass away. Tasso, in one of his prose-writings, says, "L' allegrezze sono conformi all'

età degli uomini siccome i frutti alle stagioni, laonde quel che diletta alla giovinezza non suol piacere all' età matura parimente." A Carnival will not be in unison with the ripened taste of a people that have reached the full stature of moral and mental manhood. Goethe has given a description of this amusement as he saw it at the close of the last century, in a sketch full of grace and spirit—written in that beautiful and transparent prose which forms not the least among his great literary merits—from which the reader will see how much the Roman Carnival has been tamed and sobered in the course of sixty years. But if it has lost in vivacity, it has gained in refinement and decorum: the better taste of to-day would hardly tolerate some of the incidents which he records.

CHAPTER XV.

General Aspect of Rome — Piazza del Popolo — Piazza di Spagna — Monte Pincio — Piazza Navona — The Ghetto.

GENERAL ASPECT OF ROME.

MODERN Rome presents few striking architectural points or combinations.* The houses, which are generally stuccoed, have no marked character; they have commonplace fronts pierced by commonplace windows; looking like convenient dwelling-places, but bare of memories and traditions. In walking through the Corso, or the streets that diverge from it on either hand, the eye lights upon few of those fine pictures in stone, which are so frequent in Bruges or Nuremburg. Though some of the palaces can boast of façades of conspicuous merit, yet many present upon their fronts palpable indications of the periods of bad taste in which they were erected. Indeed, in these narrow streets, grand architecture would be thrown away. In the Corso, the sublime mass of the Riccardi Palace at Florence would look like a line-of-battle ship anchored in the Tiber. For the same reason, the indifferent

* In republican and imperial Rome the heights were crowded with population, but the low plain bordering on the curve of the Tiber, then called the Campus Martius, was an open space used for public assemblies, and gymnastic and martial sports. But now this latter region is the most densely peopled part of Rome, while the highlands are comparatively deserted. This change of the seat of population was probably determined, in a great measure, by the nearness of the river. The ancient aqueducts were mostly all destroyed, or abandoned to neglect and decay, during the dark centuries of Rome. The restoration of such as were restored was comparatively recent. For many generations, a large part of the inhabitants could have depended only on such sources of water as were within the walls. On this account, the poorer classes would naturally fix their habitations as near as possible to the Tiber.

fronts of so many of the churches are the less to be regretted, because in their unfavourable positions beautiful structures could not be appreciated.

But Rome enjoys a great advantage in the picturesque inequality of its surface. Besides its immemorial seven hills, it now includes three others, the Janiculum, the Monte Pincio, and the Vatican; to say nothing of the artificial Monte Testaccio. The ground every where, except in the central portions, rises and falls, swelling into bold or gentle elevations and sinking into valleys more or less depressed. The effect of converging lines of perspective is enhanced from the fact that the point of meeting is in a different plane from that of the eye. Here, we look up to a group of conventual buildings, crowning an eminence; there, we look down into a cavernous abyss of crowded dwelling-places; or we see a church closing a vista made up of a long descent and a long elevation. It is only necessary to choose a commanding position in Rome, to find pictures unique in themselves, attractive to the eye, and delightful to recall. The view from the Pincian Hill, for instance, is that with which strangers are most familiar; and let us consider for a moment some of its peculiarities.

An American eye is first struck with the absence of that dingy red brick which predominates so tyrannically over all our cities; to the despair of artists and the discomfort of those who are born with the sense of art. This glaring colour is quite unknown in Rome. The buildings are, as a general rule, of stone, or covered with stucco; or if brick be used, it is painted; and the different hues of the architectural scene being variations of the same ground tone, blend to the eye in one uniform tint of cream or stone colour, with patches of ashen gray; all which is in beautiful unison with the blue sky and the green ring of plain and mountain in which the city is set.

The next most conspicuous peculiarity is the variety and irregularity of the air line. The formal horizontal monotony

of our blocks of building is nowhere to be seen. Though there are no spires properly so called—for they are Gothic in their origin—there are multitudes of towers and domes, obelisks, columns, belfries, stately palatial masses, convents, and churches. To these are to be added the irregularities of the surface of the soil. Thus, the outline or profile traced upon the sky by the projection of all these architectural forms is singularly indented, irregular, and broken. Rome shoots out into the gulf of the sky a great number of capes and promontories. These two elements of colour and outline are both favourable to the training of the artist, for on whatever spot his eye may light, it falls upon something which has a pictorial possibility—which may be incorporated into a sketch. This picturesque character of Rome is the great secret of that magic spell which it throws over every artist who dwells within its borders; an influence which, like that exerted by a fine climate upon a sensitive frame, is more felt after it is removed than while it is enjoyed. Artists, like all mortal men, are sometimes unreasonable and inconsistent, and will speak of Rome with disparagement or indifference while it is before them; but no artist ever lived in Rome and then left it, without sighing to return.

From the irregularity of surface in the site of Rome, and from the power thus afforded of looking down, as well as above and around, we are admitted to view many interior pictures, and to see the reverse side of the tapestry of life. Rome is a city of wide spaces, and luxuriates in elbow-room; and the buildings are not crowded, shoulder to shoulder, except in a few places. All the larger houses are so built as to enclose a court-yard, and many of them have patches of garden-ground in the rear. In looking down into these court-yards, the observant eye will meet with frequent subjects and hints for the artist; in the moulding of a window, in a projecting balcony, an ornamented frieze, or in an orange-tree, whose dark foliage and golden fruit stand out in the happiest contrast with the gray hues of the wall.

Rome is, indeed, full of the picturesque; which is seen not only in its well-known ruins, its renowned churches, its sparkling fountains, its obelisks, its arches, and its columns—in those objects which are described in guide-books and sit for their pictures in sketch-books—but it comes upon us at every turn. It is found in combination, not merely with beauty and finish, but with dilapidation and decay. Here, we see a fragment of antiquity wrought into a modern wall; there, an old house with quaintly carved "coignes of vantage;" here, a massive gateway of stone, with a pine or an orange-tree overhanging it. The interior scenes, into which we glance as we walk along, have the same character. Here, is the open door of a sculptor's studio into which we peep, and through the marble-dusted atmosphere mark a silent congregation of busts, or a form of beauty or grandeur struggling into symmetry. There, is the shop of a dealer in antiquities, strewn over with pictures, engravings, vases, antique furniture, books, armour, and plate—a collection of nicknacks over which Jonathan Oldbuck would have gone wild with delight—all in dusty disarray, but looking none the less like a Dutch interior. Here is a window full of bewitching bronzes, all of which we wish straightway to buy; and near to it, another, rich in mosaics and cameos, equally tempting to our fair friends.

The charm of cleanliness belongs neither to Rome nor its people. The sense of beauty and the sense of neatness and order do not necessarily dwell in the same natures. The Italians, who have so much of the former, are sparingly endowed with the latter. But in Rome even dirt becomes picturesque. The shops of grocers, butchers, and vegetable dealers, are deficient in that careful propriety, that exquisite niceness, that absence of every thing distasteful and unsightly, which we observe in similar establishments in the large cities of our own country, and still more in London; but even here there will be something to mark the perception of beauty, and an eye accustomed to pictorial combinations. The grocer's

shop will have a dirty floor and a dingy, stained wall; but he will dispose his hams, his round buffalo cheeses, and his strings of Bologna sausages so as to produce a certain picturesque effect: he will ornament his wares with flowers and branches of laurel, and on the evenings of the great church holidays will set up an image of the Madonna, and burn candles before it. The shop or stall of the dealer in vegetables will be littered with decayed leaves, orange-peel, and refuse fragments of every description; but his green melons, his purple egg-plants, his snowy cauliflowers, his blood-red tomatoes, will be so grouped as to bring out contrasts of colour which an artist need not disdain to study.

The living figures of this landscape also share in this common element of the picturesque. In Rome, as in middle and southern Italy generally, more of the occupations of life are carried on, and more of its wants are provided for, out of doors, than the climate in less genial latitudes will permit. Here, is a cobbler's stall; there, an old woman roasting chestnuts in a small oven, the ruddy charcoal of which gleams with a pleasant smile of invitation in a winter twilight; here, a young maiden, with a classic head and hair braided as in one of Raphael's pictures, sits patiently all day long before a table spread with little ornaments of marble; there, is a booth in which a sort of pancake is cooked and sold, filling the air with savoury odours and a comfortable sound of simmering. In a quiet corner, is an elderly man in spectacles, clothed in a decent suit of black, with a pen stuck in his ear and implements of writing before him. He is a "segretario" or letter-writer, and he earns his bread by writing letters for those who cannot write, or reading them for those who cannot read. Some travellers may have the good luck—which did not befall me—of seeing a dark-eyed peasant girl breathing into his impassive ear her messages of love and trust, with glances and blushes more expressive than her glowing words.* Far-

* Such a group forms the subject of a very pleasing picture, painted in Rome by Davis, an English artist, engravings of which are frequently to be met with.

ther on is an osteria, or shop where wine is sold—with doors hospitably open to all who have a few baiocchi in their pockets—in which is a group of peasants or labourers listening, with a flush of interest upon their swarthy countenances, to the impassioned declamation of an improvisatore—for improvisatori are nearly as common in Rome as stump speakers in America—whose subject is Rinaldo and Armida, or that wandering knight, Æneas, whom the Holy Virgin brought to Italy. In the middle of the street is a heavy wain drawn by buffaloes, whose sullen movements express a perpetual protest against captivity, and whose fierce eyes seem always glaring round in search of a victim—or by those magnificent oxen of the Campagna, of the colour of Quincy granite, colossal and mild-visaged, the finest images of gentle strength which the animal world exhibits—or perhaps a wine-cart, as primitive in its structure as that in which the boy Virgil drove the produce of his father's vineyards to Mantua; with a moveable canopy of foliage to shelter the driver from the noonday sun, and the horse's head adorned with vine leaves and flowers.

Rome is also remarkable for the number and variety of the costumes seen in its streets. In Italy, as in continental Europe generally, the various ranks in social life are marked, more or less broadly, by a distinctive costume. The cast-off garments of one class are never worn at second-hand by another. The rural population dress as their fathers and mothers did before them, and attach a certain element of dignity and self-respect to this adherence. The different localities in the neighbourhood of Rome—such as Albano, Frascati, Subiaco—are marked generally by certain distinctive peculiarities, especially in the costume of the female portion of the population; though there is a common likeness running through them all, like the resemblance of features in the members of the same family. The peasant who comes to Rome in the cold days of winter, wraps himself up in the folds of an ample brown cloak, which he wears with ease and sometimes with grace. In fine weather, he sets off his steeple-crowned hat with flowers or ribbons.

His waistcoat, revealed by a scanty jacket, is of scarlet cloth, adorned with the gayest of buttons, and perhaps embroidered with gold or silver. His breeches are tied at the knee with showy ribbons, or fastened with silver buckles; and his legs are protected by strong leathern gaiters. Around his waist he wears a woollen scarf, and the ends of a showy cravat flutter in the breeze.

The peasant woman wears a bodice of a gay colour, often divided into two parts and bound together in front by ribbons. Her gown is short enough to allow full justice to be done to the shining buckles in her shoes. But the most striking part of her costume is the head-dress, which, with many slight variations according to the locality, is always handsome and becoming. It is usually of white linen, lying in a square fold upon the top of the head, and fastened to the hair, which is gathered in a mass on the back of the head, by a silver arrow; the shape of which designates the condition of the wearer, whether married or unmarried. Sometimes this linen head-dress is disposed more like a veil—or it is gathered in the form of a hood—or it blends with a similar covering over the shoulders and bust, in a way which a masculine pen is not competent to describe, nor a masculine memory to retain; but it serves so well the purposes both of embellishment and protection, and being always scrupulously clean, is so suggestive of purity, that we have every reason to be grateful that these sturdy women have resisted the general invasion of bonnets.

The great number of ecclesiastics who are found in Rome also contribute to increase the variety of costume which is noticed in the streets. The Roman Catholic idea of the character and functions of the clergy, whether secular or monastic, requires that they should be marked by a distinguishing dress, as men severed from all the common ties and relations of life, and dedicated exclusively to spiritual duties. One cannot look out of a window in Rome, without seeing one or more figures in flowing robes of black, and capacious and overshadowing hats, moving gravely along and hardly

taking cognizance of the world around them. Even the youths who study in ecclesiastical establishments appear in a similar garb, which is in marked contrast with their quick movements and animated faces. Mixed with these are the Capuchin friars, who wear a robe of coarse, brown woollen, girded around the waist with a cord; a dress well suited for the purposes of an artist, but repulsive from the want of cleanliness which it suggests. The cardinals and higher dignitaries of the church never appear in the streets on foot.*

Nor should the artists be overlooked in summing up the characteristic peculiarities of Rome. They form a numerous class, and their identity of pursuits and interests goes far to obliterate the distinctions of birth and language. They affect, especially the younger portion of them, certain eccentricities and fantasticalities of dress, which serve to point them out to the eye and mark their profession. They seek to escape from the sober and prosaic costume of the day into the more flowing outlines of older periods or more remote climes. They wear jaunty caps or hats of flexible felt moulded into quaint shapes; sometimes brown, sometimes green, but commonly drab. They are fond of velvet or velveteen coats, loosely and "curiously cut;" often ornamented with braid, and sometimes garnished with buttons as big as dollars. Their waistcoats are of the gayest patterns, daubed over with great blotches of colour jumbled together like a distracted rainbow. Their trowsers are of Turkish dimensions, and often emancipated from the tyranny of braces. Razors, with hardly a single exception, are an abomination in their eyes. Their beards are

* This rule is inflexible. The church will not permit its cardinals to be exposed to such involuntary disrespect as might happen from the crowds in a street. Cardinal Rohan, Archbishop of Besançon, asked as a particular favour from Gregory XVI. that he might walk from his lodgings to the Trinità de' Monti, where he said mass, as the distance was short. But in spite of his illustrious birth, the great sacrifices he had made for the church, and the personal friendship of the pontiff, his request was refused. The pope desired him to ask anything else, but *that* was impossible. Gaume: *Les Trois Rome*, tom. i. p. 407.

of all shapes—some, square and spade-like; some, "great, round beards;" some, like tongues of flame flickering on the chin; some, mere tufts like the stroke of a pencil—and of all colours, black, brown, yellow, red, or "orange-tawny."

Such are the figures and costumes which are constantly to be seen at Rome, and so identified with it that one never recalls the city itself without some of these attendant shapes gliding in to complete the vision. About Christmas time, there appear in the streets some picturesque and characteristic groups not noticed at other periods of the year. These are the Piferari, so called, shepherds from the Abruzzi and the Sabine mountains, who make an annual pilgrimage to Rome to play before the various portraits of the Virgin. They are frequently seen in companies of three; an old man, a man of mature age, and a boy. Their instruments are of the most simple kind; an uncouth bagpipe and a long straight pipe, pierced with holes and furnished with a mouthpiece of reed—the primitive form of the clarionet—and sometimes a triangle. Their appearance is wild, almost savage. Their dress is partly of coarse cloth, and partly of skins; and they wear a kind of sandal upon their feet, bound round the ancles with thongs. Their conical hats, which they always reverently lay aside when playing, are adorned with gay ribbons. Dark eyes gleaming through long elf-locks of glittering black give a marked character to their countenances. They arrive about a week before Christmas, and during that time they employ themselves with the greatest diligence, not only during the day, but often late into the night, in going about the streets and playing before the various images of the Madonna, with a grave and earnest expression of face, showing that they regard their occupation to be the performance of a religious duty. The groups which gather around them on these occasions always listen with devout attention. Their music is wild, loud, and piercing; but when heard in the stillness of night, and at a short distance, it is plaintive and impressive. The effect which it produces is enhanced by those associations

which link these pastoral groups with those shepherds of Bethlehem that were sent by angel voices to the manger where the child Jesus lay. After Christmas they play no more, and soon return to their native mountains, coming like birds of passage and like them departing.*

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

Such are some of the general features of Rome, visible every where and at all times, and stamping a common character upon the whole city. There are, besides, some particular localities which have peculiar points of interest, and deserve to be singled out from the rest.

A majority of the travellers who come to Rome enter it by

* These musicians have simple songs which they sometimes sing to the accompaniment of their instruments. The Abbé Gaume has printed one of them, from their dictation.

" O verginella, figlia de Sant' Anna,
Nel ventre tuo, portaste il buon Gesù.
Gl' Angioli chiamarano: venite Santi,
Andate Gesù bambino alla capanna,
Partorito sotto ad una capanella,
Al' ove mangiavan il bove e l' asinelli.
Immacolata vergine beata
In cielo, in terra sia avocata.
La notte di natale, è notte santa,
Questa orazion che sem cantata
Gesù bambino sia representata."

'O Virgin sweet, St. Anna's child,
That bore the infant Jesus mild;
The angels said, ' Ye saints, arise,
See where the new-born Saviour lies;
A stable is his lowly seat,
Where asses and where oxen eat.'
O blessed Virgin, undefiled,
Be thou our intercessor mild!
This Christmas night—this holy tide—
O may our songs to Heaven glide,
And Jesus hear them by thy side."

the Porta del Popolo, for that is the gate where the roads leading from Florence terminate. The gate itself, though designed in part by Michael Angelo, is not a structure of any conspicuous excellence; but the Piazza del Popolo, upon which it opens, is an imposing square, though not corresponding to the ideal image of Rome which the scholar forms. It is an irregular area of some three or four acres in extent, in the middle of which rises the noble obelisk of Rhamses, to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet; itself an architectural pilgrim, with as little affinity with the structures which surround it as the figure of the Wandering Jew would have with the gay crowds of a carnival. At the base of the obelisk is a fountain, with four rounded basins radiating from a common centre, like the leaves of a stalk of four-leaved clover—a stream of water gushing into each basin from the mouth of a lioness carved in stone. The sides of the Piazza are crescent-shaped, bounded on the right by a row of trees, behind which are some of the finest private residences in Rome; and on the left by the sloping and terraced walks which lead to the heights of the Monte Pincio. The central point of either crescent is marked by a fountain adorned with colossal statues in marble; none of which are of much merit, but all escape criticism by the appropriateness of the position, and the harmonious relations in which they stand to the objects about them. Opposite the gate are two churches, exactly alike in size and form, each furnished with a dome and tetrastyle, and looking like architectural twins, claiming admiration, not for their beauty (for the design is common-place), but for their resemblance. These two churches mark the converging point of the three principal streets of Rome, the Corso, the Via di Ripetta, and the Via Babuino.

The Piazza del Popolo, though, as has been before remarked, not corresponding to one's conceptions of the venerable and decaying majesty of Rome, is, from its ample space, its noble proportions, its obelisk, its fountains, its trees, and its fine buildings, a becoming entrance to a great city. It is seen to

peculiarly good effect in the afternoon of a fine day in the autumn or spring, when it is enlivened with equipages returning from a drive in the Campagna, or passing up the inclined planes which lead to the Pincio, and with pedestrians strolling in the same direction; and when the sunshine lies in rich masses upon the architectural façades and silvers the spray of the fountains. It also presents a beautiful view when seen from the heights of the Pincio. Its general aspect is gay, fresh, and smiling. It is not strewn with the wrecks of the past. With the single exception of the obelisk, there is no object in it which carries back the thoughts to the fashion of the antique world. Its smart buildings, its vigorous young trees, its bright marble fountains, and the gay equipages that drive over its smooth pavement, all shine with the varnish of the present. If it be not our visionary Rome, it is yet a fine image which it would be ungracious to repel: as the morning light is welcome, though it shatters dreams brighter than the realities which it reveals.

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA.

Of the three streets which diverge from the Piazza del Popolo that which is on the left or eastern side, the Via Babuino, leads to the Piazza di Spagna, which is only a few rods distant from the Piazza del Popolo. The Piazza di Spagna is an area of a triangular form, with the buildings of the Propaganda at its southern extremity, and the palace of the Spanish ambassador, from which its name is derived, on the western side; and, with these exceptions, mostly occupied with hotels, lodging-houses, coffee-houses, and shops. This is the most active and least Roman part of Rome, being wholly given over to the descendants of those blue-eyed and fair-haired barbarians who once subdued the Eternal City with steel, as their children now do with gold. Here the English speech is the predominating sound, and sturdy English forms and rosy English faces the predominating sight. Here are

English shops, an English livery-stable, and an English reading-room, where elderly gentlemen in drab gaiters read the 'Times' newspaper with an air of grim intensity. Here English grooms flirt with English nursery-maids, and English children present to Italian eyes the living types of the cherub heads of Correggio and Albano. It is, in short, a piece of England dropped upon the soil of Italy.

The open space in the midst of the Piazza is the principal carriage-stand of Rome, where vehicles of various shapes and sizes may be hired by the hour or the course. Few of them are neat and unexceptionable in their appointments; and the clumsy and time-worn joints of most of them rattle and shake in their passage over the pavements to the great discomposure of irritable nerves. The horses are a small and wiry breed of animals, showing no signs of nice grooming; deficient in action, but by no means in "go;" being well able to get over the ground at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. The drivers are, in costume and expression, a hybrid race between the ostler and the bandit. They sit with great patience upon their seats in the warm sunny days, when their business is comparatively dull, and solace themselves with long naps in their intervals of enforced idleness; their constitutions, like those of most Italians, enabling them to bear a great deal of sleep. Let no man with a Saxon face enter one of these carriages without making a bargain beforehand as to the price to be paid, unless he wishes to buy experience at the highest rate at which that costly article is sold.

Mixed with these carriages and horses there may be seen, in fine weather, a motley assemblage of loungers dispersed about the Piazza (for this is the exchange where all the idlers in Rome congregate), some standing apart wrapped in their cloaks, some chatting in groups, and some lying down in the sunshine of a sheltered angle. These are the representatives of that nondescript class, larger in Rome than anywhere else, who pick up a wretched and scrambling subsistence from the crumbs which fall from the strangers' table—made up of

vetturini seeking passengers, valets-de-place seeking sight-seers, and beggars seeking alms, to say nothing of baser offices and more degrading functions—all lying in wait ready to pounce upon the fair-haired barbarians, and avenge upon their pockets the wrongs of former centuries. Dark, penetrating glances fall upon the stranger, as if measuring the extent of his inexperience and gullibility; and his ears are assailed by the whine of the mendicant, the whisper of temptation, and the loud offer of the man of business. Here is always a living and moving picture to be seen. Here the pulse of vitality beats, and its heart is heard to throb. So many are the occasions that bring the foreign residents to the Piazza di Spagna, that an Englishman or American, who should station himself in the midst of it on a fine day, would, in the course of a few hours, be able to speak with nearly all his acquaintances without stirring from the spot.

The fountain in the Piazza di Spagna is in the shape of a boat, from which its name, Fontana della Barcaccia, is derived. This form was adopted from necessity, as the head of water is not sufficient for a jet of any considerable height; and the designer should rather be commended for what he has done than blamed for what he has not. As an object of taste, the fountain neither pleases nor offends. But we overlook its defects, or more properly its wants, in view of the magnificent flight of steps of travertine at the base of which it is placed. This flight of steps leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the promenade on the Pincio, and, crowned as it is with the façade of the Church of the Trinità de' Monti, and the Egyptian obelisk in front of the church, it forms one of the noblest architectural combinations to be seen in Rome or anywhere else. The steps of which it is composed are one hundred and thirty in number, and the ascent is so gradual, the landing-places so broad and commodious, and its whole design so imposing to the eye, and so suited to the purpose for which it was contrived, that no one, not very old or infirm, can ever ascend it without pleasure.

That portion of this flight of steps, which is between the Piazza di Spagna and the first landing-place, is frequently occupied by persons seeking to be employed as artists' models, whose picturesque costumes are in unison with the fine architecture around them. Here may be seen the invariable figures of an Italian landscape. An old man, clad in a flowing robe, with a venerable white beard, a staff in his hand and a scallop-shell on his breast, stands for a pilgrim. A sturdy contadino, in a smart jacket, a conical hat gay with feathers and ribbons, goat-skin breeches, leggings, and sandals, can be turned with a few strokes of the pencil into a bandit or a shepherd. A young mother in a red boddice and head-dress of snowy linen, with one child in her lap and another sporting at her feet, presents a group that may be idealized into a Madonna with the infant Saviour and St. John. Young men and women, half-grown lads and budding maidens, dressed in the various costumes of the neighbourhood of Rome—the mountain air brown upon their cheeks and the mountain spirit sparkling through their eyes—stand ready to walk into a canvas to give life to an Italian vintage or harvest-home. Some of the young women wear an expression of embarrassment and consciousness, and drop their eyes with a smile and half-blush when they meet the glance of a stranger, but most of them take it very coolly and in a business-like way.

The landing-place near the top of this flight of steps has for many years been appropriated by a beggar—one of the most noted personages in Rome—whose pertinacious and original system of levying blackmail every visitor has many times had occasion to observe. He is a living Torso; his figure from the hips upward being vigorous and manly; but at that point the creative energy of nature has paused, and to this sturdy trunk are appended the feeble and boneless legs of a new-born infant. He sits in a sort of a wooden bowl, and on the smooth, broad platform which he has made his own, he shuffles to and fro with extraordinary activity, by the help of

his athletic arms: his hands being guarded against the constant attrition of the stone by pieces of wood. From his post of observation his eye commands the whole sweep of the steps, and his victim is singled out and marked down for attack long before he gets within ear-shot. Vain are the attempts of the young and active to escape him. With scrambling haste he overtakes their flying steps, greets them with a most professional smile, and with a whining "Buon giorno, Eccellenza," solicits their charity. As the landing-place where he sits is flanked by a flight of steps on either hand, he is frequently thrown into a momentary access of indecision by the approach of two persons from below at the same moment; one preparing to mount the steps on his right hand, and the other on his left; but his quick eye soon points out to him which of the two is the more vulnerable object, and after him he shuffles, magnanimously renouncing the other. So wearisome are his pertinacious assaults, his simulated and stereotyped smile, and his long-drawn whine, that I have known of more than one case in which a bargain has been made with him, by which, on condition of receiving one or two scudi at the beginning of a season, he has agreed to forbear his approaches; and it is but fair to state that he has always observed his engagement most scrupulously, and only greeted the party so contracting with a friendly nod of recognition. He is said to be a man of some substance and the head of a family; and he certainly rides every day to his place of business upon a donkey, climbing to its back and crawling down from it with much activity and address.

While I was in Rome my attention was often attracted to a "younger and brighter form," who had selected the street in front of the Trinità de' Monti as the scene of his mendicant energies. He was a boy of about fourteen, rather smartly dressed in a blue jacket, a red waistcoat, brickdust-coloured breeches, brown gaiters, and a conical hat. He carried in his hand a rude kind of flageolet, from which he extracted mangled fragments of sound, which no musical skill could

have put together so as to make a tune. He was a handsome varlet, with round brown cheeks, and roguish black eyes that seemed to be dancing in his head with fun and animal spirits. He would begin his begging in the usual professional drone, and with a proclamation of hunger and want of food, but when this was parried by a joke upon his excellent condition, his fat cheeks, and the sturdy little frame which filled up his dress as a grape does a grapeskin, his face would break into a beaming and contagious smile, revealing a set of teeth of dazzling whiteness, which looked capable of eating their way through the strongest fortress of bread and butter. He had the advantage of the Torso in many respects; and especially in the possession of a pair of most excellent legs which were in perpetual motion. I am afraid that the good looks and picturesque garb of the little reprobate made his occupation quite profitable. He certainly had the air of a person who had found a thriving business. He was as characteristic a feature in the streets of Rome as a newspaper-boy in those of New York; and had he been soberly scolded for his ignoble calling, he might have replied with a question not easily answered, "What else is there for me to do?"

MONTE PINCIO.

Having ascended the splendid flight of steps which leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinità de' Monti, the traveller, turning to the left, will reach in a few moments' brisk walking the public promenade known to the Roman world, foreign and indigenous, as the Monte Pincio. The fine building passed on the right is the Villa Medici, which has, perhaps, the very noblest situation in Rome, at once elevated and secluded, and commanding a wide prospect of the most varied beauty. To Michael Angelo is ascribed the architecture of the garden façade, which is rich and showy, and has a general resemblance to the designs introduced by Claude Lorraine into his landscapes. The gardens, upwards of a mile in circuit, are laid out in rectangles and formal

alleys, and divided by broad gravel walks overhung with trees. Many fragments of ancient sculpture are scattered through them. They are neatly kept and freely accessible to the public; which, however, does not often avail itself of the privilege thus courteously proffered. To those whose taste or temperament leads them to shun the noise of crowds and choose the soothing presence of retirement, these gardens present a most congenial attraction. Though within a stone's throw of the most animated part of Rome, they are, as a general rule, given over to silence and solitude. In their narrow alleys, bordered with high walls of verdure, and darkened by the shade of sombre foliage, no sound of life intrudes. The hum of the city does not penetrate into these leafy wildernesses. The flow of pensive thought will be interrupted only by the dash of a fountain, the rustling of a leaf, or the chirp of a bird. On the eastern side the gardens are flanked by the walls of the city, and in this direction a grand expanse of mountain and plain unfolds itself to the eye.

This villa is now, and has been for a long period, the seat of the French Academy of Fine Arts. Twenty-four students, in the departments of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, are maintained here at the expense of the government for a certain number of years, after having given proofs of ability enough to earn the privilege. At the head of the institution is a director, who is changed every six years. He is usually an artist of eminence; but his direction and supervision are mainly nominal, and the young men are left to cultivate their genius pretty much in their own way.

The rooms of the academy are thrown open to the public in the month of April, when an exhibition is made of the works of the pupils in painting and sculpture. Disinterested critics, who have attended these exhibitions, admit a general level of cleverness and correctness in the performances, but feel a want of those vigorous individual traits which give to art its true vitality and power; and they are constrained to

confess that such works do not furnish a sufficient answer to those who maintain that the results produced by this academy bear no proportion to the expense which its maintenance involves. This inquiry brings up the whole question as to the effect of academies upon art, which belongs to that numerous class of controversies in which "much may be said on both sides," and upon which high authorities are directly at issue.

Between the Trinità de' Monti and the promenade of the Monte Pincio, there is another object which deserves a moment's pause. It is a fountain not remarkable for size or beauty, being nothing more than a small perpendicular jet of water, falling into an unadorned circular basin of stone: the whole overshadowed by a wide-spreading tree. But it is an attractive sight, not merely from its good proportions and unpretending simplicity, but from its fine position and its harmony with the objects around it. The view of St. Peter's, over its flowing and restless waters, though not set down in the guide-books, is well worth a long and patient look. The massive and silent bulk of the distant dome is brought into vivid contrast with the dancing sparkle and silvery foam of the fountain, while the wide extent of the city and the Campagna, bathed in floods of rich light, seen from this quiet, shadowed nook, forms a picture not easily forgotten.

The Monte Pincio itself is a space of only a few acres in extent, planted with trees and shrubbery, comprising a circular drive for carriages, and rectangular walks for foot-passengers. There is nothing at all striking in the manner in which it is laid out; and, indeed, the limited extent of surface forbids any attempt at the fine effects of landscape gardening. Trees, fountains, gravelled walks and parterres of formal cut, disposed with monotonous regularity upon a level plain which one could run round in a few minutes, would soon weary the eye and the spirit, if enforced by no other attractions. The ring in which the carriages drive is so very small, that each of them completes it and reappears in about five minutes; recalling one's juvenile recollections of the way in which half

a dozen pasteboard horses used to multiply themselves in the play of the Forty Thieves. But the charm of this promenade consists in the splendid prospect which it commands on every side. On the north and east it overlooks the varied and undulating grounds of the Villa Borghese, with their fountains, their picturesque edifices, and the walks that wind and turn under broad canopies of oaks and pines. Beyond these, a superb panorama of the Campagna and the Sabine and Alban hills is embraced at a glance. On the west, where a fine terrace is formed by a wall enclosing three sides of a square, the view comprises the greater part of the modern city; including the Janiculum, the Vatican, and St. Peter's, and the regular outline of Monte Mario, crowned with its dark line of cypresses.

The fashionable hour of resort to the Monte Pincio is that just before sunset. At this time the gravelled terrace on the western side begins to be thronged with pedestrians. Carriages arrive in rapid succession, and, wheeling into line, move round in an unbroken succession, and soon are brought so near to each other, that no one can stop without deranging the economy of the whole circle. Nowhere in the world is seen a greater variety of equipages than on the Pincio on a fine winter's afternoon. English taste, French elegance, and Roman state may be studied in vehicles which to the instructed eye betray their origin at a glance. But these occur at rare intervals; the rank and file being composed of rickety and tumble-down carriages, which seem old enough to have been driven by Jehu in his nonage—groaning and shaking so dismally, that one expects every moment to see them give up the ghost and fall to pieces on the spot, and drawn by horses which look like the rats in Cinderella arrested half-way in their transformation. Most of these are hackney coaches hired for the hour, but some are the private property of decayed families, who live in bondage to the miserable weakness of "keeping up appearances." Rome is said to be the paradise of priests, the purgatory of foot-passengers, and the hell of horses. Certainly

it seems to be a city of refuge for worn-out steeds and a hospital for decayed carriages, and the last stage of both may be observed on the Monte Pincio.

The company on foot forms also a motley and miscellaneous assemblage. Among them are comely English matrons and blooming English maidens, attended by gentlemen in shooting jackets and gray trowsers, with that air of intense determination which characterizes the sons of Albion, all the world over, when engaged in the solemn service of taking exercise—French and German artists in velvet sacks, fantastic hats, and unrazored chins—and a few Italians, mostly young men, attracted by the blue eyes and golden locks of the fair Saxons; for the Italians, generally, are not a peripatetic race, and rarely walk for the sake of walking. Our own country, too, sends its representatives; the gentlemen being known by a dress of finer materials and smarter cut; and the ladies, by their smaller hands and feet, their lighter movements, and more delicate features.* In fine weather, children of various ages may be seen sporting about the walks, and animating the scene with their lively movements and innocent faces.

There is probably no spot on earth from which the spectacle of sunset is seen to greater advantage than from the Monte Pincio, when we take into account the natural beauty of the panorama and the sacred light of association which hallows every object on which it falls. When the air is clear, and the dome of St. Peter's, the pines of the Pamphili Doria, and the cypresses of the Monte Mario, relieved against a burnished sky, seem to quiver and burn in golden flame—when the last rays of the sun have left in shadow the plains and valleys, and linger

* Reumont, in his 'Neue Romische Briefe,' written some ten years since, speaking of the Pincian Hill, says,—"The boys in the streets of Rome are indifferent to strange sights, and but little attention was awakened by a Yankee curiosity, who for some time paraded up and down here—his face overshadowed by an immense red beard—in a black velvet frock lined with red, and adorned with shining metal buttons, and a flowered silk collar, a gray hat, a red cravat, ruffles to his shirt, a very gay waistcoat, and light blue pantaloons." Who could this apparition have been?

only upon the domes and hills—there is no heart so impassive, there are no perceptions so dull or worn, as to resist the solemn beauty of the scene. The most listless steps are arrested, the most careless voices are hushed, and for a moment's space, at least, all acknowledge the genius of the place and the hour. For some days in the winter, the setting sun, the dome of St. Peter's, and the terrace on the western side of the hill, are in the same line, so that the spectator sees the rays shining through the windows in the drum on which the dome rests, producing a fine effect, and apparently cutting off the dome from the rest of the structure by a glowing zone of fire. The beams of a setting sun form an appropriate light to the landscape which is seen from the terrace of the Pincian Hill. The sinking orb and the declining city are in unison with each other. To each belong a vanished splendour, a glory that has passed, a power that is gone. Is there a morning for Rome as for that slow-descending sun? Will she, who has twice slid from a zenith of pride—who now for the second time is shining with pensive and faded light—once more flame upon the forehead of the morning sky, and again climb up the great vault of time?

There is but one drawback to the simple and elevating pleasures which a walk on the Pincian Hill brings with it. The labour of taking care of the grounds is performed for the most part by convicts, in their uncouth dresses, chained together two by two, and guarded by soldiers armed with loaded muskets. Such a spectacle was a hideous shadow upon a sunny landscape; painful and not profitable to those who were compelled to witness it, and hardening and degrading to the outcasts thus exposed to the common gaze.

PIAZZA NAVONA.

The Piazza Navona is an irregular area, of an oblong shape, about eight hundred and fifty feet in length, and one hundred

and eighty in breadth. The most conspicuous object in it is an immense fountain in the centre, which is one of the heaviest sins against good taste that ever was laid upon the much-enduring earth. In the midst of an immense circular basin huge blocks of stone are tumbled together, and so scooped, hollowed, and indented as to represent the natural inequalities of the living rock. To these blocks are appended four colossal statues in marble, embodying four great rivers in the four different quarters of the globe—the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges, and the La Plata. Below the statues, at opposite points of the circular basin, are a lion and a sea-horse, also in marble. The whole is crowned by an obelisk of about fifty feet high, resting on a pedestal of about sixteen. The entire combination is a cold and extravagant allegory, hardly inferior in absurdity to the monument to Dr. Arne, where he is represented playing on a harpsichord in the river Thames, with tritons and sea-nymphs sporting around him. Nor is there any special merit in the execution of the statues, to awaken a forgiving spirit towards the bad taste and want of simplicity in the design. Modelled by Bernini, and executed under his direction, they have the largest measure of his faults, redeemed by the smallest proportion of his peculiar merits. They are sprawling, grotesque, and monstrous; with as little dignity about them as the giants of a travelling caravan. Nothing, however, can be said against the water, which foams, gushes, and leaps from every part of the uncouth structure, in streams which are as pure as they are copious. Its curves of breaking silver and its voice of mellow music plead, and not unsuccessfully, in favour of the absurd caricatures which it embellishes. There are three other fountains in the Piazza, neither of which has anything remarkable about it; but the fact of there being four in a space of such limited extent is worthy of mention as showing the copious supply of water which Rome enjoys.

In the Piazza Navona many characteristic traits of Italian life and manners may be observed. A vegetable market is

held here once a week, attended by the country people from the neighbourhood, when groups of men and women may be seen all over its surface, dressed in picturesque costumes and engaged in bargaining and chaffering, in the most animated manner; for Italians put more of discourse and gesture into the buying of a cauliflower, than we should into the buying of a house. The Piazza also abounds with shops and stalls for the sale of all sorts of secondhand articles, and nowhere else have I ever seen such quantities of broken pottery, old iron, disabled household utensils, and all conceivable kinds of trash piled together; awakening wonder, at every step, that any one should ever buy such rubbish, or could put it to any use when bought. Here, too, are shops of higher pretensions, though not imposing in their outward appearance, occupied by dealers in pictures, engravings, cameos, intaglios, antique gems, and the like; and it is said that those who have time, patience, and money, will sometimes light upon very good bargains.

On Saturdays and Sundays in the month of August, the sluices which carry off the waters of the great fountain are stopped, and all the central portions of the Piazza are overflowed to the depth of one or two feet. The populace then, obeying that impulse which draws all living things towards water in hot weather, rush to the temporary lake in eager crowds. Horses, oxen, and donkeys are driven into the cooling waters; vehicles of all kinds, from the stately coach of a Roman principe to the clumsy waggon of a contadino, roll through them; equestrians ride through them carefully with shortened stirrups; and boys, with bare feet and rolled-up trowsers, splash their elders with that noisy satisfaction which their Boston contemporaries manifest, when a wandering snowball hits a respectable black coat between the shoulders. On these occasions the outer margin of the Piazza, not reached by the water, and especially the capacious steps of the Church of St. Agnes, are occupied by crowds of idlers; the windows of the shops and houses are filled with gay faces and bright

dresses, and the whole spectacle is described by those who have witnessed it as one of the most agreeable in Rome.

THE GHETTO.

As regards the privileges and social position of the Jews, the cities of Leghorn and Rome present two extremes. Nowhere on the continent are they better off than in Leghorn; nowhere are they worse off than in Rome. In Leghorn, there is little or nothing to wound their sensibilities, or remind them of the ill-will of their Christian brethren: in Rome, the iron of persecution and insult is every day driven into their souls. Such are the different results of the wise lessons of commerce and the exterminating spirit of religious bigotry.

Previous to the reign of Paul IV., who was made pope in May, 1555, the position of the Jews in the Papal States was comparatively favourable. That dark and fervid bigot, whose character is drawn with so much life and vigour by Ranke, launched against this unhappy race, in the first year of his power, a merciless enactment. He forbad them to reside in any other place in the Papal States than Rome and Ancona, and in these cities they were restricted to a particular region. He compelled them to wear a visible badge of separation, which for men was a yellow hat, and for women a yellow veil or handkerchief. Jewish physicians were forbidden to prescribe for Christian patients, and Jewish families were not allowed to employ Christian servants. In their trades and occupations the Jews were also teazed and injured by many arbitrary regulations.

Since that time the Jews in Rome have been restricted to a particular quarter, which is called the Ghetto. It is a cluster of narrow and crooked streets, bounded on one side by the Tiber, and situated near the island where the river makes a sudden bend. The ruins of the Theatre of Marcellus, the Palazzo Cenci, and the Piazza delle Tartarucche, with its

graceful fountain, are points of interest along the line which divides it from the rest of the city. It is accessible by eight gates, which, until the accession of the present pontiff, were closed from Ave Maria till sunrise.

On entering the enclosure, the aspect of the place and its inhabitants leaves an uniform impression of poverty, desolation, and filth. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dark; the houses, which have a look of mouldy decay, are crowded with life, so that, in fine weather, the occupants swarm out like bees, and sit on the steps or on the pavement in front of the door, and there pursue their usual avocations. There are many shops, but usually of a humble class. The Jewish race is here seen in its saddest and lowest plight, not gilded by even a ray of its old glories. There is nothing that betokens the existence of wealth and the power that wealth bestows. There are no dignified forms; no keen and penetrating brows; none of those beautiful children who, in other lands, remind the Hebrews of the youth of their nation; none of those superb black eyes which blend the passion of Judith, the softness of Esther, and the sadness of Rachel. The general countenance is commonplace; stamped with the impress of sordid cares and homely occupations; touched by no sparkles of pride or hope. The complexion seems colourless—reminding one of plants that have grown in the dark—the result of meagre living, dark abodes, and imperfect ventilation. The imagination of D'Israeli would find nothing here suggestive of proud recollections or animating hopes; but only a forlorn and crushed life, which dwells in the petty wants and works of the present, and borrows no dignity from the past or the future.

In spite of the disadvantages under which the Jews have so long laboured at Rome, so powerful are the cords which bind us to our place of birth, or so completely has the heart of enterprise been trampled out of them by the heel of oppression, that at this moment there are nearly four thousand of them crowded together in this twisted knot of streets, where

of sun and air they have not enough, and of water only too much; being always the first and greatest sufferers in those frequent inundations by which the Tiber vindicates its old reputation for turbulence and insubordination. The men, excluded from most attractive callings, are generally petty shopkeepers, pedlers, and dealers in old clothes and second-hand articles. The women have great skill in mending and repairing garments, and in this craft their services are in requisition all over the city. Many of them give themselves to higher and finer kinds of needlework. I have seen pieces of lace so rich and massive that they seemed rather to have been carved than wrought, which were the fruit of adventurous exploring expeditions into the Ghetto, and obtained at prices which were pronounced very cheap, but to my masculine judgment were nothing less than awful.

Among the other disabilities laid upon the Jews in Rome, they are not allowed to hold real estate in fee. Most of the houses in the Ghetto are owned by religious or charitable establishments, and the tenants are so rarely disturbed that their interest is transmitted or assigned like any other property. As they are compelled to live within certain limits, much extortion might be practised upon them in the way of rent, by short-sighted selfishness, were it not that this class of relations has been settled by a sort of customary law, which the tribunals respect, and by which the owners of houses are not allowed, except under extraordinary circumstances, to enhance the price to the tenants; a measure which, in a city which has come to a full stop like Rome, is both just and politic.

At the beginning of the Carnival it is the custom for a deputation of Jews to wait upon the Senator of Rome, in one of the palaces of the Capitol, and acknowledge a sort of feudal dependence by paying a small sum of money, and presenting pieces of cloth of gold and silver, of velvet, and of brocade. These are distributed as prizes to the owners of the successful horses in the races which take place in the Corso, on the closing days of the Carnival. By a bull of Gregory XIII. in

the year 1584, all Jews above the age of twelve years were compelled to listen every week to a sermon from a Christian priest; usually an exposition of some passages of the Old Testament, and especially those relating to the Messiah, from the Christian point of view. This burden is not yet wholly removed from them, and to this day, several times in the course of a year, a Jewish congregation is gathered together in the Church of St. Angelo in Pescheria, and constrained to listen to a homily from a Dominican friar, to whom, unless his zeal have eaten up his good feeling and his good taste, the ceremony must be as painful as to his hearers. In the same spirit of vulgar persecution, there is upon the gable of a church opposite one of the gates of the Ghetto a fresco painting of the Crucifixion, and underneath an inscription in Hebrew and Latin, from the second and third verses of the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah—"I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts; a people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face."

The Ghetto, from its appearance, its filthy and narrow streets, its old and mouldering houses swarming with a population whom all the fountains in Rome would not be able to wash clean, would seem to be the very hot-bed of disease. Here we should expect to find all the plagues and pestilences which have desolated the earth in former ages preserved as in a morbid museum; and here, too, we should look to have new forms of death invented from time to time. But the reverse is the fact. It is in some respects the healthiest part of the city. It is not only the most free from malaria, but when the cholera was in Rome, in 1837, the proportion of deaths was less there than elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Campagna — The Appian Way — Torre di Schiavi — Walks in the Campagna.

THE CAMPAGNA.

THE Campagna di Roma is the name of a region which nearly corresponds to the ancient Latium, extending from the mouth of the Tiber to Terracina, and from the sea on the south-west to the lower ranges of the Apennines on the north-east. Its length is about sixty-two miles, and its greatest breadth about forty-five. In spite of its name, it is not wholly a plain; but is divided into two regions, the highlands and the lowlands. But the term Campagna is usually applied to the lowlands of the Tiber, which, strictly speaking, are known as l'Agro Romano, or the territory of the city of Rome, comprising about four hundred and fifty thousand acres.

This region, the Campagna of tourists and of popular speech, may be likened to a green and motionless sea, of which the Sabine and Volscian Hills are coasts, and in which the Alban Mount is an island. In spite of the inexpressive monotony of its aspect when viewed from a distant and elevated point—as from the tower of the Capitol or the heights above Frascati—it is a tract of wide and various interest, alike to the geologist, the student of history, the artist, and the political economist. In its geological formation it is deeply marked with the indications of that struggle between the elemental forces of fire and water which so many of the legends of the mythological period dimly shadow forth. Even to an uninstructed eye, it is obvious that this whole plain was once the bed of a deep sea, which washed the sides of the Sabine Hills, and, when lashed by storms, threw its spray over the rocky

summit of Monte Cavi, the highest point of the Alban Mount. Still, however, the Campagna is more of volcanic than of marine origin. While it yet lay deep under a waste of waters, it was the scene of a long series of volcanic struggles and convulsions which are traced to two central points or foci; one being upon the Alban Mount, and the other at Monte Cimino, near Viterbo. The ashes and scoriæ discharged from these volcanic vents, disposed in layers over the marine deposits, and gradually consolidated by great pressure, now appear in the several varieties of piperino, so much used as a building material in the early structures of Rome. The land slowly rose; the fuel of the subterranean fires burnt out; and now another agency, that of fresh water, was introduced. The streams which drain the Apennines did not at first flow into the sea, but spread themselves out into lakes; remaining long enough to deposit not only strata of sand and marl, but also those immense quarries of travertine, of which the finest buildings, as well as the most interesting ruins in Rome, are constructed. Thus, the Campagna of Rome is a vast tablet on which the action of salt water, of fire, and of fresh water, is recorded in lines which to the scientific eye, are as legible as the inscriptions which proclaim the munificence of the last Pope.

Rome, peculiar in so many respects, is unlike all other European cities in the character of the region which lies immediately beyond its walls. Its suburbs are not gay with farms, gardens, country-houses, and villages. The solitude of a rural region is not reached by slow gradations, nor does the tide of population come imperceptibly to an end, like a spent wave that dies along a level beach. But as soon as the gates are passed, we come upon a far-reaching tract of monotonous desolation, in which every pulse of life seems to have ceased to beat. Far as the eye can pierce, it rests upon a plain of dreary and sombre verdure, which extends in every direction, and, by the impressive melancholy of its scenery, prepares the mind of the traveller to pass into the solemn shadow of Rome. This plain is that world-renowned Campagna, which is so

inseparably connected with the ideal image of Rome—which is populous with so many visionary forms from the regions of history and poetry, vocal with so many voices of wisdom and warning, rich in the most solemn and touching memories, and charms with such desolate and tragic beauty.

To the artist the Campagna furnishes an inexhaustible field of interest alike in its own essential features and the additions made by the hand of man. An immense plain, sloping by imperceptible descent towards the sea, and girdled by a distant belt of mountains, does not present those abrupt transitions and animated contrasts which make the most striking landscapes; but it is a region rich in a certain pensive beauty which, from whatever point it may be viewed, offers similar but not identical points.

Though the inequalities of the surface in the Campagna are inconsiderable, compared with its extent—though, when seen from a distance, they disappear to the eye, and are lost in a level expanse of verdure—yet the region is not by any means an absolute plain, like that flat dreary table-land, for instance, in which Munich is situated. The traveller who explores it on foot or on horseback will find his path shortened and his interest kept fresh by a constant undulation of surface, and by a succession of objects which, in their colouring and grouping, present ever-varying pictures. Sometimes the road abruptly descends into a hollow gorge or glen, where the view is excluded on nearly all sides by hills, and where only a glimpse can be had, through a single vista, of the snow-covered summits of the distant mountains; sometimes it passes over a breezy upland from which a wide prospect is commanded; sometimes it winds along a lateral valley; sometimes it is shouldered on either hand by precipitous cliffs, which seem to have been torn apart by violence, and in their sheer sides of yellow travertine, crowned with foliage, offer those fine combinations of form and colour which the artist loves to transfer to his sketch-book. It is a region intersected and veined with streams, rivulets, and threads of water, and dimpled with

lakes, pools, and fountains; some clear as crystal, some overgrown with mantling verdure, and some discoloured and tainted by the products of a volcanic soil. Through the whole the Tiber rolls its sluggish waves as slowly as if burdened by the weight of the memories and associations which it bears on its bosom.

Of that life which takes root and is fixed permanently to the soil there is little or none in the Campagna. There are no cottages, with patches of garden-ground, and children sporting round the door; no spacious farm-houses; no sights and sounds of rural toil. The figures which are indigenous to the soil are a few shepherds with cloaks of sheepskin, attended by suspicious-looking dogs of dirty white, and, here and there, a mounted herdsman, or overseer, armed with a long lance, whose locks and cloak stream back upon the wind as he rides, and whose figure, relieved against the distant sky, suggests that of a Bedouin Arab. But, in general, the living forms are only those which are connected, directly or indirectly, with the neighbouring city—an artist with his sketch-book; a fowler shooting birds for the market; a party of equestrians whose fresh complexions and firm seat betray their northern origin; a peasant from Velletri or Gensano driving a cart laden with wine-casks; a ponderous wain drawn by gray oxen; a tumble-down and ague-stricken vettura, bound for Albano or Tivoli, crammed with life like the hold of a slave-ship; and, occasionally, the smart barouche of an English millionaire, or the heavy chocolate-coloured coach of a cardinal, perhaps drawn up by the side of a road, while the owner, in his red stockings, is solemnly pacing up and down, taking exercise.

But if there be few marks of man and his works, the life of nature is exuberant and abundant all over the Campagna. In the spring and early summer it is gay with a luxuriant growth of wild flowers—among which the red poppy predominates, spreading a crimson carpet over the landscape. The many kinds of flowering shrubs which

grow here burst into bloom, so that the air is filled with penetrating odours, and the fresh turf is so strewed with blossoms that the foot can hardly be set down without crushing them. This is the period at which the swarm of travellers are usually leaving Rome and setting off upon their northern flight, so that few of those who pass the winter there ever see the Campagna in its vernal attire, of which those who have witnessed it speak with the most vivid pleasure. But this season of bridal splendour does not last long, for, as the heats of summer come on, the Campagna lays aside its flowery mantle. In this region the sleep of the year is more in the summer than the winter. The fierce heats of July and August have a paralyzing effect, like that of the frost and snows of a northern winter. Then the rays of the vertical sun smite the earth like angry blows, the cloudless sky overhead seems a huge vault of glowing brass, and the ground is so hot that one almost expects to see his shadow curl up and disappear like a leaf thrown upon the fire. Then the flocks and herds are driven into the mountains, the buffaloes retreat to the swamps or immerse themselves in pools of water, and the few inhabitants who are compelled to remain on the spot seek a shelter in caves scooped out from the hill-sides, or in the spacious vaults of a Roman tomb. Streams that were of considerable size in the early spring entirely disappear, and leave only an unsightly trough of earth and stones to mark where they once flowed. The ground splits into rifts and chasms; the roads are calcined into ashes; and the grass is burnt to the colour of hay.

But the rains of the early autumn breathe new life into this fainting region, and wake it from its long summer's siesta. A quick, luxuriant growth of grass springs up; daisies and violets start from the turf; and the clematis blooms along the hedges. The flocks and herds return to their pasturage grounds; the labours of agriculture are resumed in the cultivated portions; and the Campagna puts on all the life that ever belongs to it. From this time until spring its aspect

does not materially change. Winter here is not the absolute night of the year—the negation and reverse side of warmth and bloom and verdure—but it is like the silvery twilight of a high northern latitude which prolongs till midnight something of the glow of noon. At no period of the year could a botanist walk over the Campagna without gathering an ample and living harvest from its abundant flora. The turf is green and fresh under the feet; the air is full of pleasant, earthy odours; in warm sunny days the lizards dart along the hedges and around the margin of the ponds; insects hum in the air; and in the morning the lark springs from the dewy grass and sings at Heaven's gate. The snow upon the tops of the distant mountains tells us that it is winter, but in the sunny and sheltered hollows it is often warm enough, even in January, to make the eye rest with pleasure upon their dazzling lines of cold.

The memorials of man which stripe and dot the Campagna are in harmony with the character of the scenery, and calculated to deepen the impression which its peculiar natural features make. The plain is a great historical palimpsest, from which the towns and cities of a subdued race have been expunged, in order to make room for the proud structures of a conquering people, which now, in their ruins, are no more than monuments of lost power and memorials of faded glory. The most striking objects upon it are the long lines of the Claudian and Marcian aqueducts, which stretch across the horizon for many a mile—whose arches, in various stages of decay, sometimes bare and sometimes mantled with climbing plants and veiled in verdure, blend a general resemblance with differences in detail. There are no structures of man's hand which are woven so completely into the landscape as these aqueducts; and the relation between them and the soil over which they stride is so happy, that it probably furnished one reason, with a people so sensitive to impressions of form, for erecting them. Nothing breaks the monotony of a plain more agreeably to the eye than a succession of arches, high enough and of suffi-

cient span to assume an imposing character when contemplated singly. How admirably the aqueducts of the Campagna are suited to the character of the scenery of which they form a part, may be apprehended by imagining the far inferior effect they would produce if transported to the neighbourhood of Florence, and how much of their present dignity would be lost if they were seen panting up those steep hills, and hurrying down those sheer valleys, constantly dwarfed and overborne by natural objects of grander bulk and superior height. But now they move along the floor of the Campagna as a stately procession moves through the piazza in front of St. Peter's; not lost in, but graced by, the space in which they are contained. In all points of view they are beautiful and animating objects, whether we contemplate them as a whole, and follow with the eye the decreasing perspective of their arches, till in the far distance the level entablature seems to melt into the earth; or whether, standing apart, we mark the rounded portals of blue which each arch cuts out of the sky, and thus set the landscape in successive frames. Just in proportion as these aqueducts have lost in usefulness they have gained in beauty. The hand of time and the mace of violence —which have broken their formal lines and shattered the smooth ring of their arches, which have made nooks and hollows for grass and wild flowers and running vines to take root in—have substituted variety for uniformity, and added that peculiar charm of the picturesque, which makes an old mill or a ruined bridge more attractive to painters than when in a perfect state.

THE APPIAN WAY.

The best known of the Roman roads, the Appian Way, stretches across the Campagna from the Porta San Sebastiano, and since the draining of the Pontine Marshes by Pius VI. forms the most travelled route between Rome and Naples. In some places the original pavement is laid bare, composed

of massive blocks of volcanic stone so strongly and compactly laid as to be impervious to the assaults of time. Such roads could not have been constructed, unless the very workmen who wrought upon them had been impressed with the idea of the eternal duration of Rome. The road, on either hand, is bordered by tombs in various stages of decay, some mere masses of shapeless brick-work, overgrown with ivy and other climbing plants, most of them without name or inscription, but some identified by the investigations of antiquaries. They are of various forms, some round, some square, and some pyramidal. Some, of larger size and higher pretensions than common, show remains of architectural elevations, with pediments, columns, or pilasters. They are built of brick, or fragments of stone bedded in cement, or sometimes blocks of piperino. In their perfect state, most of them were doubtless more or less sheathed with travertine and marble, and adorned with bas-reliefs; but these have passed away, and we have only the interior kernel, the chief materials of which offered no temptation to avarice or rapacity. Many of them are of considerable size, and are resorted to by the shepherds of the Campagna for shelter in bad weather, and some are used as places of temporary habitation. Among these monumental erections the tomb of Cecilia Metella towers aloft in conspicuous and imposing grandeur. It is a circular tower of travertine, about seventy feet in diameter, resting upon a square basement. The blocks of which the circular portion is composed are of immense size, skilfully laid and admirably fitted without the aid of cement, and nowhere can one see a more striking image of solidity and endurance than those massive stones present. Time has not even brushed or roughened them in the lapse of nineteen centuries, and the courses of masonry are as smooth and bright as on the day on which they were laid. This structure, reared by the gentlest and purest of feelings—the affection of a husband for the memory of a wife—did not pass through the contests of the middle ages without having the seal of war set upon its front.

It was converted into a fortress in the thirteenth century, and the unsightly and incongruous battlements on the top still prolong the record of the profanation.

The Roman custom of burying the dead along their roads led to strange proximities and incongruous juxta-positions. Our modern sense of propriety would be disturbed by seeing a race-course by the side of a cemetery; yet, near to, almost overshadowed by the tomb of Cecilia Metella, are the remains of the Circus of Romulus, the best preserved of all such structures that have come down to us. Here the fervid and vigorous animal life of Rome put forth its trained energies, perhaps all the more earnestly from the silent admonition of that sepulchral tower, recalling the dark presence whose touch was destined to stiffen into clods those elastic and obedient muscles. It was not of the largest size—although it held eighteen thousand spectators—but it is valued by the students of the past, from the fact of its still preserving traces, more or less distinct, of all the various parts of which a circus was composed. For much of this knowledge the learned world is indebted to an extensive series of excavations made in 1825 by the Duke of Bracciano, the owner of the soil, by which much curious matter was brought to light. A man's natural pride of ownership must be somewhat enhanced when he sees the item of a Roman Circus upon the inventory of his estate; though few would wish to turn over to the plough a soil so fruitful in associations.

Many other points and localities of interest lie along the Appian Way, or in its immediate vicinity, such as the church of Domine quo Vadis, the Valley of Egeria already described, and the Basilica of San Sebastiano, much visited for the sake of its catacombs. Just before reaching the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the road ascends by a steep acclivity, and passes over a remarkable stream of lava, which flowed from the extinct volcano on the Alban Mount. This elevated position commands a very extensive prospect on every side, and enables the traveller to observe the characteristic features of the Cam-

pagna to great advantage. About five miles from Rome is a mass of brick ruins, known popularly by the name of Roma Vecchia, and supposed by Prof. Nibby to be the remains of a villa of the Emperor Commodus. It was not far from this spot that the memorable interview between Coriolanus and his mother is said to have taken place; and in this neighbourhood the scene of the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii is to be sought. We know that these names and these events are but shadows, like the actors and revels with which Prospero entertained his guests before he had doffed his magic robes, but we may apply to the legendary history of early Rome that strain of argument, not more beautiful than true, with which Max Piccolomini justifies and explains the astrological pursuits of Wallenstein:—

> "A deeper import
> Lurks in the legend told my infant years
> Than lies upon that truth we live to learn."

Dreams and shadows have a language and a beauty of their own. Our interest in the localities associated with the name of Coriolanus no more dies when we know that the whole narrative is but an airy legend, than does the charm of the Winter's Tale, when we have learned that Bohemia has no sea-coast, and that the events of the drama are thus rendered impossible. Niebuhr was himself a man of deep feeling and vivid imagination, and no one was ever more alive to the just significance of those legends which, with gentle and reverent hands, he removed from the domain of history. Over this region of the Campagna a light still hangs, more beautiful than its golden mists or the purple shadows that lie upon its distant hills. The spirit of the past dwells here, and breathes over the landscape the consecrating gleams of valour, patriotism, and filial duty.

Between the tomb of Cecilia Metella and the ruins of Roma Vecchia—a distance of about two miles and a half—Sir William Gell noted fifty-one tombs on the right, and forty-two on the left of the road; and he adds that, doubtless, many

more exist. From this fact we may surmise how numerous these structures must have been along the Appian Way in the flourishing periods of Rome; especially in those portions lying nearer to the city. Near Roma Vecchia is a large castellated farm-house, built entirely from the plunder of ancient tombs. Manifold are the uses of the dead to the living. Mummies are split up to boil the tea-kettle of a travelling Englishman, and a Roman peasant sleeps in the tomb of the Metelli.

TORRE DI SCHIAVI.

One of the most picturesque and interesting points of the Campagna is an elevation about three miles from the Porta Maggiore, on the road to Gabii; commonly known by the name of the Torre di Schiavi, upon which are some ruins of a villa of the Emperor Gordian. The ruins themselves have little either of beauty or expression. They consist of two principal structures, both built of brick; one round and tapering like a lighthouse, the other octagonal. They are near together, and have a sort of family likeness. There are, in each, niches hollowed in the walls, and rounded apertures for the admission of light. The purpose and meaning of these buildings are not distinctly known. The ground in their immediate neighbourhood is thickly strewn with smaller fragments. But though these ruins are not much in themselves, they are so happily placed that they form a favourite subject for artists. They are on the circular summit of a beautiful elevation, and the ground about them slopes and falls away in softly-undulating curves and sweeps, the lines flowing into each other by gentle gradations, like the limbs of a marble Apollo. But the chief charm of the spot consists in the unrivalled beauty of the distant view which it commands; revealing, as it does, all the characteristic features of the Campagna. On the extreme left towers the solitary bulk of Soracte, a hermit mountain, which seems to have wandered away from its kindred heights, and to live in remote and unsocial seclusion.

On the right, dividing it from the Sabine chain, is the narrow lateral valley of the Tiber; and further on, the horizon is walled up by the imposing range of the Sabine Hills, whose peaks, bold, pointed, and irregular, have the true mountain grandeur, and claim affinity with the great central chain of the Apennines. Conspicuous among them are Monte Gennaro, whose morning shadows fell upon the modest farm of Horace, and the lofty summit of Monte Guadagnolo. Many towns and villages are picturesquely perched along the pointed elevations of this range, and in the foreground, sparkling like a jewel on a giant's breast, is Tivoli, near which the headlong Anio breaks through its mountain gates and bounds into the Campagna. A very narrow plain divides the Sabine Hills from the Alban Mount, whose softer and gentler elevations present, as compared with the sterner and bolder line of the neighbouring range, a certain character of feminine beauty. Still turning to the right, the slopes of the Alban Mount pass into the level surface of the Campagna, along which the eye glides, till the plain blends with the shining mirror of the Mediterranean.

The Torre di Schiavi, on one day in the year, is disturbed from its usual propriety of solitude and silence. It is the custom of the German artists resident in Rome to make this spot the scene, or rather the starting-point, of an annual spring festival, combining the character of a picnic and a masquerade. Here is their place of rendezvous in the morning, and of gathering for their return in the evening. Here their first and last songs are sung, and the edicts of their leader are promulgated. On these occasions the waste region puts on the gayest aspect, and blossoms like a bed of tulips. Some of the artists come in carriages, some on horseback, and some on donkeys. The number and variety of the costumes surpass the wildest visions of an inspired tailor. Every garment that ever was shaped or painted, from a Roman toga to an hussar's jacket; hats of all possible forms, colours, and decorations; and forests of gay banners, enliven the scene. The day is spent in the wildest

and most exuberant frolic; rarely or never, however, degenerating into vulgar licence or coarse excess, but preserving the flavour of wit and the spice of genuine enthusiasm.

WALKS IN THE CAMPAGNA.

Some of my most agreeable recollections of Rome are associated with long walks over the Campagna, sometimes extending through a large part of the day, especially towards the end of winter and the beginning of spring. At this season, in sunny weather, there is a mixture of softness and elasticity in the air of Rome which makes exercise agreeable, and prevents it from being exhausting; nor is there any fear of an east wind's setting in to blight the heated frame with deadly chills. Then the Campagna opens wide its arms of invitation, and offers the freshest of turf, the brightest of skies, and the gentlest of airs; and it is indeed "sullenness against nature" to resist the call. There is always variety enough to supply the senses with perpetual interest, and keep the powers of observation in a state of healthy activity, so that, if weariness comes, it comes unawares. Besides the ruins, the aqueducts, the rich forms of vegetable life, the ever-changing surface of the soil, there are, especially at this season, the finest atmospheric effects to be seen, from the great extent of space over which the eye ranges at a glance. Nowhere do clouds play a more imposing part, or present a more glorious show, than on this boundless plain. How beautifully they lie along the furrows of the hills, or cluster round their sides, as if conscious of the grace they shed! With how stately a pace they wheel across the vault of blue, their shadows passing over the landscape like a rippling breeze over a mountain lake! With what pride they rear their snowy pavilions, and extend the long line of their airy architraves! With what purifying and dazzling power the sun smites upon their glittering edges, and into what lovely outlines the slow winds carve their marble whiteness! The low line of the coast is sometimes

hidden in wreaths of vapour while the uplands are in sunshine; purple mists lie upon the distant heights; or a sudden shower breaks from a rain-cloud, far enough off to permit the spectacle to be enjoyed in calm security. It is a peculiarity also observable on the Campagna, that, while it is rarely absolutely calm, the wind is hardly ever blustering and clamorous. The breeze has a caressing quality, which may be felt but not described. It does not seem to blow from any one point, but to stir the air like the motion of a wing. In walking it is hardly observed; but when we pause to rest, it comes upon us like a ministering presence to fan the brow and refresh the senses.*

After these long golden days of ramble and rest in the Campagna, the architectural forms of Rome, seen in the mellow light of the setting sun, gave to the eye a fresh sense of beauty —the straight line of its walls and houses, the graceful curve of its domes and clustering of its towers, relieving the sight after the unbroken expanse of the Campagna, as a burst of music after long stillness. In the evening it was pastime enough to recall the pictures of the day, and to compare them with the sketches of an artist or the descriptions of a traveller. With just enough of fatigue in the frame to enhance the enjoyment of repose, the mind, tranquil and not restless, received and returned the images thrown upon it, unwarped by the irritating influences of a day of over-action. Conversation flowed naturally, like a mountain-rill in its rocky bed, and not like the jet that is toilsomely wrung from the spout of a forcing-pump. And if there was music to fill up the pauses of speech, the

* The unfrequency of high winds seems to be a peculiarity in the climate of Italy. I hardly remember what we should call a windy day during the whole of my residence in Rome. This was quite striking to one born and reared on the coast of New England, where the air is never still. In Rome the visits of the wind are like those of a sympathising friend, but with us they are like the calls of an importunate and intrusive creditor. Mr. Rose, in his entertaining *Letters from the North of Italy*, remarks upon the windless character of the climate of the country, and states that he had never seen a windmill in Italy.

grace and grandeur of the scenes we had just left were in perfect unison with the deep-hearted and impassioned strains of Beethoven or Schubert, and the language they addressed to the ear renewed and deepened the impressions which the eye had brought home. We seemed to hear again the breezes sighing among the pines of the Campagna, or sweeping across the broken arches of the Claudian aqueduct. The melancholy beauty of the region we had traversed appeared to live again in the composer's dreamy and ideal chords, and, like that, they seemed darkened with the shadow of vanished hopes, and strewn with the fragments of shattered ideals.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGRICULTURE OF THE CAMPAGNA.*

THE Campagna presents other aspects besides those which have been considered. Neither the artist nor the idealist holds the whole of life in his grasp. We have no right to look upon a landscape only as a picture, or to view it merely as a harvest-field for dreamy emotions or fine visions. When from any elevated point we survey a wide-extended tract of country, the considerations which are first in importance are those growing out of the relation of humanity to the soil on which we gaze. Who are the men that till these broad plains, these sunny hill-sides, and these shaded valleys? For whom are those golden harvests waving, and into whose laps will these ripening fruits fall? Does this fair landscape support a manly, an intelligent, a virtuous people? or does it yield only a miserable pittance to a population wasted by hopeless toil and paralyzed by poverty? Do we see the sparkle of self-respect in the labourer's eye, or the sullen and suspicious glances of a slave? Has some enormous capitalist spread his title-deeds over the whole horizon, or is the soil divided into modest proprietorships, so that the heart of the owner may pass into the sod which he tills, and love lighten the burden of labour? To overlook all these relations, to surrender ourselves, without question or protest, to the magic of lovely scenery, in spite of the shadow of human suffering which may

* The authorities to whom I have been chiefly indebted in the preparation of this chapter are Tournon, Etudes Statistiques sur Rome; Sismondi, Etudes sur l'Economie Politique; Reumont, Römische Briefe; Neue Römische Briefe.

rest upon it, is to admire "the plumage and forget the dying bird."

Bonstettin says that, if the statue of Rome which surmounts the tower of the Capitol had human sympathies and could feel its position, its lot would have been most pitiable and forlorn, doomed as it has been, for so many centuries, to survey the dreary waste which on all sides surrounds the walls of the imperial city. I have before remarked upon the depopulation of the Campagna—how bare it is of permanent habitations—how its waste regions never ring with the cheerful sounds of human industry—and how a shroud of deathlike silence seems extended over its hills and valleys. In regard to their respective suburbs and neighbourhoods, the city of Rome and the city of Boston stand at opposite points of a scale. Rome is a walled city, and so is Boston; but one is walled by water, and the other by stone. The boundaries of our peninsula are as well defined as those which are traced by the gates of Rome. But Boston is remarkable as being the nucleus and core of a population thickly clustered around it in every direction; so that it is as hard to say where the city really ends, and the country really begins, as to draw the dividing line between two colours on a sunset sky. Within a circle of the radius of five miles drawn from the State-house as a centre, the number of inhabitants outside of Boston will be found to be not much less than that of those within. How infinitely complicated and extensive are the relations between the city and its suburbs, may be fully felt by any one who will stand for an hour upon one of our bridges, either at the beginning or the close of the day—or watch the coming and going of the early and late railway trains. It is a system of mutual help and mutual dependence. There are many branches of business in the city, the prosperity and even existence of which rest upon the support drawn from the country; and multitudes of men and women whose bread is derived from the same source. The city is a centre of distribution, from which innumerable radii diverge in every direction. It is a network of relation, with lateral

and convergent threads crossing and recrossing each other, and forming an organic whole sensitive in every part. We may imagine, but we can hardly calculate, the desolation and blight which would fall upon Boston, were that flourishing belt of towns and villages with which it is now girded suddenly swept away from the face of the landscape, and the whole range of country visible from the top of the State-house wore the dreary monotony of the flat marshes between Chelsea and Lynn.

What Boston would be under so appalling a change, Rome substantially is. After passing by its suburban villas, and those various structures, ecclesiastical and secular, which as much belong to it as if they were included within the walls, we come upon the solitude of nature. There are none of those distinct communities which are at once independent in themselves, and yet connected with the metropolis by the strong tie of mutual interest. Farm-houses, or casali as they are called, are scattered over the plain, often composed of several buildings of massive structure, clustered round a court-yard—sometimes defended by a battlemented wall and a towered gateway, and presenting an appearance at once imposing and picturesque; but these are no more than islets of life in a sea of desolation and silence. For many miles around Rome there are few or no spots which are hallowed to human beings by the sacred associations of home; where lovers have exchanged their vows; where the solitary have been set in families; where children have been born; where life has gladdened, and death has sanctified the mute forms of nature.

It was not always so. In the early periods of Roman history the whole Campagna swarmed with life, and was the seat of numerous independent communities, who cultivated their several parcels of soil with industry, and defended them with valour. Rome was nearly four hundred years in subduing these little commonwealths, and succeeded only by the exercise of indomitable courage and the most obstinate perseverance. The struggle with Veii in particular, the site of

which was only ten miles distant, was a struggle of life and death; and it cost a siege of ten years to put down a city the walls of which, in a clear day, could be seen from the Capitol. The training which was the fruit of this desperate and long-continued strife prepared Rome for its future career. The conquest of the world was comparatively easy, after that of Latium had been achieved. But the depopulation of the Campagna was not the immediate result of its passing into the possession of Rome; for it was the policy of the Romans to mingle their own blood with that of the communities which they conquered, taking part of their lands, opening a vent to their own redundant population, and thus at once extending and consolidating their empire.

The evil which now broods over the Campagna rests upon it with the accumulated weight of centuries. The causes of its gradual depopulation are kindred with those which led to the decline and fall of the Roman empire itself. They are to be found in that grasping spirit of the favoured classes against which so many agrarian laws were directed; in the power of property to attract property; and in the prevalence of a system by which enormous estates were gathered into a few hands, while the mass of the community was doomed to a depth of poverty which was fatal to virtue, because fatal to hope. The emphatic and often quoted words of the elder Pliny "verum confitentibus latifundia perdidere Italiam, imo et provincias," explain the desolation of the Campagna. The influences which we have enumerated had begun to exert an unfavourable effect upon it before the fabric of Roman greatness had felt the touch of decay. In the closing days of the republic the land was held in large portions by wealthy proprietors, whose villas were scattered along the sea-coast and the favourable situations of the interior; but wide tracts were left untilled and unoccupied, and both Cicero and Livy allude to the unhealthiness of its lowlands. These evils increased with the declining fortunes of the Western empire; and when the successive hordes of Northern invaders laid waste the Cam-

pagna, and blotted out whatever of life yet clung to the soil, they only completed a work of destruction which had long been going on.

The history of the Campagna during the middle ages is but a record of the disasters and devastations of the city itself, only in more abundant measure; for while Rome was protected by its walls, the Campagna had no shelter against the storms of war. It was a perpetual field of battle, witnessing the last struggles of the Roman empire against its foreign invaders, and, at a later period, the civil contests of the powerful feudal barons with each other. Its tombs were converted into fortresses, and it was given over to the noble and the slave, the robber and his prey. But when that period of darkness and turbulence had passed away; when the new day-spring of civilization, Christianity, and civil order had gone up the eastern sky; when arts, literature, science, agriculture, and manufactures had revived, and Italy once more put on the beauty of youth and hope—the Campagna did not share in the general resurrection. Nor has it since been waked into life; but it still presents essentially the same features and has the same character as when the Colonna and Orsini fought together on its plains, and the youthful Rienzi mused amid its ruins, and found a motive for generous effort in that dreary solitude from which the inspiration of his impassioned eloquence was drawn.

Political economists are divided upon the question of the extent of subdivision of land; whether the agricultural resources of a country may be best developed by large farms requiring considerable amount of capital, and cultivated for the most part by hired labour, or by small possessions in which the soil is tilled by the owner or the lessee for his own benefit. As to the mere aggregate of wealth annually added to the sum total of the capital of a country, the solution is not without difficulty; but when we take into account the element of social happiness, the amount of moral and material well-being, which each system respectively creates and sus-

tains, the inquiry becomes still more embarrassing and complicated. A large landed proprietor, whose estate is cut up into farms of moderate extent and tilled by tenants who hold leases and pay rents, sits down in his study and calculates that, by expelling these tenants and their families, converting his whole domain into an immense sheep-farm, he can add ten per cent. to his income; and he feels that the question is settled as to him, and takes his measures accordingly. But what would be the effect upon the community at large, were such a change to become frequent or extensive? a change by which great numbers of families are uprooted from the soil they cultivated, which, in its turn, helped to cultivate in them the social and domestic virtues—which compels them to choose between emigration or a descent in the social scale, and fills their places with day-labourers bound neither to the land nor its owner by any ties but those of self-interest. The highest function of land is the growth of man and not the growth of wealth. That country is declining and not advancing, in which, while the rich are growing richer, the poor are growing poorer; even though the sum of national wealth be on the increase.

As to the subdivision of land, the Campagna of Rome and the greater part of France stand at the opposite extremes of the scale; and the experience of both confirms the judgment that in this, as in most things, there is a point at which the greatest amount of good and the smallest measure of evil are blended; and that this point is to be sought by observation, and not established by *a priori* reasoning. In France the number of separate proprietaries is about eleven million, and that of separate proprietors about six million. The disastrous effects of this minute subdivision upon the productive resources of France, and the hardly less malign influence it has exerted upon its politics, are obvious to any candid observer who has watched the course of events in that country since the general peace of Europe in 1815. In the Campagna of Rome we see the injurious results of the opposite extreme.

The Agro Romano, or territory of Rome, so called according to the survey of Nicolai, contains eleven thousand and four hundred rubbii, the rubbio being about four acres. This territory belongs to one hundred and seventy-seven proprietors, of whom one hundred and thirteen are individuals and sixty-four are corporations. Of the individual proprietors, the largest is the Prince Borghese, who owns nearly fifty thousand acres. The largest proprietors among the corporations are the chapter of St. Peter's, which owns about forty-five thousand acres, and the hospital of Santo Spirito, which has about thirty-two thousand. The number of separate farms is four hundred and seventeen, of which seventeen are of more than two thousand acres each. The estate of Campo Morto (which lies beyond the limits of the Agro Romano, about thirty miles from Rome, but still within the Campagna properly so called) is the largest in the Papal States, being about twenty thousand acres in extent. It belongs to the chapter of St. Peter's. These estates, immense as they are, are not managed by the owners themselves on their own account, but a further process of aggregation takes place, through a system by which the Agra Romano, and indeed much of the Campagna which lies beyond it, are let to a powerful body of middle-men, called Mercanti di Campagna, merchants of the Campagna. They are about fifty in number, residing in Rome, and forming a sort of corporation, and as such recognised and protected by the papal government. The enterprise which they undertake requires a great amount of capital, as may be inferred from the fact that the estate of Campo Morto pays an annual rent of five thousand pounds. As these merchants reside in the same place and collectively wield a vast amount of capital, and as their interests are absolutely identical, it may well be conceived that by a concert of action, and by a skiful combination of their powers and resources, they may exert an unnatural influence upon the price of agricultural products, like that of a conspiracy of brokers upon the market-value of some particular stock. From the magnitude of their opera-

tions, their establishments in Rome are like the counting-rooms and warehouses of extensive merchants; and there is probably no other case in which so much of the spirit and method of commerce is infused into the processes of agriculture. Farmers, indeed, they can hardly be called; their business being the manufacture and distribution, on a gigantic scale, of agricultural products.

The mercante himself visits only occasionally his rural kingdom. Residing in Rome, his time and thoughts are sufficently ocupied in the purchase of the articles necessary for the cultivation of his estate, and in negociations for the sale of its products. The immediate labours of agriculture are intrusted to the management and supervision of an agent, called ministro, whose functions are precisely those of the overseer of a southern plantation. From the great size of the farms committed to his charge, the ministro is obliged to pass the greater part of his time on horseback; and the proper discharge of his duties requires an active mind, a vigorous frame, a watchful eye, discretion, authority, and self-command. Under him, and subject to his orders, are various subaltern assistants, as each department of labour has its own separate chief with a gradation of subordinates—all forming a staff of aides-de-camp, who are mostly occupied with the direction and oversight of the numerous labourers by whom the work is actually done. It thus happens, says M. de Tournon, that in the largest establishments there are thirty or forty persons who are paid, not for working themselves, but for making others work.

The buildings attached to these great estates bear no proportion to the extent of territory cultivated or to the number of persons employed. They consist, commonly, of a dwelling-house of stone, a storehouse or granary, and a stable. Here the ministro and his various subordinate assistants reside, but no permanent substantial shelter is provided for the great mass of labourers. These are divided into two classes—those hired by the year or longer periods, and those engaged for a

single season or by the day. Among the former are the herdsmen, the shepherds, and what we should call the teamsters or wagoners, who are employed in transporting the products of the farm to their place of sale or export, and in bringing from Rome the needful supplies. Among the latter are those hired to break up the soil and prepare it for tillage, and to collect the harvest. Each farm consists of arable land, meadow land, grazing ground, wood, and underwood. The rearing of animals is a much more remunerative employment of capital than the cultivation of the soil; and to this, consequently, the efforts of the mercanti are principally directed. The animals raised upon the Campagna are horned cattle, sheep, horses, swine, and buffaloes. Upon each of the farms the labourers are divided into two great classes—those occupied with the care of animals, and those engaged in the raising of various crops. The former are usually permanently attached to the estates, and the latter hired by the day or for the season.*

The cattle of the Campagna are a fine race of animals, of that gray colour so well known to all travellers in Italy. From them the supplies of the markets in Rome are drawn. Large numbers of oxen are required for agricultural purposes, as horses in Italy are not used in farming operations. Of the milk of the cows very little use is made. The cattle live constantly in open pastures, which makes them wild and sometimes dangerous. The operation of capturing them, and subduing them to the plough, when they have reached the proper age, requires courage and address, and is attended with some danger. The lasso is used on these occasions as in the plains of South America. To those with whom the flavour of excitement is heightened by a dash of the perilous, these scenes are full of interest. The herdsmen, in picturesque costumes, armed with lances and provided with coiled ropes,

* Upon the estate of Campo Morto there were, in 1813, four thousand sheep, four hundred horses, two hundred oxen, seven hundred cows, and about two thousand pigs.—*Chateauvieux.*

are mounted upon spirted horses. Their loud cries and rapid movements, the daring which they display, and the spirit and intelligence of the fine animals on which they ride—all this, upon the broad horizon of the Campagna, and under a Roman sky, makes up one of the most animating spectacles which can be found in the tame regions of European civilization, dignified by a sense of danger wanting in a fox-chase, and not stained by the cruelty of a bull-fight.

Buffaloes are also kept in considerable numbers on the Campagna, and their uncouth forms are mingled with every visitor's recollections of Rome. Their value consists in their prodigious strength, and in their aquatic habits. They are used for towing vessels against the current of the Tiber, and for the dragging of carts so heavy and clumsy that no other domesticated animal could endure the toil. Their services are especially valuable in low and marshy lands, which are intersected by streams of water, across which they readily draw their burden, keeping their heads above the stream, and blowing like grampuses. Their flesh is sometimes sold in the Roman markets, and small round cheeses made from their milk form conspicuous objects in the shops of provision-dealers. Their temper is sullen and ferocious, but they are not unsusceptible of personal attachment. Each buffalo receives a particular name, which he learns to recognise, as well as the person of the herdsman who calls him. When provoked, however, they have been known to kill their keepers. The milking of the females is done in the dark by a person who glides under them covered with a buffalo-skin.

The sheep of the Campagna migrate to the mountains in the warm weather, and return to the plains in winter. They form the most important item in Roman agriculture, their flesh, their wool, and their milk being all valuable products. The labours of the shepherd are constant and monotonous, but not severe. At the dawn of day he conducts his flock to the particular pasturage place assigned to them. He is attended by one or more dogs of a yellowish-white colour, large, powerful,

and faithful. Two of them are said to be a match for an ordinary wolf. The duties of the shepherd during the day are reduced to supervision, his dog fulfilling the rest. Hour after hour he may recline at ease beneath the shade of a tree, watching the changes of nature, or soothing his solitude with the drony and lachrymose sounds of a zampogna.* But at night a more serious course of labours begin. The flock is gathered together and conducted to their fold. The ewes are first carefully milked, and the milk, gathered into large caldrons, is subjected to a quick fire of brushwood. The curd thus formed is made partly into cheese, and partly into *ricotta*, that delicacy so tempting and so dangerous to a weak stomach, and the whey is consumed by the dogs. The habitations of the shepherds, especially those for winter, though rude and homely enough, are yet such as to furnish shelter against the elements, and the means of lighting a fire. Sometimes they are substantial structures of stone, and sometimes mere huts, covered with a thatched roof and their sides plastered with mud mixed with straw. In the summer season the shepherds and also the herdsmen of the Campagna often find shelter in a ruined building or a decayed tomb, or in some of the natural caverns of a volcanic soil.

The condition of the herdsmen and shepherds of the Campagna, hard as it is, is not without its favourable points. They are permanently attached to their posts of duty, and have inducements to earn a character for industry and fidelity, and to make their own interests identical with those of their employers. Their wages are tolerably good, and when the toils of the day are over they find a place of shelter and repose which, in some imperfect measure, represents a home. The lot of the purely agricultural labourers is not so fortunate. As I have before remarked, the raising of cattle is a more lucrative occupation in the Campagna than the tilling of the soil, and it is consequently the object towards which the capital and energies of the mercanti are chiefly directed. Of the arable

* A kind of bagpipe.

land there is probably not more than one-tenth under cultivation at any one time, although the soil is very fertile, and especially adapted to the cereal grains. Wheat, the principal crop, is sown once in three or four years; the land in the intermediate years, according to its quality, lying fallow, or producing Indian corn, oats, or beans. There is no system of manuring, and the soil is left to its own unaided energies. The proportion of land actually under cultivation, moderate as it is, would be still less, were it not that the ground must be broken up and laid down to tillage once in a few years, in order to produce grass in the abundance and of such a quality as the necessities of pasturage require.

We will suppose that the manager of one of these large farms proposes to break up a tract of pasture land, which has been lying fallow for two or three seasons, and lay it down in wheat. In this interval the vivid energies of a rich volcanic soil have covered it with a rank growth of sturdy shrubs, which must first be cut down with hatchets and rooted up with pick-axes. Then it is ploughed carefully and repeatedly, and the seed-grain is dropped into the furrows, and the plough again passes over the tract, in order to cover the seed with earth. Then succeeds the process of breaking up the clods, pulling up the roots of such weeds as still remain, and giving to the furrows a regular form. The young plants, as they appear above the ground, are weeded and hoed, and the ground is kept loose about their roots. These duties extend from October to April or May, and are very severe, employing a great number of labourers, who are hired by the season or by the job, and often come from a considerable distance. They are engaged not singly, but in troops or companies comprising whole families, the bargain being made with a corporale or head-man, under whose charge they move to the scene of their labours like a gipsy settlement or an Arab encampment. Here they find no permanent and substantial places of shelter, but must live in tents or rude huts of reeds and branches of trees. Sometimes, however, they find a sleeping-place in the buildings of the

casale, in which case they are compelled to walk three or four miles after the toils of the day, and the same distance in the morning before they begin. Their food is meagre and poor, and they are imperfectly clad, so that they can offer but feeble resistance to the fatal influences of the climate, being often exposed to days of great heat, and damp and chilly nights, and thus sickness and death make sad havoc among them, and fill the hospitals of Rome from their numbers. M. de Tournon mentions it as an honourable trait in the "noble and pious family of Pamphili-Doria," that upon each of their estates they employ a vehicle for the transportation of their sick labourers to the nearest hospital.

Between the last of these preliminary labours and the harvest, which usually occurs about the middle of June, there is an interval of only a few weeks. During the season of harvest the Campagna puts on an unusual expression of animation and life. As the grain ripens over great tracts, belonging to different proprietors, the element of time becomes very important, and it is essential that a considerable number of supernumerary labourers should be under command during that limited period in which the ripe wheat must be cut. Messengers are despatched beforehand into the neighbouring mountain towns to collect the necessary recruits, and large stores of bread and wine are laid in at the casale for their refreshment and support. When all the preparations are made, the work of cutting the grain begins at early dawn, each band of labourers continuing by itself, under the direction of its corporale, and the yellow stalks fall fast under the vigorous attacks of a long line of flashing sickles. The open plain resounds with shouts, songs, and bursts of laughter. The ministro and his assistants, and often the mercante himself, or some members of his family, ride up and down the field, to stimulate and encourage the toil. Carts laden with wine and with water pass slowly along, and the labourers refresh themselves with liberal draughts. In the neighbourhood fires are kindled, at which an abundance of food is cooked, more generous than their usual fare. M. de Tournon

speaks of having been present at the estate of Campo Morto on one of these occasions, and seeing between seven and eight hundred reapers, ranging along a line of a mile and a half in extent, engaged at their work, and forming, by their variety of costumes, the vivacity of their movements, and the wide expanse of the scene, a striking and attractive spectacle. The harvest-labourers are engaged for eleven days, and, if their labours are prolonged beyond that time, they are paid by the day. They have three meals a day, and are allowed to sleep two hours in the hottest part of the day. Sleep may be had at this time without danger; but not so at night. As a general rule, the harvest-labourers have no shelter provided for them, but upon the very spot of their daily toils they throw themselves down for their nightly repose, their frames bathed in perspiration, and exhausted with the fatigues of the day. Then the chill winds and heavy dews which so often succeed the burning heats of the sun fall upon them with silent, deadly power, and the poison of fever passes into their veins. Each day the number of the healthy and able-bodied is diminished, and, when their task is done and they have received their wages, many have no more strength than enables them to crawl home and die at their own doors.*

Such are the conditions upon which the Campagna is cultivated, and so little regard is paid to the life and health of the forlorn labourers by whom its golden harvests are sown and

* Chateauvieux, who visited the estate of Campo Morto in the summer of 1813, thus describes what he saw:—"A signal being given, they quitted their work, and this long troop filed off before us: there were nearly as many women as men—they all came from the Abruzzi. They were bathed in sweat—the sun was intolerable: the men were good figures, but the women were frightful—they had been some days from the mountains, and the foul air had begun to attack them. Two only had yet taken the fever, but they told me from that time a great number would be seized every day, and that by the end of harvest the troop would be reduced at least one half. What then, I said, becomes of these unhappy creatures? They give them a morsel of bread and send them back. But whither do they go? They take the way to the mountains—some remain on the road, some die, but others arrive, suffering under misery and inanition, to come again the following year."

reaped. Such are the cruel and heartless results which ensue, when men act wholly upon the principle that property has its rights, and forget that it has also its duties. The beauty of the Campagna, to the eye of humanity, is turned to ashes; and to its ear, the breezes which sweep over it seem laden with the sighs of the sick and the groans of the dying. The deep-hearted Sismondi has written upon this subject in a strain of generous sympathy, and with a full sense of the wrong which man has here done to man. Endowed, according to his own frank confession, with little sensibility to art, and from a defective visual organization unable to catch the tints of crimson and gold which hang their glories round a Roman sunset, the moral and social aspects of the melancholy waste which encircles Rome presented themselves to his mind with no veil of enchantment thrown over them. Political economy may question the soundness of some of his conclusions, and experience may doubt the fulfilment of some of his sanguine hopes; but the spirit of his essay will commend itself to the heart of humanity, and they who differ from him will admit that he has studied his subject faithfully, and expounded it candidly. From his essay, and the elaborate work of Tournon on the statistics of Rome, I have drawn most of the facts which I have here presented. From the same sources may be derived the means of correcting one or two of the impressions usually left upon the minds of superficial observers, who record the observations of a hurried visit to Rome, and especially of qualifying that sweeping censure which Protestant travellers are apt to pass upon the Papal government. The desolation of the Campagna is sometimes ascribed to the blighting influence of an ecclesiastical administration, by those who forget that within the States of the Church are comprised some of the most thriving and populous portions of the Italian peninsula, and that the same political causes cannot breathe beauty and fertility over one region, and the silence of death over another.

The Papal government, though liable to many objections, is not the worst in Europe; and the men who administer it are,

as a general rule, not inferior in intelligence to the statesmen of other Catholic countries, and probably superior in purity of life. The Catholic Church is eminently democratic in principle, opening freely the path to its highest honours to talent, learning, and worth; and although family influence doubtless exerts here, as everywhere else, an unquestioned power, yet there are always many men in the college of Cardinals who have risen to that high position solely by personal merit. But in its relations to the Campagna the Papal government presents itself in a most favourable aspect. For more than three centuries, with various longer or shorter intervals of time, it has been engaged in a contest with the proprietors and lessees of this region, in which it has shown a laudable perseverance and a generous humanity; though not always an enlightened judgment, a due respect for the rights of property, or a knowledge of the principles of political economy. To give the history of this struggle in detail would require too much space, but its leading objects may be briefly stated. The Popes, looking at the question from the true point of view, seeking to diminish the sum of human suffering, and to increase the sum of human happiness, have endeavoured to remove the unhealthiness of the Campagna and to increase its permanent population. By various edicts, some of very stringent character, they have sought to prevent the abandonment of wide tracts to the purposes of grazing, and to stimulate the growth of wheat and other cereal grains by labourers resident on the spot. But they have encountered a steady opposition from the proprietors and lessees, who, taking a material and selfish view of the subject, and starting from the position that land is dormant or inactive capital, contend that they have a right to draw from it the largest amount of return which, with the aid of active capital, it can be made to yield; and that, when they have shown that pasturage is more lucrative than tillage, they have met all the elements in the case. The gist of the controversy is contained in a statistical calculation presented to the government by the proprietors in 1790, and afterwards restated

in 1800. By this it appeared that a capital of eight thousand crowns, invested in the cultivation of wheat, yielded a net return of only thirty crowns; while the same capital, invested in a flock of sheep, brought a return of nineteen hundred and seventy-two crowns. This was esteemed an unanswerable and decisive argument in favour of the superior advantages of pasturage. But, as Sismondi observes, this comparison is not between two tracts of land of equal extent, but between two equal sums of money, devoted, one to pasturage and the other to tillage; and it virtually involves a begging of the question. The profitable employment of this amount of capital in grazing requires a quantity of land ten or twelve times greater than that which the estimate assumes to be necessary for its use in tillage; while it gives support to only twenty-nine persons in winter, and eighteen in summer. It is thus an extravagant waste of land, and a reduction of the number of those deriving support from land to the smallest amount. What is the net return derived from the flocks and herds that roam over the unpeopled tract, to the aggregate wealth that might be drawn from the soil, were the population at the rate of two hundred to the square mile, as in the other parts of the pontifical states? Thus the state suffers by the absence or non-existence of all those persons whom this mode of using the land prevents from inhabiting it. It is not in the neighbourhood of Rome alone that this process is going on, and that an enlightened and humane spirit is putting its veto upon changes sanctioned by that political economy which tells us that it makes no difference whether a great proprietor spends his income upon the estate from which it is derived, or in a distant capital. The conversion in Scotland of arable land into sheep-walks and deer-forests, by which whole hamlets of cotters and small farmers were swept from the soil, is of the same kind, and no calculations of a heartless science can ever reconcile humanity to such changes.*

* "Campo Morto, one of the estates belonging to the patrimony of St. Peter's, lying between here (Gensano) and the lake, is let to a farmer. It

In the contests between the government and the proprietors, the latter, as might be expected, have had the advantage. The great evil of the Papal government is the frequent changes of system which arise of necessity from its constitution. The popes are usually old men when chosen to their office, and thus have but a short time to mature and execute projects of improvement; nor are the plans of one pontiff usually taken up and carried on by his successor. Indeed, it not unfrequently happens that the election is influenced by the opposition which these plans have awakened, and the partizans of the new incumbent are those who were the enemies of his predecessor. But the force of selfishness is as inevitable and as calculable as the force of gravitation. The interests of the proprietors, and their lessees the mercanti, have been always the same, and they have ever presented the same unbroken front of opposition. In the long run, the dogged obstinacy and sharp-sighted vigilance of selfishness will be more than a match for the philanthropy of legislation. Government must enunciate general principles. It cannot follow a supple and flexible selfishness through all the winding turns along which it slips and glides. Self-interest tires out all competitors, and is sure to be in at the

contains 4309 rubbi, or about 4400 plebeian hides. We will suppose half of it to have been forest or common land—for the old Romans were not so wise as our rural economists, who parcel out everything; thus, two thousand two hundred families would live on this estate. Now it supports—

"1. The farmer-general, with his family, in great comfort.

"2. The rent constitutes the revenue of about thirty canons, many of whom save out of their incomes, but, as others receive pensions in addition, we will set the latter against the former.

"3. On the land itself there live about a hundred labourers, nearly all unmarried.

"4. In the spring a few hundred labourers come to work for a few days, and in the summer five hundred come from Abruzzo to get in the harvest for eleven days' food and wages. The rural economist will say how many useless hands he spares! and the pious must rejoice that, instead of two thousand two hundred families of heathens, thirty gentlemen now live upon the land, who sing mass while others listen to them."—From a letter of Niebuhr to Savigny. *Life of Niebuhr*, vol. 3, p. 166, second edition.

death. The well-meant efforts of so many popes to increase and widen the belt of cultivation, to reclaim the wastes of the Campagna, to dry up its swamps, and to dot its surface with radiating centres of population and activity, have produced little or no effect. The same evils that provoked attention in times less humane and less enlightened than our own, still present themselves to the more experienced mind and more susceptible heart of to-day. There is the same dreary depopulation, the same deadly malaria, the same frightful waste of human life. Nor to the sober and unimpassioned reason, which will not believe a proposition simply because it wishes it to be true, is there much hope for the future. The essay of Sismondi, to which I have before alluded, points out the elements of encouragement in a sanguine, but not an extravagant spirit; and he certainly proves that the reclaiming of the Campagna is not an impossible enterprise. The events which have taken place since the date of its publication do not, however, tend to make the desired consummation more probable. We meet upon the threshold this inexorable dilemma; the Campagna cannot become healthy till it is more thickly peopled; and it cannot be more thickly peopled till it becomes more healthy. To overcome this difficulty—to solve this problem—would require a concentration of powers and a command of means, such as the ordinary flow of events can never call forth. It might be done by a man who added to the large capacity, the iron will, the piercing insight, and boundless resources of Napoleon, the energetic and pertinacious benevolence of Oberlin; but that such a man should spring from the exhausted soil of Rome, would be a miracle hardly less striking than if an angel should come down from heaven and in a single night cover the Campagna with smiling villages and a vigorous population. Were a region like this, fertile and sickly, lying in the track of western emigration in our own country, it would present but a brief obstacle to the advance of that great wave of population which flows so steadily towards the setting sun. The first genera-

tion would fall before the deadly influences of the soil, but their places would be supplied by new comers, and the contest be continued by fresh frames and unworn spirits, and man would triumph at last over nature. But the conquest which would be possible to the boundless energies of a young democracy like ours, is beyond the feeble powers of a decrepit state, which can do no more than struggle against natural decay and repair the breaches of time.

The statements of the condition of the Campagna may also tend to correct another of those wrong first impressions into which travellers are apt to fall. From the multitude of beggars and idle persons in the streets of Rome, they jump to the conclusion that the Romans, and the Italians generally, are a race of incorrigible idlers, who will not work and therefore deserve to starve. But how many of those who form and second this hasty judgment have put themselves into a situation to ascertain the willingness, or unwillingness, of this unemployed population to embrace the opportunity of work when offered to them? Rome, of course, has little or no foreign commerce ; and, as has been before remarked, has no rural population connected with and dependent upon it. Its support is derived mainly from two sources: from the great influx of strangers drawn to it by its unique attractions in art and history; and from the tributes, prescribed or voluntary, offered to it as the capital of Catholic Christendom. Were these sources cut off, a considerable part of its population must either starve or move to some other place. The manufactures of Rome, more considerable than is commonly supposed, are mostly confined to objects of taste and beauty. Here are produced pictures, statues, engravings, cameos, bronzes, works in marble, artificial pearls, and the like; but no one, that can help it, employs a Roman tailor, dressmaker, shoemaker, or hatter; no one buys a Roman carriage or Roman furniture, nor anything that is there made of linen, or cotton, or wool, or glass, or porcelain. Thus the range of employment is very limited, and there are numbers of persons who beg because there is

nothing else that they can do. But the conditions under which the cultivation of the Campagna is carried on are alone enough to remove the reproach of idleness from the population of the Papal States. We have seen that in the hot months of the year, such as May, June, and July, the labours of agriculture are attended with serious risk, not only to health but to life, and that every year there are many persons who carry home from these fatal plains the seeds of death. And yet, in spite of this confirmed experience, each successive season sends forth its fresh recruits to be decimated by the inglorious and invisible foe that creeps along the dark morass and falls from the sky upon the dewy ground. The reapers, who are the most exposed to the noxious influences of the soil and climate, usually carry home about five dollars, and for this humble pittance the inhabitant of a mountain village leaves his breezy home, and toils for perhaps a fortnight with a distinct consciousness that the chances are, to say the least, not against his being stricken to the heart by the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Could the rich foreigner who spends this sum upon a cameo, or a bronze ornament, in the course of a morning drive, have a fact like this brought home to him, he would probably repress the impatient ejaculation called forth by the importunate beggar at his carriage door. There is something inexpressibly affecting, even heroic, in the quiet devotion and self-sacrifice of these reapers of the Campagna, who bravely encounter the chances of death or lifelong sickness, that they may carry home to their families a handful of silver. They are soldiers who go down to a field of battle in which victory is without spoils and defeat without glory.

The condition of these forlorn persons is, however, but an extreme instance of the weight of hopeless toil and suffering that rests upon the labouring population of a large part of Europe. Everywhere the heart is torn by the visible presence of irremediable distress. Everywhere we see men who are made old, while yet in their prime, by over-work, meagre

food, and wretched shelter—women, from whose forms and faces their native dower of grace and beauty has been crushed out by the weight of toil, too great and too early laid upon them—children, whose little faces are already shadowed with care or pinched with hunger. Everywhere the grand and lovely scenes of nature are associated with the sharp penury or hopeless prostration of man. Such sights, and the disproportioned masses of wealth that meet our view at the other end of the social scale, awaken pity or indignation according to the observer's temperament. A benevolent temper is often united with a fierce and rebellious spirit; and where such a combination exists, who can wonder that the protest of humanity should take the form either of distrust of God's providence, or of a blind and desperate assault upon all existing institutions? That there are constant troubles in Europe is not so much a matter of surprise as that there should ever be a considerable period without them; and what is saddest of all, the wiser mind is forced to confess that those struggles and convulsions spring from such motives, or are attended with such conditions, as make failure inevitable. The apostle Paul told the Romans of his time, that "the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." It is so now; and now, as then, the Spirit of God must help the infirmities of man, before the bondage of corruption can be broken.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey from Rome to Naples — Naples — The Museum.

JOURNEY FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

On Thursday, March 9, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I left Rome for Naples, occupying, with two friends and countrymen, the rotonde of a diligence. A diligence has three divisions: the coupé, in front; the intérieur, in the middle; and the rotonde, behind. They correspond to the boxes, the pit, and the gallery in a theatre. The rotonde, says somebody (quoted by Murray), "is the receptacle of dust, dirt, and bad company." Our route was along the Appian Way, passing through Albano, L'Aricia, Gensano, and Velletri. The weather was fine, and such views of the region we traversed as could be caught from our narrow confine were beautiful; especially when illumined by the yellow rays of a setting sun.

The shades of night fell upon us as we entered upon the monotonous plain which extends from the Alban Mount to Terracina, and we lost the sight of the desolation of the Pontine Marshes. The diligence stopped about an hour at Terracina, a delay for which, in logical language, there was no "causa causans;" but the "causa sine quâ non" was, that we were in Italy, where time is of no value, and the whole movement of life is adagio. For persons of an impatient spirit a residence of a few months in that country may be prescribed as a good medicine. It will either kill or cure. I could not but murmur at the darkness which hid everything from the sight except the interior of a dirty post-house—enclosing with its ebon wall the striking features of Terracina itself, as well as the view of

the distant Monte Circello, which tradition has fixed as the seat of the Circe's enchantments. Some obstinate sceptics have doubted this, because the localities do not all correspond with Homer's description; but the weight of evidence is against them, for there is a cavern in the rock which is still called "The Witch's Grotto," "La Grotta della Maga," and Valery states that the swine which are raised in the neighbourhood attain a size which can only be explained by the fact that they are the lineal descendants of the unhappy companions of Ulysses.

The glittering rays of the morning sun revealed a beautiful scene, different in character from the neighbourhood of Rome. To the right, the curved shore of Gaeta, as the light fell upon the rippling line of the breaking waves, shone like a sickle of silver, and the gulf which it clasped was of the darkest blue. It was pleasant to be so near to the sea once more—to catch again the deep respirations of its mighty heart, and to hear the sound of oars, and of keels grating upon a pebbly bottom For some distance, the road ran close to the water's edge; and the sandy beach, the boats drawn up along the shore, the children dabbling in the waves, and the freshened air reminded me of some points in the coast between Boston and Nahant; only that the outlines had everywhere a softer character. But to the left, the land view awakened no familiar associations. Everything was abrupt, salient, and picturesque. Elevations, more or less high, shot up suddenly from the plain. The landscape was full of startling antitheses, if I may be allowed such an expression. The line of hills which blocked up the horizon was indented and irregular. The towns and villages crowned the heights, and hung, like nests, from the walls of rocky precipices. The forms of vegetation approached more nearly the tropical types. The cactus grew in the hedges. Orange and lemon trees stood out boldly, open to all the air, and not crouching behind walls and in sheltered court-yards. Fig-trees wore a sturdy and defying look; and the vine, though not at that time in leaf, had the independent character of a

child of the soil. Men and women, with countenances and costumes alike marked, were at work in the fields. The general aspect of the scene was glowing and impassioned; and differed from the scenery of more northern regions, as the changeable features and fervid gesticulation of a Neapolitan differ from the grave and calm demeanour of an Englishman or German. Indeed, at Terracina the gates of a new region are thrown open to us, through which we pass into the precincts of the warm South. The face of nature and the face of man differs from those which we have left behind. Flowers of more vivid colouring, fruits of finer flavour, men of more restless passions—all shew that we are drawing nearer to the sun.

The region which lies south of Terracina, embracing the Bay of Naples, has another element of interest, as the scene of what may be called the romantic literature of antiquity. Here was the abode of Circe—a beautiful enchantress, smiling, but malignant—the earliest type of a character which has been multiplied to so infinite an extent in all subsequent periods. At Formiæ, Ulysses and his companions met with the adventure, since so often repeated, of the Læstrygons, whose king is a man-eating giant, and who has a wife of the same homicidal and cannibal propensities. From the scars of violent volcanic action in the neighbourhood of Naples, from the gloomy shades of Avernus and traditions of streams of lava, the ancients formed their pictures of Tartarus and the Styx. The airy and imaginative shapes of the Greek mind passed into the literature of Rome from the south of Italy. The elements that came from Etruria were sterner and gloomier. That was a land of sombre superstitions that gave to Rome the system of omens and divinations, so interwoven with its history and poetry.

We passed through Fondi,* Itri, Capua, and other places,

* Fondi was, in 1534, the residence of Julia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasian Colonna, the most beautiful woman of her age. The fame of her charms had reached the ear of the Sultan Solyman at Constantinople, who commissioned the corsair Khaïr-Eddyn Barberoussa to make a descent upon Fondi and carry her off. The attack was made, the town carried by assault, and all so

striking from their situation, or interesting from their associations; but I can only recall a general picture of rich, warm sunshine, of a cloudless sky, a blue sea, a luxuriant vegetation, towns and villages perched upon heights, and with steep and narrow streets occupied by men and women, dark, dirty, and picturesque; very good to put into sketch-books, but by no means looking as if they would make comfortable neighbours. There was so much work for the eye to do—there was such an amount of form, light, and colour, dashed upon the canvas of the horizon—that, in the whirl of impressions, there was neither time nor patience to rest upon details. The whole route was much infested by that ravenous brood of animals that feed upon trunks and passports. I will not attempt to record how many times we fell into their devouring jaws—nor how great was the sum of delay and vexation occasioned by them—nor what was the aggregate of tribute they levied upon us—but will only enjoin it upon those who may hereafter have occasion to journey on that route, to fortify their souls with patience, and their pockets with pauls.

We reached Naples after dark. The streets, glittering with gas and filled with people, presented a marked contrast to the comparative silence and gloom of Rome. A turn of the carriage brought Vesuvius before us in all its glories and terrors. The sight was beyond the hope. A ruddy coronet of flame burned upon its summit, and its side was streaked with veins of fire. But after a vigil of thirty-six hours, nature claimed her rights; and the great torch of Vesuvius, hanging over the bay of Naples, was eclipsed in attraction by the candle that lighted me to bed.

suddenly that the lady had only time to escape to the mountains in a night-dress. Such an adventure must have had its alleviating elements. It would be curious to speculate to what extent her fright and sufferings were soothed by the proud consciousness of the beauty from which they flowed. The trouble and the consolation came from the same source, as the rust of Achilles' spear cured the wounds it made. I will not believe the tradition which says that she caused a gentleman, who assisted her in her flight, to be assassinated, because he had seen her in so much of an undress.

NAPLES.

My residence in Naples lasted only a fortnight; and even that short period was abridged by several days of bad weather. Of course, under such circumstances, only general impressions could be gathered. But in Naples, in this as in so many other respects unlike Rome, we do not need the help of time to grasp and hold the spirit of the place. The veil of the past is not here to be uplifted slowly and with reverent hands. A single look from a favourable position puts the traveller in possession of what is most striking and characteristic. The entire outline is traced ineffaceably, and afterwards nothing more is required than to cut the lines more deeply. At one touch the gates of the mind are opened and the glorious pageant enters. Rome is like a fresco, in which only a measured portion can be painted each day; but Naples is a sun-picture, taken in an instant.

It is indeed a curious fact that in Naples itself there are very few objects of interest or curiosity. In architecture there is almost nothing that deserves a second visit. There is not a church, or a palace, or a public building of any kind, of such conspicuous merit that one need regret not to have seen it. Why this city—more than double the size of any other in Italy—should languish in such architectural poverty, is a mystery not easily explained. All the works of art of any consequence are to be found in the Museum; and the great attraction of this collection is not in its pictures or marble statues, which seem but crumbs fallen from the tables of Rome and Florence, but in its unique relics from Herculaheum and Pompeii. It cannot be denied that, after the excitement and exhaustion of Florence and Rome, it is a relief to find ourselves in a place where there are no churches to visit, no picture-galleries to go through, no palaces and villas that must be examined—where no inexorable Nemesis chases us with a guide-book in one hand and a watch in the other—where we may, without self-reproach, surrender ourselves to

unforeseen impulses, and not rise in the morning with a duty, in the disguise of a pleasure, set against every hour in the day.

The beauty of Naples and its environs can as little be described as exaggerated. The extreme points of the two projecting arms which enclose the bay on the north-west and south-east are about twenty miles distant from each other in a right line. They are similar in their shape and character, but by no means identical. The southern promontory stretches farther out to sea; but, on the other hand, the balance is restored by the island of Ischia on the north, which is much larger and more distant from the land than its southern sister Capri. The curve of the gulf lying between them is not regular, but the line of the coast makes nearly a right angle at Naples and also at Castellamare; the intervening space being nearly straight. Vesuvius occupies a point about half way between the projecting points. The whole space is crowded with human life, and comprises within itself nearly every form of beauty into which earth and water can be moulded. On one side, from a liquid plain of the most dazzling blue, a range of mountains, the peaks of which are for many months covered with snow, rise into the air. Forests of oak and chestnut encircle them midway. Between them and the sea there is hardly a terrace of level land, and the cliffs that line that tideless shore are often crowned and draped with luxuriant vegetation. In another direction the primitive features are less grand; but the action of volcanic agencies has given great variety of surface within a small compass. Numberless points are crowned with villas, monasteries, and houses, linked together by a glowing succession of orange groves, vineyards, orchards, and gardens. Over all the unrivalled scene Vesuvius towers and reigns; forming the point of convergence in which all the lines of beauty and grandeur meet. I have never seen a mountain that so impresses the mind as this. Although not quite four thousand feet high, it produces all the effect of a much greater elevation, because its whole bulk, from the level of the sea to its summit, is seen at

a glance. Besides the peculiar interest which belongs to it as a volcano, it is remarkable for its flowing and graceful outline, and the symmetrical regularity of its shape. A painter could nowhere find a better model from which to draw an ideal mountain. But when to this merely lineal beauty we add the mysterious and awful power of which its smoke and fire are symbols, and those fearful energies of destruction which the imagination magnifies at will, it becomes a feature in the landscape, which, considering its position and proximities, has no parallel on the globe. It would seem as if volcanic agency were necessary to crown the earth with its most impressive loveliness and grandeur, just as a human face never reveals all its beauty till passion burns in the eye and trembles on the lip. The action of fire alone heaves up those sheer walls and notched battlements of rock, and sets the mountain lake in those deep and wooded sockets, by which the most expressive landscapes are formed, and through which great effects are produced without the aid of great space. Water shapes and smooths the earth into something like a Grecian regularity of outline, but fire sharpens and points it after Gothic types.

The whole line of coast from Pozzuoli to Sorrento repeats and renews the same curves and waves of beauty. The land is rounded, scooped, and hollowed; holding out jutting promontories and projections, like arms of invitation, to the sea. No rigid lines of defence are thrown up; no castellated masses of granite stand along the coast like line-of-battle ships drawn up for an engagement; nowhere is an expression of defiance stamped upon the scene. Along the rocky and iron-bound shores of New England, the meeting of the sea and the land is like the meeting of enemies under a flag of truce. Even the sunshine and the calm speak of conflicts past and to come. Upon the practical and unromantic coast of England, their meeting is like that of men of business who have come together to talk over a bargain. But in the Bay of Naples, the meeting of the sea and the land is like the embrace of long-parted lovers. The earth is a beautiful and impassioned

Hero, and the waves lie upon her bosom like the dripping locks of Leander.

Naples itself is only the core and nucleus of this fertile and populous shore, which everywhere swarms with life and glitters with human habitations. In respect to situation, the cities of Naples and Edinburgh have an element in common; or rather, they leave a similar impression upon the observer's mind. In both, the town, the buildings, the work of man's hands, are subordinate to the grand and commanding features of nature around and above them. This is never the case with a city standing upon a plain. In Edinburgh the houses look, in comparison with the mountain ridges near them, like a handful of toys upon a giant's lap. Naples is not only stretched along a winding coast, but scattered over the terraces and spurs of a range of semicircular hills; and is brought into immediate proximity with commanding heights and a grand expanse of water. Thus, when it is seen from the sea—which is the finest point of view—the magnificent lines and sweeps of the landscape fairly eat up the city itself: and its white buildings look like rows of China cups and saucers ranged along the shelves of a crescent-shaped closet. But though it is easy to tell what Naples suggests, it is not easy to tell what it is. What words can analyze and take to pieces the parts and details of this matchless panorama; or unravel that magic web of beauty into which palaces, villas, forests, gardens, vineyards, the mountains and the sea, are woven? What pen can paint the soft curves, the gentle undulations; the flowing outlines, the craggy steeps, and the far-seen heights, which, in their combination, are so full of grace, and, at the same time, expression? Words here are imperfect instruments, and must yield their place to the pencil and the graver. But no canvas can reproduce the light and colour which play round this enchanting region. No skill can catch the changing hues of the distant mountains, the star-points of the playing waves, the films of purple and green which spread themselves over the calm waters, the sunsets of

gold and orange, and the aërial veils of rose and amethyst which drop upon the hills from the skies of morning and evening. The author of the book of Ecclesiasticus seems to have described Naples, when he speaks of "the pride of the height, the clear firmament, the beauty of heaven, with his glorious show." "See Naples and then die" is a well-known Italian saying; but it should read, "See Naples and then live." One glance at such a scene stamps upon the memory an image which, for ever after, gives to every day a new value.

THE MUSEUM.

The Museum of Naples, comprising an extensive library, a picture gallery, a large collection of works in marble and bronze, a wilderness of vases, and all the spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, is contained in a building of vast extent, originally designed for a training-school for cavalry, subsequently appropriated to an university, and at the close of the last century dedicated to its present purposes. Its proper name is Palazzo de' regi Studii. The most interesting portion of this vast storehouse of art and antiquity is found in the rooms which contain the multifarious and innumerable objects which have been brought here from Herculaneum and Pompeii. These possessions are absolutely unique. They defy rivalry, and can never be damaged by comparison. A large part of all that we know of the private life of the Romans has been revealed to us from these opened graves of the past. It is a curious fact, that we owe the preservation of these most impressive and instructive memorials to means and causes which, of all others, would seem the least likely to accomplish such a result. It is difficult to conceive of a more destructive agency than that put forth by the eruption of a volcano; nor is there any wrath so consuming as the wrath of fire; and yet, in this instance, their spell has been reversed, and they have sheltered from decay, and restored unharmed, a world of objects which air and light would long ago have destroyed. Long

buried beneath a sea of lava, or shrouded in a grave of ashes, the domestic life of Rome has awakened from its sleep of centuries, to startle the present with an authentic voice from the past. Many persons have regretted that these things were ever taken from the localities in which they were found; feeling that by this removal the proper relation between them has been lost, and that all these curious and beautiful objects, arranged in show-rooms and exposed in glass cases, are like an exhibition of cut flowers as compared with a garden in bloom. Upon what may be called the sentimental side of the question —that side upon which Lord Byron looked at the transportation of the Elgin marbles to London—there is no doubt that much may be urged in support of this view. But Herculaneum is shrouded in the deepest night, so that nothing can be seen beyond the small circle of light shed by the torches; and at Pompeii it would have been necessary to maintain an army of keepers and guardians to protect the treasures there found from the rapacity of travellers. Upon the whole, therefore, we must be content with the arrangement as we find it, and not let what might be cast a shadow upon what is.

A suite of several rooms is devoted to articles in iron and bronze; lamps, candelabra, cooking utensils, agricultural implements, and weapons of offence and defence. The collection is especially rich in lamps and candelabra, many of which are most elaborately wrought, and of rare beauty of form. The difference between ancient and modern taste—the former running to the beautiful and the latter to the useful—is nowhere more strikingly seen than in contrivances for artificial light. The lamp by which I am now writing, if set down by the side of the superb works of art which delight the eye in the Museum of Naples, would look as homely as a barn-yard goose sailing about in a fleet of imperial swans. But, on the other hand, it gives ten times as much light as the best of these antique beauties. The Roman wick was but a bit of thread drawn through a hole, casting only a feeble glimmer, and in a well-ventilated room it must have flared and fluttered to the great

discomfort of sensitive eyes. May we not accept circular wicks and glass chimneys as a fair compensation for the beauty which we have lost? Seen by daylight, it must certainly be admitted that these Roman lamps and candelabra are a perpetual pleasure to the eye. The most graceful forms of animal and vegetable life were imitated and reproduced in their ornaments,—such as the claws of lions and griffins, the legs of goats, the branches of trees, the stems and flowers of liliaceous plants,—and these are ingeniously combined with minute architectural details, bas-reliefs, and heroic or mythological forms. It is the same with the vessels of metal destined for the homely offices of life. In the outline, the decorations, and especially the shape and fashion of the handle, we see the claims of an eye that exacted beauty in every object on which it fell. In a vase found at Herculaneum, and deposited in one of these rooms, the handle represents an eagle grasping a hare. In the first room which I entered are several balances and steelyards wrought with the same taste and elegance, the weight representing the head of a hero or demigod. In the same room is a small portable furnace, and scattered through the collection are many other articles of kitchen furniture. There is also an urn of very elaborate construction. In one of the rooms are various pieces of armour and weapons of offence, swords, lances, bucklers, and helmets—some richly ornamented with chased work. Distributed in cases around the same room, as if to mark the contrast between peace and war, are agricultural implements, such as hoes, pickaxes, spades; and also locks, hinges, bits for horses, door-knockers, and keys. Scattered through the various rooms are a multitude of miscellaneous objects, such as tripods, musical and surgical instruments, bronze inkstands, styles for writing, articles belonging to the toilet—such as mirrors, combs, pins, and even cosmetics; playthings for children; dice—some of them loaded; tickets of admission to the public games, made of ivory or bone; moulds for pastry; and, not the least curious of all, a variety of articles of food charred by the heat, such as nuts, many

sorts of grain, fruits, and loaves of bread with the baker's name upon them. In short, these marvellous rooms present an epitome of the whole domestic and daily life of Rome under the empire. By the help of the innumerable objects contained in this unique collection, we can follow out all the hours of a Roman day, in their several duties or amusements. We can sit, or rather recline, with the wealthy nobleman of Pompeii at his meals, and criticise his table furniture, and almost pronounce upon the flavour of his dishes or the age of his wine. We can peep into the dressing-room of his wife, and see her toilet apparatus spread out before us; her rouge, her mirrors, her ornaments; in short, all the weapons with which she fought off the approaches of time. We can penetrate into the kitchen, see the charcoal lighted in the brazier, hear the water bubbling in the urn, and snuff the steam of the dishes that simmer in the saucepans. We can sit with the student in his library, go out into the fields with the farmer, visit the shops of mechanics and artisans, and accompany the surgeon in his professional calls. We can go with the respectable citizen to the theatre, and with the wild young man to the gaming-table, and see him lose his money to the black-leg. From all that is spread before us, we gather the truth that man is an animal with but very few tricks; that the same wants impelled, and the same passions disturbed him, in those days as now; that the same dangers lay in his path, and the same temptations led him astray; and that life was the mingled web of suffering and enjoyment in Pompeii eighteen hundred years ago, that it is to-day in London or New York.

A spacious room in the Museum is devoted to the paintings found upon the walls of the houses and public buildings of Pompeii, which have been skilfully detached from their original positions and assembled here. As these paintings are very numerous, and comprise a great variety in style and design, and as they are huddled and crowded together upon the walls of a single apartment, in such a way as shews that economy of space was a primary object of consideration, the whole effect

is somewhat confusing and bewildering. I believe that of late years the practice of removing these paintings has been discontinued, and that in the recently excavated houses they are allowed to remain on the walls without being disturbed. These pictures have been greatly admired, and highly, perhaps too highly, praised. The sight of them affects the imagination so powerfully as to leave us in a frame of mind not exactly suited for calm criticism. We are so astonished to find the drawing, expression, and colouring, so good, that we are inclined to overstate their excellence; in the same way as civilisation is more than just to the poetry and eloquence of savage tribes. The number of paintings which the excavations of Pompeii have brought to light is astonishing. The use of this form of decoration in ornamenting the walls of houses was universal, and the specimens preserved to us shew as great a variety of merit as is included between the daubs of an itinerant portrait-painter and the best works of Stuart or Copley. There were decorative artists of every gradation of excellence, and suited to ample and moderate incomes.

These paintings are popularly called frescoes ; but, as a general rule, they are painted in distemper upon a dry wall. Their chief merits are grace and flowing ease of outline, and the spirit of the attitudes and movements. The perspective is often defective. The finest thing in this room, and perhaps the finest picture yet found in Pompeii, is the celebrated group of Achilles and Briseis, so well known by the admirable engravings and enthusiastic description of Sir William Gell. The colours are sadly faded, and I cannot but think that the head of Achilles is seen to some advantage in the spirited engraving in the 'Pompeiana.' Two other well-known subjects —which have been often engraved, are also here; the Sacrifice of Iphigenia—in which Agamemnon is pictured with his face covered, and Iphigenia is grasped by two priests in a very unceremonious manner; and Medea meditating the murder of her children. Both of them have much merit in design and execution. The general character of these paintings, and of

those which are left on the walls of Pompeii, is light, airy, and sportive. Those heathen views of life and death which breathe through the poetry of Horace, in exhortations to crowd the short span of time with music, wine, and flowers, before the dark hour of renunciation came, shed also a sunny gleam of grace and beauty along the walls of Pompeii. Female dancers, draped and undraped, Bacchantes and Fauns, groups of Mars and Venus, nymphs, centaurs, and rope-dancers are frequently recurring subjects. Many of them are full of comic power, and instinct with the sense of the ludicrous—not unlike the caricatures of modern times. Animals are sometimes represented in grotesque positions and quaint combinations, which remind us of Granville's illustrations of La Fontaine. The aim of the artist seems to have been to produce an atmosphere of agreeable sensations, and to exclude every object which could bring the shadow of reflection over the spectator's mind. Everything must suggest life and movement—the opening bloom of pleasure, and the sparkling foam of careless mirth. How different is the prevailing sentiment of a modern Italian gallery, with its Martyrdoms, its Crucifixions, its Pietàs, its Madonnas, and its Magdalens! The modern artist does not hesitate to lay his hand upon the deepest and most solemn chords of the human heart; for the echoes they awaken are not returned from the chambers of the tomb, but from the vault of heaven which bends over them.

The Gallery of Bronzes is rich in works of the highest merit. Those which I recall as of conspicuous excellence are;—

A bust of Democritus, powerful and individual.

A very pleasing bust of Berenice.

A group of Athletes, full of spirit.

An admirable bust of Caracalla, containing authentic evidence of its being a good likeness.

A beautiful bust of Antinous, with the drooping head and melancholy lips with which he is uniformly represented.

A noble and expressive bust of Scipio Africanus.

An admirable bust of Archytas.

A bust of Seneca; perhaps the most striking bust in the whole collection; stern, grim, and lifelike; with massive lips, and hair falling in ragged locks over the brow.

Three Fauns: one, of small size, dancing—a light, airy, and graceful figure; one, sleeping; and the third, a little larger than life, represented in a state of genial intoxication. This last is a very admirable work, in spite of the subject, and a good illustration of the power of the ancient artists in idealizing a coarse object. In the attitude and expression there is the utmost of madness and frolic, and the least of vulgar brutality, which art can possibly combine. He has been drinking such wine as might have been pressed from grapes that grew upon the grave of Anacreon.

Mercury in repose. This is perhaps the finest bronze statue in the world. The figure is of the size of life, in a sitting posture—the left hand resting on the knee, and the right slightly supporting the figure against the base on which it is seated. The right leg is loosely extended, and the body slightly leaning forward. The air and attitude of the figure are those of a person who is enjoying the luxury of rest, after considerable muscular exertion. The limbs are in the soft bloom of early manhood. The proportions are beautiful and the expression perfect; in every respect a work of the highest class. This admirable statue was discovered at Portici, about the middle of the last century.

A horse's head, of colossal size, full of life and spirit.

Besides these, this room contains a very curious object in the shape of an immense water-cock, made of metal, found in the island of Capri—in which a considerable quantity of water still remains, after the lapse of two thousand years. It is always shaken by the attendant officials, for the benefit of incredulous ears.

The collection of marble statues is arranged in several halls and corridors, and contains not a few works which would hold up their heads and claim admiration even in the Vatican.

The following are some of those which most impressed me:—

Psyche; a fragment, but full of feeling, grace, and beauty; by some ascribed to Praxiteles.

A bust of Caracalla, animated and lifelike.

Two equestrian statues of Balbus and his son, found at Herculaneum; simple, noble, and dignified.

A beautiful bas-relief of Dædalus and Icarus.

A fine head of Alexander.

The Hall of the Muses derives its name from the statues of these goddesses arranged in it. They were found at Herculaneum, and many of them are very good. In this apartment is a large vase of Greek marble, carved in relief with a subject representing the education of Bacchus. The history of this vase is curious. It was found at Gaeta, where it had been used by the fishermen to tie their boats to; and the marks of the ropes are still visible upon it. It was rescued from this degrading service, and removed to the Cathedral at Gaeta, where it was used as a baptismal font; and finally brought to the Museum. A beautiful statue of Adonis gives its name to one of the apartments. In the same room is a curious and well-executed composition of Cupid entangled in the folds of a dolphin.

In the Gallery of Flora is a colossal statue of that goddess, of great merit, especially in the disposition of the drapery, although the exaggerated dimensions are not in unison with our conceptions of the goddess of flowers. The statue was found in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome. In the same apartment is a fine statue of Juno, full of dignity and expression. Here, too, is now deposited the celebrated mosaic found at Pompeii, representing the decisive moment in the battle of Issus between Darius and Alexander. In composition and perspective this is one of the finest remains of antiquity. The struggle, terror, and confusion of a deadly hand-to-hand encounter; the exulting and victorious expression of the Macedonian hero; the despair and agony of the Persian king,

as he sees the tide of battle setting against him, and his faithful friends falling around him—are all admirably represented. This mosaic had been injured by an earthquake with which Pompeii was visited some years before its destruction, and the repairs it underwent in consequence are detected by the inferior character of the workmanship.

In the gallery of the Flora is also deposited the finest work in the whole collection, the noble statue of Aristides, the grandest embodiment of high intellectual power and calm dignity of character that ever was expressed in marble. The attitude, the simple and expressive disposition of the drapery, and the elevated air of the head, make this statue one of the most precious legacies which antiquity has bequeathed to us.

In one room is gathered together a little congress of Venuses, and the visitor may study and compare all those modifications of beauty and grace which the ingenuity of ancient artists contrived to throw around their conceptions of the goddess of love and smiles; and mark the essential character of the figure combined with unconsciousness, with playfulness, with coquetry, and with wantonness.

The colossal Hercules of Glycon is overloaded with masses of muscle; and this exaggeration of animal power and the small size of the head make the statue look too much like an overgrown gladiator, and not the duty-obeying demigod, whose heroic strength was ever governed by heroic sentiments. The Torso at Rome is better so far as it goes. The celebrated group of the Farnese Bull, which stands in the same hall, is a noble work, in which the intellectual conception of the artist is not at all overlaid by the weight and bulk of the material. This group was found in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, much injured, and restored by Bianchi, a Milanese sculptor.

Besides the above, there is a fine composition of Ganymede embracing the eagle.

A capital group of Hercules and Omphale, with a sort of comic power about it, like the laugh-in-the-sleeve which runs through the poetry of Ariosto.

A striking head of Jupiter Ammon with horns.

A sitting statue of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, a work of great character and expression, which Canova has imitated, but not improved upon, in his statue of the mother of Napoleon.

One room is devoted to works in coloured marble. Here is a striking statue of Apollo, in porphyry; of a size larger than life; represented in a sitting posture, holding a lyre in his hand—the lyre and the extremities of the figure being in Carrara marble. The drapery, in spite of the hardness of the material, is wrought with infinite patience and skill, and hangs in such delicate folds that it looks as if the breath of summer would move them. There is also a Meleager, in rosso antico; two barbarians, in pavonazzetto, in a kneeling posture, and supporting an entablature; an Egyptian priest, in basalt; and a very fantastic statue of Diana, in oriental alabaster and bronze, looking like a macoronic poem in two languages.

The Egyptian Museum contains the usual assortment of articles found in such collections; vases, figures in bronze and terra-cotta, sarcophagi, and ghastly-grinning mummies—by no means a cheerful company. To pass from a hall illumined by the light of Greek genius, into one of these grim and dingy Egyptian museums, is like going from a garden to a cellar.

A spacious and well-lighted room is dedicated to the patient labours of the scholars who occupy themselves with unrolling and deciphering the rolls of papyri which have been discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Some large cases contain a quantity of the rolls as they are found; looking like small cylinders of charred wood, and so little like what they really are, that, when first brought to light, large quantities were destroyed by the workmen in mere wantonness. Two or three of the machines used to unrol them were in operation. They resemble somewhat the sewing-frames of the bookbinders. The papyrus, as it is unrolled, is attached to gold-beater skin, by means of a weak solution of glue. Infinite patience is requisite in the process, as a single rash pull at the capstan

may undo the work of days. Some of those which have been most successfully unrolled are ranged round the room in glass cases. By an inexperienced eye, the letters can be just traced by a rather stronger line of black. In an inner room are the books which have been published. It is melancholy to reflect that, after all the expense of time and money given to this pursuit of knowledge, nothing of the least value has been brought to light.

The picture gallery contains a number of indifferent works and a few good ones. Among the latter are,—

A Holy Family by Raphael, called 'Madonna col divino Amore,' in which the Child, seated on the lap of the Virgin, is blessing the Baptist, who kneels before him on one knee, holding a cross in his hand. Elizabeth supports the arm of the Child which gives the benediction. Joseph is standing in the background. There is much in this picture which is characteristic of Raphael, but the action of the Child seems hardly consistent with his age, and too much like a dramatic performance.

The Madonna della Gatta, so called from a cat which crouches in one corner, is by Julio Romano, from Raphael's design; a refined and beautiful conception, interpreted by a coarser hand.

The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Correggio—a subject often repeated by him—is a very beautiful picture, so far as the human element involved in the subject is concerned. The Child and Catherine are two lovely children, playing at what they do not quite understand. The smiling and arch surprise with which the Child looks up into his mother's face is full of the peculiar charm of this fascinating painter.

By the same artist is the Madonna della Zingarella, in which the Virgin is resting with the Child, during the flight into Egypt—a pleasing and expressive work.

By Titian, are a very noble portrait of Philip II. of Spain; a Magdalen, and a Danaë, both splendid specimens of colouring, but neither of them remarkable for refinement of feeling or elevated expression.

The 'Carita,' by Schedone, is a very striking work—a little melodramatic in its general tone, and with an atmosphere of exaggeration hanging over it, but full of vivid power and animated life. It breaks upon the eye, like a burst of military music upon the ear, and it is quite difficult to turn away from it and look at anything else.

There is a fine and expressive portrait by Parmigiano, which every American will look upon with curiosity, because it bears the name of Columbus. But it is certainly not the portrait of the illustrious navigator, and it is difficult to understand why it ever came to be called so; for the fine and delicate features are those of a scholar, artist, or poet, and not of a resolute and indomitable man of action.

CHAPTER XIX.

Excursion to Pompeii — Camaldoli Convent — Ascent of Vesuvius.

EXCURSION TO POMPEII.

A SINGLE day spent at Pompeii gives time enough for only general impressions. The buried city lies about thirteen miles from Naples, and is now approached by a railway, which passes through Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata. A railway to Pompeii! There was infinite matter for reflection in this contrast of ideas. One of the most wonderful results of modern civilization brought into immediate relation with the most striking monument of the arts and life of the past! To me there was nothing discordant in a combination which disturbs the sensibilities of many. It seemed appropriate to be transported from the living and smiling present to the heart of the dead past, by the swiftest and most powerful wings that modern invention has furnished.

The situation of Pompeii must have been beautiful. It was built upon a gently swelling elevation; the base of which was a bed of lava, the product of some eruption of Vesuvius long anterior to the earliest historical period. The loveliest of seas spread its ample bosom in full view of the inhabitants —its cooling breezes sweeping over the town without any intervening object to break their power. Vesuvius was about five miles distant; and after a sleep of many centuries, its sides were covered with gardens and vineyards, its broken summit crowned with forests of oak and chestnut. It was then an object of beauty and grandeur, and a bounteous source of corn and wine: not, as now, a mere shape of awful and unmeasured terror; ever watched with uneasy glances,

like a sleeping lion or a rising thunder-cloud. A navigable river, the Sarnus, flowed through the city in a clear and rapid current. Blessed with these natural advantages, living under a delicious climate, upon a thickly-peopled coast most strongly stamped with the luxury of Rome, the inhabitants of Pompeii might well have felt that the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places.

The first aspect of the resuscitated city did not correspond exactly to my expectations. It looked somewhat like a square in a modern city which had been partially destroyed by a conflagration. All the excavated rubbish had been removed, and there was nothing to prove that it had been so long buried under a shroud of earth. When we reach the end of the excavated portion, and are stopped by a sheer wall of gray ashes, of some eighteen feet high, with trees and vines growing upon it, we begin to comprehend the unique character of the place.

As is well known, the utmost wrath of the volcano was not let loose upon Pompeii. It was not destroyed by streams of lava, but by showers of cinders, mixed, as is supposed, with liquid mud, which penetrated and flowed into all the lower parts of the houses in a way that dry ashes could not have done. The ruin effected by the first eruption was by no means complete, and there are indubitable proofs that the inhabitants returned and carried off many of their valuables. The bed of earth, which now lies over a portion of the city, is disposed in several successive layers, and is the deposit of many distinct eruptions. It grows finer in grain as it approaches the surface; the upper part having been more exposed to the disintegrating action of air and moisture. It is nowhere so light and volatile as wood-ashes, but is more like fine gravel. The colour is dark gray. The volcanic eruption was not the first calamity which fell upon this devoted city. Sixteen years before that event it had been desolated by an earthquake—the first premonitory symptom of the reviving terrors of the long-slumbering Vesuvius—and many indications of the

destruction occasioned by this disaster are visible among the ruins.

The traveller will always find a guide at the railway station, and if the one who took charge of me and the friends by whom I was accompanied be no more than a fair specimen of his brethren, I should speak highly of their courtesy and intelligence. To dwell upon details; to ask my readers to follow me to every building and point of interest to which we were conducted; and to repeat the expositions which our cicerone glibly recited—would be a wearisome catalogue, since particulars are nothing without minuteness and accuracy; and what chance is there for being minute and accurate, upon the strength of a single visit, in which you are marched about and presented to forums, temples, basilicas, theatres, and houses, till the mind becomes an architectural chaos, in which columns, pilasters, pediments, mosaics, statues, and pictures whirl and dance like the broken images of a feverish dream? I will therefore confine myself, substantially, to such general impressions as were gathered from an examination of a few hours.

When we begin to look about us we are immediately struck with the extreme narrowness of the streets, which finds no parallel in any modern city of Europe, unless it be Venice. It is, indeed, a city not of streets, but of lanes and alleys. Many of these are so narrow that a man can step from one kerb-stone to the other; and where they are wider, a raised stepping-stone has been placed in the centre of the crossing, so that no more than two strides are required to pass from one side to the other. Of course, the vehicles adapted to such streets must have been of proportionate dimensions between the wheels; and as each one must have occupied the whole space between the kerb-stones, we are left without any means of conjecturing what expedients were resorted to, or what police regulations were in force, when two carriages moving in different directions met each other. The streets are very well paved with large irregular blocks of lava, in which

32737

the ruts worn by the chariot-wheels are distinctly discernible.

Many private houses and villas have been excavated in Pompeii, differing from each other in elegance and extent, as their owners were men of wealth, competence, or poverty; but still with a certain family likeness among them all. A single glance at these ruined mansions enables us to see that the views of domestic architecture, and the objects which a man proposed to himself in building a house among the Romans, differed in many respects from those which prevail among us to-day. The causes of this difference are to be found, partly in the dissimilar requisitions of a hot and a cold climate, and partly in unlike habits, tastes, and ways of living.

In a northern climate, the necessity of using artificial heat for many months in the year is the controlling element in domestic architecture; but in Southern Italy houses were and are built with special reference to the warmth of the sun in winter and an abundance of fresh air in summer. We must have compactness; but they required extension. A fine house in Pompeii consists of several enclosed spaces, some open to the sky, around which walls and colonnades are built. These communicate with each other by doors and passages. The atrium—which is the principal room entered after the vestibule—is a large and often elegantly decorated apartment, with a square or rectangular opening in the roof, which has a pitch towards the centre; and under this opening is a sunken cistern, called a compluvium, into which the rain-water drips. Around this apartment, or hall—like state-rooms around a cabin—are ranged the sleeping-rooms; little, dark, narrow, confined holes, without windows; and receiving light and air only through the door opening into the atrium—without any of the comforts and conveniences of a modern bedroom; and often containing only a rude bench, rather than bedstead, on which the sleeper probably threw himself without taking off the clothes he had worn during the day.

In small houses, occupied by persons of modest fortune and inferior position, the atrium and its appendages made up the whole of the residence; but where the owner was a man of fortune and consequence, the atrium was used as a sort of public hall, or reception-room, and the family resided in inner suites of apartments. But the same primitive type of construction was repeated throughout. Sometimes the space devoted to the compluvium in the atrium w s, in the inner halls occupied by a small garden, or rather bed of earth, in which shrubs and flowers were planted. There are many of these baby-gardens at Pompeii, some not bigger than a hearth, rug. In the more imposing houses, the women of the family resided in a quarter exclusively appropriated to their use.

When we compare a Roman house in Pompeii with the houses in a New England town of the same class, we readily see a marked difference in the tastes, habits, and employments of their respective inhabitants. In general, in a New England house, the entry or hall is not conspicuous for size or ornament; whereas, in a Roman house, the atrium—which corresponds somewhat to the spacious hall of an old-fashioned country-house—is the prominent portion, upon which the wealth and taste of the proprietor are most displayed; and a stranger who had penetrated so far would form an accurate notion of the extent and character of the whole mansion. In our houses, more provision is made for separate occupation and individual seclusion; a change wrought by many circumstances, conspicuous among which are the cheapness of books, the universal taste for reading, and the amount of time devoted to letter-writing; a result which we owe to the cheapness of paper, and to that inestimable blessing—perhaps the most precious product of modern civilization—the public post. In nothing are the advantages enjoyed by the women of our time, as compared with their Roman sisters, more conspicuous than in this matter of letter-writing. In Rome, the privilege of writing and receiving letters was reserved to a select few—to

men of fortune, of high rank, or conspicuous station—and to the greater part of the female sex it was an unknown luxury. In this department, modern literature owes much to the delicate and graceful genius of woman; but in this she has done no more than pay a debt of gratitude for a privilege which has contributed so much to her intellectual development and happiness.

A Roman house was constructed for general convenience, and not for the special tastes and exclusive accommodation of individuals composing the family. They lived together in the atrium or some corresponding apartment; seeking the sunny side or gathering round a brazier in winter, and in the summer drawing a linen shade over the roof, and opening all the doors for the free circulation of air. The difference between the domestic habits of the ancient and modern world is nowhere more conspicuous than in the sleeping apartments of their respective houses. If a merchant or lawyer of Boston or New York could be carried back some eighteen hundred years in time, and become the guest of a householder of corresponding position in Pompeii, he would be received in an atrium adorned with mosaics, fresco paintings, marble statues, richly-carved columns, and stucco ornaments—in comparison with which his own modest drawing-room would seem a very commonplace affair—but when he came to retire for the night, his host would shew him into a small, dark, miserable closet, without furniture and without windows, such as he would deem hardly fit for a dog that he loved. The ancient inhabitant of Pompeii, when he felt an exposition of sleep, asked only for a place to lie down upon—like a Neapolitan beggar on a fine summer's night. His dressing-room was at the public baths, and there all the operations of the toilet were performed.

In decorations and embellishments the difference is, that in Pompeii they are seen in the houses themselves, but with us in the appurtenances and appendages. We hang pictures and engravings upon the walls, but they painted the walls themselves. We spread costly carpets upon the floors; they trod

upon marble slabs often inwrought with mosaics. We shade our windows with rich curtains; they dispensed with windows altogether.

Most of the houses brought to light in Pompeii are small, and there must have been a good deal of packing and stowing to accommodate large families. As what may be called the common or public portions of each house absorb what seems to us a very large part of the whole, so the public buildings and places of public resort fill what seems to modern notions a disproportioned space of the whole extent of the city. The residents of Pompeii, like the inhabitants of Southern Italy to this day, were a people of out-of-door habits. Their time was spent in places of public amusement, at the baths, in the courts of justice, at the temples, in lounging about the forum, and basking in the sunshine. Without books, magazines, and newspapers; without letters to write; and with a fine climate always attracting them into the open air, there was nothing to call them home but the requisitions of eating and sleeping. One or two facts are expressive upon this point. Pompeii was a city of two miles in circuit, and probably did not contain more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The portion which has been thus far excavated does not exceed one-sixth or seventh of the whole extent; yet within that space have been found an amphitheatre with accommodations for ten thousand persons, and a larger and smaller theatre; the former prepared for five thousand persons, and the latter for fifteen hundred. When we compare these provisions for public amusement in Pompeii with those of a city of similar extent among us, we have a gauge by which we may measure the comparative amount of domestic habits and resources in the two cases.

In one respect the comparison between Pompeii and a modern Italian town is favourable to the former. Whenever a house is excavated and the walls and floors are first laid bare, every one is struck with the general air of neatness and freshness which characterises it. The colours of the paintings

glow as if they had just been laid on. The stucco is as pure and white as if the trowel of the mason had passed over it an hour before. The marble or mosaic floor is stainless and spotless. Frequent whitewashings, ablutions, and renewals of paintings must have been the fashion of the place. The austere spirit of Dutch cleanliness must have presided over the housekeeping of Pompeii. I need not say that neatness is not a conspicuous virtue among the people who live around Vesuvius at this day, and that the houses of Torre del Greco or Resina would not stand the examination of a board of health so well as those of Pompeii.

The public buildings of Pompeii, consisting of temples, basilicas, forums, and theatres, were doubtless imposing in their aspect and of fine architectural forms, but their ruins are somewhat disappointing from the nature of their materials. They were not built of marble or stone, but of brick covered over with stucco. This will do very well in a climate so mild as that of southern Italy; but nothing is more paltry and shabby than a brick ruin. Vegetation must give it grace and beauty, and there is none here. The visitor is conducted to a wide space strewn over with shafts and capitals of columns, with fallen pediments, broken walls, yawning chasms half filled with rubbish, and shapeless masses of masonry, and he is told that here was a basilica, and there a forum and a temple; but unless his eye be so trained as to see beauty in deformity and symmetry in disorder, he must turn away discouraged and disappointed.

Under the guidance of our well-mannered cicerone, we saw the usual points and objects of interest. Among these are, a fine painting of Diana and Actæon on the wall of the house of Sallust; a beautiful altar, of marble, in the temple of Mercury; a Sphinx, of the same material, in the house of Faunus; the mosaic labyrinth which gives its name to the house where it was found; two pretty and graceful fountains of shell-work; the secret passage for the priests in the temple of Isis; a shop for the sale of oil and wine, with vessels set

into the counter; a chest to hold money, made of bronze and wood—some of the latter material still remaining.

By far the finest house within the walls is one which had been discovered and laid bare about four months previous to the date of our visit, called the house of the Suonatrice, from a painting of a female playing on a pipe, at the entrance. This house was deemed of such peculiar interest, that it was under the charge of a special custode, and was only to be seen on payment of an extra fee. It was not of large size, but had evidently been occupied by a person of ample fortune and exquisite taste. The paintings on the walls were numerous, and in the most perfect preservation. In the rear was a minute garden not more than twenty or thirty feet square, with a fairy fountain in the centre; around which were several small statues of children and animals, of white marble, wrought with considerable skill. The whole thing had a very curious effect —like the tasteful baby-house of a grown-up child. Everything in this house was in the most wonderful preservation. The metal pipes which distributed the water, and the cocks by which it was let off, looked perfectly suited for use. Nothing at Pompeii seemed so real as this house, and nowhere else were the embellishments so numerous and so costly.

Pompeii, though a Roman city in its political relations, was everywhere strongly marked with the impress of the Greek mind. It stood on the northern edge of that part of Italy, which, from the number of Grecian colonies it contained, was called Magna Græcia—a region of enchanting beauty, in which the genius of Greece attained its most luxurious development. It has been conjectured that Pompeii had an unusually large proportion of men of property, who had been drawn there by the charms of its situation and climate, and that it thus extended a liberal patronage to Greek architects, painters, and sculptors. At any rate, the spirit of Greece still lives and breathes in its ashes. Its temples, as restored by modern architects, are Greek. Its

works in marble and bronze claim a place in that cyclus of art of which the metopes of the Parthenon are the highest point of excellence. The pictures that embellish the walls, the unzoned nymphs, the bounding Bacchantes, the grotesque Fauns, the playful arabesques—all are informed with the airy and creative spirit of Greek art.

The ruins of Pompeii are not merely an open-air museum of curiosities, but they have great value in the illustration they offer to Roman history and Roman literature. The antiquarian of our times studies the great realm of the past with incomparable advantage, by the help of the torch here lighted. Especially, the knowledge we here gain, directly and indirectly, upon Roman civilization—using that word in its most comprehensive sense—is important both in character and amount. On this point, scholars, naturally enough, are led into exaggeration and over-statements, from taking one or two favourable elements as the standard by which the whole life is judged. What do we learn on this subject from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the researches which they have called forth; and what was the moral, intellectual, and industrial rank of their inhabitants, as compared with a city of the same size in Germany, England, or America? So far as the ornamental arts of life are concerned, their superior advantages will be admitted. The householder in Pompeii saw himself surrounded with finer works in bronze and marble than are found in modern houses; and his lamps, braziers, tripods, and table furniture gratified the sense of beauty more than our chairs, tables, and cups and saucers. Our paper-hangings, too, are an inferior substitute for graceful designs drawn in lively colours upon a ground of the purest white and finest grain. But in the useful arts he was not nearly so well off as we are. His bolts, locks, and hinges were rude and clumsy. The use of glass windows was a rare and costly luxury. His house had no chimney for the escape of smoke. His garden and farming tools were heavy and ill-contrived. His dinners were not

graced with the convenience of a fork, and his bed was a heap of garments spread upon the floor.

In all that relates to dress and ornament the same inconsistency is observable. The rings, chains, bracelets, and brooches worn by the ladies and gentlemen of Pompeii were, to say the least, equal to the finest works of modern jewellery; but in the substantial articles of dress our superiority is infinite. The substitution of silk, cotton, and linen for wool is an unspeakable advantage in health as well as comfort. Not that these materials were unknown to the Romans, but their use was so rare and exceptional as hardly to be taken into account. The imagination lights up at the sound of a Roman "toga;" but, in point of fact, it was neither a comfortable nor convenient garb. It was an immense shawl, made of wool of the natural colour, imperfectly cleansed from the animal oil, and by no means of the delicate and flexible texture of our fine flannels. Imagine a fine gentleman sweltering under this load of woollen on a hot day in August, and we shall be disposed to credit the statement of Pliny, that the bath was sometimes resorted to seven times in one day. The grace and beauty of the female form are also seen in modern times to greater advantage, not only from the improvement in materials, but from the more becoming and convenient form and fashion of the garments worn. "Tunica" and "stola" have a more imposing sound than gown or petticoat; but their loose, flowing, and bagging character must have been awkward and unsightly,—confounding fine with ordinary forms,—and in a high wind must have kept their fair wearers in a constant state of alarm. Shoes and stockings too, it will be admitted, are better than sandals, though sculptors say that the use of the former has spoiled the foot.

But the superiority of modern times is mostly seen in the greater variety of occupations and resources which they furnish, and especially in the higher character of those resources. Man is an animal that cannot long be left in safety without occupation: the growth of his fallow nature is apt to run into

weeds. Imagine newspapers and periodical literature struck out of existence, and books and letter-writing confined to a favoured few, and can it be doubted that all forms of demoralizing and corrupting amusement would put on a fearfully increased amount of temptation—that the dram-shop, the gaming-saloon, the theatre, and haunts of yet grosser vice, would be resorted to by far greater throngs? What was the state of Pompeii? There the wealthy citizen, leaving a house in which Grecian art had surrounded him with an atmosphere of ideal beauty, went to the amphitheatre, where he sat for hours witnessing the most cruel and brutalizing of sports,—men hacking each other to pieces, or fighting with wild beasts, till the sand of the arena became soaked with blood. The tasteful amateur of art, when we look upon him from the side of humanity and philanthropy, is not much above a New Zealand cannibal. Nor is this all. The discoveries in Pompeii and Herculaneum present a fearful weight of evidence, in addition to that which literature had previously furnished, that among the Romans the vice of cruelty was attended with its twin vice of lust. The foulest epigrams of Martial, the grossest descriptions in Petronius and Apuleius, are illustrated to the eye in the remains of these cities, in sculptured and pictorial representations, the very remembrance of which pollutes the imagination. The husband and father in Pompeii saw daily, before his own eyes and the eyes of his wife and daughters, subjects delineated which no man should ever look at a second time. Whether we regard such things as cause or effect, they are equally mournful to contemplate. What must have been the tone of conversation and sentiment, and the standard of morals, in a community where such atrocities were tolerated, not to say favoured? There is much in the character and history of the Roman people which we may justly admire: their energy, their perseverance, their constancy in adversity, their political wisdom, and especially their legislative and jural constructiveness; but we are not called upon, in so doing, to overlook the most

obvious moral distinctions, and insist that the influences which formed their civilization were as efficacious in training the individual to excellence as in making the nation powerful.

The work of excavation at Pompeii goes on slowly. Sir William Gell, in 1835, estimated that about one-eighth only of the area enclosed by the walls and supposed suburbs had been laid bare; and the labours of the workmen have not proceeded at any greater speed since that time than before. The sheer wall of dark grey gravel which bounds the excavated portion cannot be looked upon without the deepest interest and curiosity; and the imagination busies itself in depicting the wealth which lies hidden in its silent depths. No one can view it without wishing to have his eyes touched with that magic ointment of the Arabian tale, which gave the power of seeing all the treasures which are concealed in the bosom of the earth. It is common for travellers to express impatience at the slow rate at which the excavations proceed, and to complain that the government does not employ the utmost available amount of force until the whole city is uncovered; but there is something to be said on the other side. The shroud of earth and ashes preserves what it hides. As soon as a house is exposed to the sun and air the process of decay begins. The fine colours of the frescoes fade, the rain washes away the stucco, and the whole aspect of things undergoes a deteriorating change. For the sake then of those who come after us, it is better that the work should go on moderately; that they may have the privilege of seeing the same fresh revelations which have been vouchsafed to us, and not be obliged to content themselves with records of faded beauty and traditions of decayed splendour.

CAMALDOLI CONVENT.

Tempted by the first day of sunshine and blue sky we had recently enjoyed, and by the convenient proximity of a little congress of donkeys, we one day chartered two of these quad-

rupeds and a biped guide for an excursion to the Camaldoli Convent, on the height above Naples, about five miles distant.

The donkey flourishes in great vigour on the soil of Naples; and he is well fitted for excursions in the neighbourhood where there is a good deal of up-hill work to be done, and where everybody, who has an eye in his head, is willing to move at a slow pace. Justice has hardly been done to the moral qualities of this respectable quadruped. He is strong, sure-footed, and easy; and as to his obstinacy, we have never heard but one side of the story. If ever a misanthropic donkey should publish his autobiography, he may have much to say of the obstinacy of man.

The road to the convent was a gradual ascent. A few weeks later the trees and vines would have been in full leaf, and given it a grace which then it wanted. But it was not too early for flowers, which grew all along the path in the greatest profusion; in some places spreading a rich carpet which concealed the soil on which they grew. There were violets, periwinkles, and a species of aster; all as blue as the sky which hung over them. We reached the convent gate at about half-past one, were received by one of the brethren, and conducted into the garden. The view from this spot seemed to me at the time, and seems now as I recall it, the most beautiful I had ever seen. It is very extensive, taking in the whole bay, Vesuvius, Capri, Ischia, Procida, Nisida, and Cape Misenum. The proportion of land and water is precisely what the eye demands, and the forms into which the landscape is moulded embrace every element of softness, beauty, and grandeur of which the mind can conceive.

The monk who accompanied us was a good-looking young man, dressed in flowing robes of white woollen, with a mixture of apathy and dejection in his countenance, and a certain slowness and difficulty of speech, as if his articulating muscles were so rarely called into play that they had become stiff. He had the air of a man whose mind was fading away from

want of nutrition, like the light of a candle burnt to its socket. When he learned that we were from America, he asked us for some tobacco, as a remedy for the toothache, with which he said he was troubled. For the first time in my life I regretted my abstinence from the Virginian weed in all its forms; and felt something like a pang that none of our party had the power of throwing this small pleasure upon his dreary path. His notions of localities in America were very crude. One of my companions remarked that he was a handsome man, but knew little of geography. He made some inquiries about flowers, and especially the dahlia, which apparently he had never seen. Many of his brethren were slowly and silently pacing about the grounds, like white clouds drifting before the languid winds of noon. Our conductor led us into the room appropriated to the reception of strangers, and with hospitable kindness set some wine and water before us, and urged us to remain till some refreshment should be prepared; which we with proper acknowledgments declined. We offered him some money, which he at first refused; but upon our pressing it upon him, he took it and gave it to one of a group of three men who stood near us, and who, as he told us, were out of employment and had come to the convent to beg.

There is nothing remarkable in the conventual buildings themselves. On one of the walls is a kind of sun-dial, with a Latin inscription which I thought very happy:—

> "Horam dum quæris, sensim tua fata propinquant,
> Hæc memora, et tibi non peritura para."

I took leave of our monk with much interest, and for many days his face and figure haunted me with painful recollections. His mind was not quite paralyzed, and retained the power to struggle towards any friendly ray of light and knowledge that opened before it. He had yet some years to travel before reaching the meridian of life; and what a path of dreary monotony lay before him! No expansion, no progress, no development, but merely continued existence; day after day falling

upon his heart and mind, like rain-drops on the rock, quickening no growth of thought, feeling, or experience. If a man so placed be conscious of the paralyzing influences around him —if they awaken an impulse to struggle and resist—if he can see the iron shroud close upon him and light after light disappear, with what bitterness of spirit must he look out upon the lovely prospect around him, and how hateful must the beauty seem to him which he can only see through the bars of a cage! He cannot feel himself inspired and elevated, but only mocked and flouted, by the restless waves, the free winds, the unguided clouds. Better the dreariest heath, the most unsightly moor, that bears the noble harvest of action and opportunity.

Let me not be misunderstood. Let me not be supposed to join in any vulgar Protestant cant against convents and monasteries, monks and nuns. I am aware of the great good which monastic establishments have done in their day; and I admit that even at this time such places of retreat may open sheltering havens of rest to those who have fought with life and been conquered by it; and that especially the purer and more spiritual nature of woman may live and expand in an atmosphere too much deprived of vital force to stimulate the coarser texture of man's. But life is but another name for development; and to take a youth, with an empty mind, an unfurnished memory, without experience, and without resources, and immerse him in the dreary grave of a monastery, what is it but to give a draught of slow poison to the soul itself?

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

No mountain on the globe is so well known as Vesuvius. Its vicinity to a great capital visited by so many curious and so many enlightened travellers, and in which a pulse of scientific vitality has never ceased to beat, in spite of the indolent and pleasure-loving habits of the great mass of the inhabitants, has made its history and organic structure familiar to all who

are interested in such inquiries. Carefully abstaining, then, from all display of cheap learning and second-hand speculations, I shall confine myself strictly to a narrative of what came under my own observation during a single ascent. This enterprise is neither difficult nor dangerous; and may be so managed as not to be very fatiguing. The great laws of political economy regulating supply and demand are here in full force. Everybody wishes to go to the top of Vesuvius, and consequently there are ways and means contrived for getting everybody up. As to the best time for making such an excursion, there is a difference of opinion among the learned. The most energetic class of travellers—those who are everywhere disposed to dive the deepest, and stay under water the longest—will insist upon it that the visitor should leave his comfortable bed at midnight, climb up the mountain by torchlight, and see the sun rise from the top. But nature's voice, through all her works, protests against such rude disruptions of ordinary habits; and without wishing to speak disrespectfully of sunrises, it may be observed that those persons who, from unnatural tastes or enforced circumstances, are in the habit of seeing sunrises, take rather a malicious pleasure in overstating their claims, which a judicial eye easily pronounces to be inferior to those of sunsets. Besides, Vesuvius is so placed that the view of the eastern horizon is shut out by intervening ridges; but on the west the broad disk of the setting sun, as it sinks into the sea, is in full sight. In this view, it is therefore advisable to leave Naples early in the afternoon, see the sun set from the summit, remain there till after the darkness comes on, and return in the evening; and if the traveller can find a young moon to light him home, so much the better. This, at any rate, was the plan which, after mature reflection, was adopted by me and the friends who went with me, and we certainly had no reason to regret the choice.

We left Naples between twelve and one, and drove to Resina, which we reached in about an hour—the whole distance

swarming with population, and presenting an almost unbroken succession of houses. On arriving at Resina we found a congregation of horses and guides at hand, waiting to be engaged; and in a few moments the arrangements were made, each of the party and a guide being mounted on horseback. This business of conducting travellers up Vesuvius appeared to absorb all the industrial activity of the place; for the whole town seemed clustered about our heels. Beggars swarmed around us in such number and variety as no one can have any conception of that has not visited this land flowing with corn, and wine, and oil. A rabble rout of boys of all ages was darting to and fro, like so many wingless swallows; some offering fruit for sale, some thrusting stout sticks into our hands, some begging; and the whole company, boys, beggars, and guides, roaring, screaming, and gesticulating, to the utmost capacity of their lungs and muscles. Women and young children gazed upon us from the doors and windows as we passed by, and when we got fairly under way we were escorted for some distance by a set of ragamuffins, such as follows a drum and fife in New England.

After leaving the town and gradually dropping our escort, we entered upon a continually ascending path which led us over the remains of old eruptions. But time had so crumbled and decomposed the volcanic products as to form a loose and friable soil of great fertility. Vines grew thickly and luxuriantly; trees stood in goodly rows; and garden vegetables were extensively cultivated. The bean-plant, at that time in full blossom, filled the air with its delicate fragrance. The only thing that seemed wanting was grass. There were no smooth lawns or green pastures, but the surface of the soil everywhere was of an uniform iron-gray tint. Every turn of the road revealed enchanting views of Naples and the neighbouring coast; always similar, yet never exactly the same.

In about an hour after leaving Resina we reached the Hermitage, so called. Here are two buildings—one, a sort of osteria, or place of entertainment; the other, of larger size and

more imposing aspect, had the appearance of some kind of public establishment. A number of beggars and idlers were, as a matter of course, lounging about the door or basking in the sun under the wall. Two or three carriages stood near by, which had brought parties. We here took a lunch; a measure by no means to be commended for imitation, in consideration of the violent muscular exertion which must so soon follow.

After remaining at the Hermitage about an hour we again mounted and rode about a mile farther, the road being nearly on a level—the cone of Vesuvius lying on the right, and the broken ridge of Mount Somma on the left. Mount Somma, when viewed from a distance, looks like a separate peak, but is really a precipitous escarpment, surrounding for half a circle the true summit of Vesuvius. An inverted cup, in half a saucer, will serve as a homely illustration of the relations of the two. This circular ridge of Mount Somma is supposed to be part of the edge or lip of the ancient crater of the mountain, prior to the first recorded eruption, A.D. 79. After leaving the Hermitage a change came over the character of the tract which the road traversed. Everything was grim, savage, and forlorn. No form of vegetable life gladdened the eye, and not an insect animated the scene. Nature seemed to have retired from the unequal contest, and given over the whole region to the stern genius of desolation. The landscape was lying dead upon its bier, with ashes strewn upon the corpse. Everything around bore the impress of ruin, struggle, and conflict. Masses of lava, of various shades of brown and gray according to the dates of their deposit, were piled upon and tumbled over each other, cleft into seams, and twisted into uncouth shapes —the whole scene resembling a field of battle covered with the wrecks and fragments of a deadly fight. The only sound heard was the roaring and murmuring of the mountain—a heavy, sullen sound, like the plunge of a large body into the sea—recurring at brief and regular intervals; as if the fire-king were warning rash intruders against the peril of approach.

Reaching at last the base of the great cone, we dismounted and entered upon the only fatiguing part of the whole ascent, the climbing the sides of the cone. This is of only moderate height, but it is composed of loose, soft scoriæ, of the consistency of fine gravel; the inclination of the sides being just enough to keep each particle from rolling down to a lower level. At every step the foot sinks and slides, and the toil is the most wearisome and heart-breaking that can be conceived of. With some experience as a pedestrian, nothing that I had ever known in the way of foot-work bears any comparison to this. It is like such walking as we sometimes dream of, when the feet seem shod with lead or are glued to the ground, and we struggle and strain but never get on. The presence of a piece of lava, firm enough to keep its place and large enough for the foot to rest upon, is greeted with a benediction. The lazy and luxurious may have helps and alleviations in this toilsome ascent. They may have a guide to precede them, with a strap round his shoulders by which they are pulled up; and another in the rear, to push them along. Those who are too delicate, too feeble, or too old for even this modified form of muscular exertion, can be carried up in a sedan-chair. With many pauses, many deep-drawn respirations, much taking off the hat, and much wondering when it will be all over, the summit is at last reached—for me, who disdained all assistance but that of a stout stick, it occupied about an hour and a quarter. Two or three other parties were going up at the same time, and, on looking back in the pauses of labour, it was amusing to see a long string of men and women panting up the steep, with guides pulling and pushing them; some full of pluck and spirit, and some apparently dead-beat and deaf to the encouragements of their companions and the earnest and voluble assurances of their guides. Besides these, there were several men and boys who seemed to be going up on their own account, some carrying fruit, loaves of bread, and bottles of wine; and some, empty-handed, intending to pick up a few grani by lighting sticks at a bed of lava, or putting copper

coins into it till they became encrusted. One man carried a heavy basket of oranges and bottles of wine on his head, and yet walked up the hill with hardly a pause, and apparently with little more effort than if he had been on the Toledo at Naples.

"It was nearly five o'clock when we reached the top of the great cone, and stood face to face with all the terrors and sublimities of Vesuvius. Before us, at a distance of about three hundred yards, was a second and smaller cone of ashes, the vent or funnel through which the fiery contents of the volcano, which for many days had been in a state of unusual activity, were ejected. At intervals of about a minute large quantities of red-hot stones were thrown into the air, through the opening at the top of the cone, accompanied by a loud crashing and hissing sound, very like that made by a large wave breaking upon a shingly beach. The cone appeared to be from three to five hundred feet high, yet in many cases so prodigious was the projectile force, that masses of stone of considerable size were thrown to a height equal to that of the cone itself, and the heavy thump, with which they fell upon its ashy sides, had a sound of death in it. As there was very little wind, the showers of descending stones dropped in a defined circle, so that the line of danger was easily marked; and a few moments' attention enabled one to select a post of observation which was perfectly safe, though near enough to the perilous edge of the fiery rain to give the blood a more rapid movement than common. On every side, the scene was one of the most solemn and awful desolation—the sublime architecture of ruin—peaks, dells, and plains of funereal lava—the beds of extinct fire-torrents—the surface everywhere tossed and broken, as if a stormy sea had been arrested in a moment and turned into a solid mass. It was the most striking embodiment of death brought into immediate contrast with the most intense and fiery life.

Between the spot where I stood and the base of the cone there was a constant oozing and flowing forth of streams of

lava, the general appearance of which did not quite correspond with the impressions I had formed of it. It was a tamer and less formidable thing than I had supposed. It did not leap forth from any defined vent or orifice, but seemed to exude from the soil like pitch from a pine. I had imagined that it was like a stream of molten metal running from a furnace, and smiting upon the eye with intolerable splendour. But the surface cools immediately upon exposure to the air, and after gliding a few feet it looks like a continuous mass of compact and glowing coals, on the top of which lies a blackened crust of coke and charcoal. Its rate of progress is, or was, as I saw it, very slow. It flowed along a well-defined trench or channel, the edge of which, by daylight, did not differ materially in appearance from the cooled surface of the lava, so that it was mainly by the slow motion of the latter that the firm substance was distinguished from the fluid. Sometimes it fell over a sheer descent of a few feet, forming a glowing fire-fall—in imitation of water tumbling over a rocky ledge. The cool surface would be the first to drop off at the edge or angle of the wall, leaving a sheet or line of pure fire. The glowing stream could be approached near enough to thrust a stick into it, though such neighbourhood was too uncomfortable to be borne for a long time.

The day of my ascent was the seventeenth of March, and of course the sun set at about six. As the veil of darkness was gradually drawn over the landscape, the impression of the scene grew deeper, and its sublimity more awful and overpowering. The lava, that had a faint and sickly gleam while the sun was upon it, now burned with a fierce, deep red, that was at once beautiful and fearful. All around, in spots removed from the flowing mass, ruddy streaks of fire shot up through the crevices of the broken soil. The red-hot stones that were ejected from the cone could be followed in every point of their flight, till they rose so high in the darkening air as to present only a quivering point of light to the eye. The smoke and fine ashes also thrown from the cone, passing off in

wreaths and curls, were touched with changing colours of red, orange, and yellow. To complete the marvels of this indescribable scene, a young moon was high in the calm blue heavens above, whose rays dappled the gray waste with lights of silver and shadows of ebony, and blended with the broad red banners of the lava streams and the smoke and upward-shooting stars of the cone.

The effect produced by the combination of the separate elements which I have enumerated is beyond all power of description. Of all the works of God upon which I have ever looked, including Niagara, Mount Blanc, the pass of the Stelvio, and the ocean, by far the most awful and impressive was the cone of Vesuvius as I saw it. Nothing viewed under the ordinary conditions of life is any preparation for a volcano in a state of activity. This is not the case with other striking phenomena of nature. A hill is suggestive of the highest mountain; a lake of the ocean; and the dash of a mountain-stream over a ledge of rocks, of Niagara. But the element of fire we usually see only in small masses and under manageable conditions. Even in conflagrations we grapple with it and subdue it. But here upon the cone of Vesuvius we see it poured out like the floods, and piled up like the mountains. It is a new revelation of omnipotent power, and of the weakness of man.

Between seven and eight we turned our faces homewards. The descent of the cone, which had taken so long to climb, was accomplished in a few minutes, the force of gravity doing all the work, the will being only called upon to keep the body upright. The ride to Resina by moonlight was a tranquillizing influence after the strong agitations and excitements of the day.

CHAPTER XX.

Excursion to Sorrento — Villa Reale. Grotto of Posilippo. Virgil's Tomb — Excursion to Baiæ — Campo Santo — San Carlo Theatre.

EXCURSION TO SORRENTO.

On the morning of March 19th I left Naples for Sorrento, making one of a party of five. The cars took us to Castellamare, a town beautifully situated between the mountains and the sea, much resorted to by the Neapolitans in the heats of summer. A lover of nature could hardly find a spot of more varied attractions. Before him spreads the unrivalled bay, dotted with sails, and unfolding a broad canvas on which the most glowing colours and the most vivid lights are dashed —a mirror, in which the crimson and gold of morning, the blue of noon, and the orange and yellow-green of sunset behold a lovelier image of themselves—a gentle and tideless sea, whose waves break upon the shore like caresses, and never like angry blows. Should he ever become weary of waves and languish for woods, he has only to turn his back upon the sea and climb the hills for an hour or two, and he will find himself in the depth of sylvan and mountain solitudes—in a region of vines, running streams, deep-shadowed valleys, and broad-armed oaks; where he will hear the ring-dove coo and see the sensitive hare dart across the forest aisles. A great city is within an hour's reach; and the shadow of Vesuvius hangs over the landscape, keeping the imagination awake by touches of mystery and terror.

From Castellamare to Sorrento, a noble road has within a few years past been constructed between the mountains and the sea, which in many places are so close together that the width of the road occupies the whole intervening space. On

the right, the traveller looks down a cliff of some hundred feet or more upon the bay, whose glossy floor is dappled with patches of green, purple, and blue; the effect of varying depth, or light and shade, or clusters of rock overgrown with sea-weed scattered over a sandy bottom.* On the left is a mountain wall, very steep, many hundred feet high, with huge rocks projecting out of it, many of them big enough to crush a carriage and its contents, or sweep them into the sea. This was no fanciful apprehension; for not long before, two or three immense masses, each as large as a good-sized cottage, had fallen from the cliff and were blocking up the road so that it was impossible to get round or over them. The carriages came to a full stop here, and the occupants were obliged to scramble over the obstructions, and charter a new conveyance on the other side. The road combined rare elements of beauty; for it nowhere pursued a monotonous straight line, but followed the windings and turnings of this many-curved shore. Sometimes it was cut through solid ledges of rock; sometimes it was carried on bridges, over deep gorges and chasms, wide at the top and narrowing towards the bottom, where a slender stream tripped down to the sea. The sides of these glens were often planted with orange and lemon trees; and we could look down upon their rounded tops, presenting, with their dark-green foliage, their bright, almost luminous fruit, and their snowy blossoms, the finest combination of colours which the vegetable kingdom, in the temperate zone at least, can show. The scenery was in the highest degree grand, beautiful, and picturesque: with the most animated contrasts and the most abrupt breaks in the line of sight, yet never savage or scowling. The mountains on the left were not bare and scalped, but

* The colours of the Bay of Naples were a constant surprise and delight to me from the predominance of blue and purple over the grays and greens of our coast. I was glad to find that my impressions on this point were confirmed by the practised eye of Cooper. There seem to be some elements affecting the colour of the sea, not derived from the atmosphere or the reflection of the heavens.

shadowed with forests, and thickly overgrown with shrubbery; such wooded heights as the genius of Greek poetry would have peopled with bearded satyrs and buskined wood-nymphs, and made vocal with the reeds of Pan and the hounds and horn of Artemis. All the space near the road was stamped with the gentle impress of human cultivation. Fruit-trees and vines were thickly planted; garden vegetables were growing in favourable exposures; and houses were nestling in the hollows or hanging to the sides of the cliff. Over the whole region there is a smiling expression of wooing and invitation, to which the sparkling sea murmured a fitting accompaniment. No pitiless ice and granite chill or wound the eye—no funereal cedars and pines darken the mind with their Arctic shadows; but bloom and verdure thrown over rounded surfaces, and rich and gay forms of foliage mantling gray cliffs or waving from rocky ledges, give to the face of Nature that mixture of animation and softness which is equally fitted to soothe a wounded spirit or restore an over-tasked mind. If one could only forget the existence of such words as "duty" and "progress," and step aside from the rushing stream of onward-moving life, and be content with being, merely, and not doing,—if these lovely forms could fill all the claims and calls of one's nature, and all that we ask of sympathy and companionship could be found in mountain breezes and breaking waves—if days passed in communion with nature, in which decay is not hastened by anxious vigils or ambitious toils, made up the sum of life,—where could a better retreat be found than along this enchanting coast? Here are the mountains, and there is the sea. Here is a climate of delicious softness, where no sharp extremes of heat and cold put strife between man and nature. Here is a smiling and good-natured population, among whom no question of religion, politics, science, literature, or humanity is ever discussed, and the surface of the placid hours is not ruffled by argument or contradiction. Here a man could hang and ripen, like an orange on the tree, and drop as gently out of life upon the bosom of the earth. There is a fine

couplet of Virgil, which is full of that tenderness and sensibility which form the highest charm of his poetry, as they probably did of his character, and they came to my mind in driving along this beautiful road :—

> " Hic gelidi fontes ; hic mollia prata, Lycori ;
> Hic nemus ; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo."

There is something in the musical flow of these lines which seems to express the movement of a quiet life, from which day after day loosens and falls, like leaf after leaf from a tree in a calm day of autumn. But Virgil's air-castle includes a Lycoris ; that is, sympathy, affection, and the heart's daily food. With these, fountains, meadows, and groves may be dispensed with ; and without them, they are not much better than a painted panorama. To have something to do, and to do it, is the best appointment for us all. Nature, stern and coy, reserves her most dazzling smiles for those who have earned them by hard work and cheerful sacrifice. Planted on these shores and lapped in pleasurable sensations, man would turn into an indolent dreamer and a soft voluptuary. He is neither a fig nor an orange ; and he thrives best in the sharp air of self-denial and on the rocks of toil.

We reached Sorrento about noon, and put up at the Hotel du Tasso, which is said to occupy the site of the house in which the illustrious poet was born. Where traditions and localities are concerned, it is more advisable to lean towards the side of credulity than of scepticism ; and I surrendered myself to the genius of the place without doubt or inquiry. The name of Tasso, however, was not needed to commend this hotel, which was beautifully situated and admirably kept ; the rooms furnished and watched over with English neatness.

The name of Sorrento is found in every collection of Italian sketches, and there is no other place in which those characteristic peculiarities of scenery which are called Italian, are more strikingly displayed. The mountainous promontory which forms the south-eastern boundary of the Bay of Naples is a

lateral branch of the Apennines, and its smooth and rounded forms are of the type which characterises the limestone formation. On the southern side there is not even a terrace of level land; but the rocks cluster round the roots of the mountains, the villages hang on sharp declivities, and the only communication between them is in boats or by mules. The moment the traveller is put ashore, he begins to climb up a sharp ascent. But at Sorrento, on the northern side, this abrupt line of the coast is varied by a plain of some four miles in length and two or three in breadth, thrown up by volcanic agency, and filling a rounded gulf or bay left originally by the receding hills. This plain, on every side except towards the sea, is shouldered by mountains; so that it lies like a green and motionless lake on the lap of the hills. The coast-line is a broken wall of volcanic tufa, varying in height, with projecting buttresses and receding hollows, worn, channelled, and fluted by the action of water, which, below, has scooped out winding galleries and arched caverns. This line of cliffs, seen from below, is of striking beauty. The rock, being of a soft texture, is everywhere broken, indented, and honey-combed; shrubs and flowers have found procreant niches and give life to the gray walls; winding paths—half paths and half staircases—lead down to the beach, which is strewn with fallen fragments; and white, square, flat-roofed houses crown the top—often built so near to the edge that the wall of the house seems a continuation of the wall of the cliff. In many places the volcanic soil has split into clefts and openings, running down from the mountains to the sea, which time has enlarged into picturesque glens. A formation like that of the cliff of Sorrento, if stretched along the coast of New England, exposed to the action of our high tides and the shocks of our north-easterly storms, would ere this have been worn away, and the superincumbent plain have disappeared; but here the power of the sea is merely enough to ensure a constant variety of surface. At the base of the cliff many cavernous openings and passages have been scooped out, into which boats can pass. The softer por-

tions of the upper part of the wall are slowly eaten away by time, and masses are occasionally loosened and drop off. The tradition of the place is, that a part of the house in which the father of Tasso resided fell into the sea, soon after the poet's birth, and with it the room in which he first saw the light. It is also said that in calm weather the ruins of ancient buildings may be seen on the bottom of the bay.

The plain of Sorrento contains about eighteen thousand inhabitants. Besides the city of Sorrento, there are three villages, Meta, Carotto, and Sant' Aniello. The volcanic soil of which it is composed is of great fertility, producing oranges, lemons, grapes, and figs in abundance, and of the finest flavour. The streets and roads, as is so often the case in Italy, are built up on either side with high walls, including all view of the Hesperian gardens which they enclose. It is as celebrated for the mildness and salubrity of its climate as for the richness of its soil. Sheltered on the east by the lofty peak of St. Angelo, the sun does not shine upon it till nearly an hour after it has risen; and the heats of the summer are further mitigated by the cool sea-breezes. The inhabitants are said to be a gentle and courteous people, of affectionate disposition and strong family attachments. This reputation they have enjoyed for a long period. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, and himself a poet of no mean rank (who lived at Sorrento for some years), called it, in one of his letters, l'Albergo della Cortesia, from the gentle manners of its inhabitants; and of the climate, he says that it is so healthful that men never die there. Our countryman, Cooper, resided here with his family for several weeks, during his sojourn in Europe, and speaks with great satisfaction of the pleasure he enjoyed in the beautiful scenery and in the opportunity which the sea afforded him of indulging his aquatic tastes. His descriptions, it may be here said, of the whole Bay of Naples, are animated and accurate; showing an eye quick to detect beauty and discriminating in the analysis of its component parts. Pleasantly indeed, according to his account, must their days have glided by — the mornings

passed in reading or writing, and the afternoons in pulling about under the shadows of the cliffs and bathing in their vaulted caverns; with occasional excursions by water to distant points in the bay, and in cool weather by donkey-rides in the neighbouring mountains.

We arrived at Sorrento, as I before remarked, at noon. The remainder of the day was passed in rambling about the town, along the shore, and climbing to the top of the projecting headland, called the Cape of Sorrento, which shuts in the plain on the south-west. Wild flowers grew in great profusion all along the shore, among which the colour of yellow predominated; as if they had absorbed the golden sunbeams that fertilize the soil. The ridge of the promontory was thickly overgrown with myrtle, and with spiry cones of heath covered with delicate white blossoms like seed pearl. In one place, a fairy waterfall was leaping down the rocks. A few fishing vessels were drawn up along the shore: one bore the appropriate name of Il Nuovo Amore. Groups of women and children gave life to the scene; some of the former had distaffs in their hands. Blue eyes and brown hair were not uncommon. Beggars of course were not wanting, though not in such force as in places nearer Naples. Every point on which the eye fell was a picture: the gray and crumbling cliffs mantling with vegetation, the white, cubical houses, the groups of fishermen and their families on the shore, and the distant mountains—all realized a poet's or a painter's dreams of a visionary Italy. In the town itself, whenever the eye could overpeer the churlish wall, it beheld dark green domes of foliage, in which oranges glowed like stars. The vines were not yet in leaf.

The evening was passed upon the balcony of the hotel, which is set upon the edge of the cliff in such a way that a line dropped from it would fall into the water. The air was soft and mild, without a touch of that rasping harshness which the wind, when blowing off the sea, brings with it on the coast of New England, even in summer. The sobs and whispers of

the waves upon the beach and among the caverns below fell gratefully upon the ear. Here and there the gleaming sail of a fishing vessel was discerned, and the sound of oars was borne across the liquid plain. On the right arose the dark bulk and regular outline of Vesuvius, holding aloft a fiery torch, the light of which was somewhat dimmed by the moon's silver mantle. The mountains which enclose the plain were in deep shadow, but the rays of the moon fell upon the white houses and salient points of the shore, and spread over the whole bay a sheet of tremulous crystal. As the night deepened, one by one the sounds of life died away and we were left alone with nature. The spirit of the scene and the hour fell upon us all, and the only words spoken were occasional exclamations of delight at what was before and around us. The magic panorama, seen under so spiritual a light, seemed hardly a piece of this world; and when I reluctantly left it and went to rest, it was only exchanging one dreamland for another.

The next morning the weather wore an uncertain aspect, but we chartered a large boat, with three sails and five men, and put off for Capri; but on getting out a mile or two, it began to blow so heavily as to make it impossible to enter the blue grotto, which was the main object of our expedition. We therefore returned to Sorrento and retraced our steps to Castellamare. Arriving too late for the train to Naples, three of us took a carriage and drove to Salerno. We passed through Nocera and La Cava, and reached Salerno early in the afternoon. The region between Nocera and Salerno is striking and picturesque, being a succession of narrow valleys and deep dells between thickly wooded mountains, the peaks of which shoot up into craggy and broken points, while the sides and bases are covered with vineyards, houses, and gardens. The streets of the towns are narrow and dark, and the houses built with projecting balconies. The inhabitants were swarming the streets; a dirty and slatternly race, with a sort of repulsive animal look about their coarse, ragged black hair and swarthy complexions. The beggars were numerous and im-

portunate. At Salerno—a beautifully situated town, built along the spurs and terraces of a splendid amphitheatre of hills, with a winding shore and a lovely bay—we spent the hours of daylight in rambling along the beach; watching the evening clouds; and endeavouring to draw from them the assurance of a fair day for the morrow, on which contingency our excursion to Pæstum depended. But the morning rose in rain and wind, with every appearance of a settled storm, and so we set our faces towards Naples again. And thus it happened, that in my sparkling round of Neapolitan pictures and memories, there are two gemless sockets, where the blue grotto and Pæstum should be, but are not.

VILLA REALE — GROTTO OF POSILIPPO — VIRGIL'S TOMB.

In Naples there are as strong contrasts of light and shade as in a picture of Rembrandt's. The streets in the central portions are narrow and dark, but in leaving them and coming out upon the glittering sea, we pass from midnight to morning. The Villa Reale—a public promenade in the street called the Chiaja—has the brightest and gayest aspect in Europe. It is nearly a mile long; shaded with orange-trees, myrtles, and acacias; sparkling with fountains, and adorned with marble statues and vases gleaming through the foliage. On one side is a row of tall, showy houses; on the other, the broad mirror of the bay, from which the light is thrown and multiplied in dazzling gleams. Though a public walk, it is not open to the universal public. Soldiers are stationed at the gates, who exercise a rule of exclusion wide enough to keep all beggars outside; an exemption which forms not the least of its attractions. Here is everything that can restore the weary or amuse the idle—a prospect of indescribable beauty; the breezes and voices of the sea; the rich foliage of the south; gay faces of men and women, and children sporting round the fountains.

At the extremity of the Chiaja is the grotto of Posilippo, a tunnel of rather more than half a mile in length—through

which flows the great stream of travel between Naples and the western part of the bay. The rock through which it is cut is of soft tufa, and the result is no great triumph of patience or skill. It is characteristic of the way in which things are done in this part of the world, that there are no side walks nor any protection whatever for foot-passengers. The interior is but dimly lighted, and it seemed to me that many accidents must occur there. A throng of vehicles, donkeys, and foot-passengers was constantly passing through it, and what with the rapid driving of these fervid sons of the South, the confusing sound of wheels and of voices increased and multiplied by reverberation from the vaulted roof, and the faint light which puzzled the eye and quickened the apprehension, I never could shake off an uneasy sense of danger while walking in it. The little round of light at the opposite end—the object-glass of this stone telescope—expanding on approach, is a curious thing to see for the first time. At certain seasons, the setting sun is said to shoot a level ray quite through the grotto.

Above the grotto are the remains of a columbarium, which time out of mind has enjoyed the honour of being called the Tomb of Virgil. Nor is it by any means impossible that it is so, though it must be admitted that the weight of evidence is against the claim. But there is quite enough of interest clinging round it from the fact that a long line of poets and scholars, beginning with Petrarch and Boccaccio, have visited the spot, more in the spirit of faith than of scepticism. There is nothing at all remarkable in the structure itself, which is of brick, shattered by time and overgrown with myrtle, wild vines, and grass. Laurels should be there, but are not. They have frequently been planted, but the rapacity of visitors has cut them to pieces and brought them to an untimely end. Whether Virgil were really buried here or not, it is certainly a spot which a poet might well choose for his last repose. The rich life of the soil, breaking forth in a luxuriant net-work of vegetation, suggests the creative energy of genius and breathes around an air of hope and promise. The view—but in mercy

to my readers I spare them any further attempts to describe the indescribable. In this magic region, there is not a hill or elevated point which does not command a prospect that cannot be seen without rapturous interjections, or described without a blaze of superlatives.

EXCURSION TO BAIÆ.

On the twenty-third day of March, I drove with two of my friends to Baiæ; a very pleasant excursion, though so many objects were crowded into a short space of time, that they left but indistinct images on the mind. The whole region is seamed and scarred with the marks of volcanic violence; for it has been a battle-field on which fire and water have struggled for victory. The coast line is constantly changing. The solid has displaced the liquid, and the liquid the solid. Here are repeated, on a small scale, the convulsions and revolutions, the effects of which, at earlier and unrecorded periods, geologists trace in ampler lines, upon broader pages.

Of Pozzuoli, once a flourishing seaport and a fashionable watering-place, nothing is left but its beautiful situation. We saw the ruins of the amphitheatre, and those three celebrated columns of the Temple of Serapis, from which science has drawn such striking conclusions as to conflicts between land and sea, nowhere else recorded. We took donkeys and a guide to the crater of Solfatara, a nearly extinguished volcano; the only surviving remnant of the vehement elemental forces once in such powerful action all along this coast; like the last few tongues of flame licking up the broken fragments of a great conflagration. It is not much more than a mile distant from the town. It presents a curious and unique aspect, being a sort of table-land of moderate extent and elevation, around which a natural bank is formed. The soil resembles that found in the interval between the high-water mark and the upland on a New England beach—being of a white colour and loose in texture—and is thinly overgrown with a sickly vegetation of yellow-green.

Copious vapours everywhere issue from the spongy ground, and the whole expanse steams and smokes like the waters of the sea when a morning of sharp and sudden frost condenses the warmer breath of the waves. A sense of insecurity mingles with the wonder which this appearance awakens, not diminished by the hollow sound returned when the foot stamps heavily upon the ground; suggesting a vision of a great natural laboratory vaulted over by a thin crust of earth, which may one day break through and throw some lover of useful knowledge upon the burning heart of the mystery he is seeking to investigate.

Continuing our drive to Baiæ we passed by the Monte Nuovo, which was thrown up by volcanic agency, no more than three hundred years ago, in the space of forty-eight hours, blotting out a large part of the Lucrine lake. It has a decidedly *parvenu* look, and must live many hundred years longer before it can expect to hold up its head in respectable mountain society. Although about four hundred and fifty feet high, and now partly clothed with a ragged suit of vegetation, it has little more of character or expression than a huge heap of ashes. The whole region over which we passed was sprinkled with ruins, and the very dust raised by our wheels was once the costly marble of imperial structures. This shore, as every scholar knows, was the focal point of Roman luxury and splendour, glittering with palaces, temples, and villas; so charming from its climate and position, that men who might elsewhere have enclosed square miles for their pleasure-grounds, were here content with an acre. We were taken through the usual curriculum of sight-seeing, but the only thing that made much impression upon me was the Piscina Mirabile, so called; an underground structure or cistern, about two hundred and twenty feet long and one hundred broad, with a vaulted roof, divided into four aisles or compartments, resting upon forty-eight pilasters. If this was, as it is generally admitted, a reservoir for water, for the use of the Roman fleet, it leaves an impression of the extent of their marine, hardly warranted by

other records, written or monumental. Perhaps here, as in other cases, the Roman taste for architectural splendour led them to go far beyond the demands of mere utility. The day was one of rare beauty, and the rich light that hung upon the islands and the waters of the bay, and the striking features of the coast, notched, scooped, and abraded by the cutting and rending action of fire, presented attractions far more powerful than any work of man's hands.

At the point at the extremity of our drive we found a small house of entertainment, prettily situated, with a porch overgrown with vines, and commanding a beautiful view of the bay and its islands. Here we had a Roman lunch of oysters, with a wine which was called Falernian, and was not bad. We could look out upon the Mare Morto—a small sheet of water which had nothing deathlike in its aspect—and beyond it upon the Elysian Fields, a pleasing, though rather tame landscape.

Returning to Naples we took the fine road, of modern construction, which passes over the hill of Posilippo, instead of threading the grotto. We entered the city in the glow of a magnificent sunset, which burned along the western sky in broad masses of crimson and gold, threw delicate veils of rose and purple over the opposite headlands, and turned the smooth waters of the bay into "a sea of glass mingled with fire."

CAMPO SANTO—SAN CARLO THEATRE.

My brief residence in Naples leaves me little else to chronicle. The intervals and fragments of time not employed in visits to the museum or in excursions to the neighbourhood were mostly spent in walks about the city, where not only the landscape presented its ever-varying and beautiful page, but the open-air life of the people was a constant source of amusement and interest. I went to the Campo Santo, of which I had so often read, and saw a paved rectangular enclosure, marked with the massive stone covers of three hundred and sixty-six pits or vaults, into one of which the ghastly death-harvest of

each day is thrown, with the careless indecency with which a lump of coal is pitched into a furnace; as if the sacred form of man and woman, never so sacred as when newly stamped with the dignity of death, should be shot into a hole like rubbish from a cart. Within a few years, however, a new cemetery has been built, where the wealthier classes deposit their dead in that decent and humane way practised in all other parts of Christendom. This cemetery occupies a fine piece of rising ground on the outskirts of the city, and is already very thickly covered with monuments; all of white marble, and some very showy and costly; but very few in good taste; that being a plant to which the soil of Naples does not seem to be congenial.

I attended one performance at the theatre of San Carlo, a structure of immense size, containing six rows of private boxes, all glittering in blue and gold. The boxes are of large size, quite like small drawing-rooms; and indeed they are much used by the occupants for the reception of their friends. The royal box, blazing in crimson and gold, faces the stage, and is two rows in height; almost large enough to have a vaudeville of its own going on contemporaneously with the performance on the stage. The seats in the pit are numbered, and the most comfortable I have ever seen. The effect of an enclosed space, of such vast extent, is very striking; and such colossal structures present great advantages for all spectacles addressed to the eye: but for music, vocal music at least, a smaller building is surely better adapted. The opera I saw was Nabuco, by Verdi, a composer whose resonant and superficial strains seemed in unison with the huge vault into which they flowed. There was an excellent orchestra, with a very fair company; and the performer who sustained the principal part was a good actor and a pleasing singer. In the chorus of the exiled Hebrews, on the banks of the Euphrates, there was a strain of tenderness and melancholy beyond the composer's usual mood. It was the first night of the performance of the opera, and the scenery and decorations were very fine. The audience was

very responsive and apprehensive, but better-natured than I had imagined. Among other signs of this amiable quality, they called out the artist who had painted the scenes, and gave him a very hearty round of applause. I regretted that my limited stay in Naples did not permit me to visit the little theatre of San Carlino, so famous for its broad farce; where the national character, Policinella, still displays, on the spot of his origin, those cheating, lying, bragging, and profligate propensities which, seasoned as they are with infinite drollery, have carried him all over Europe, and made his squeak and big nose everywhere so popular.

CHAPTER XXI.

Characteristics of Naples. Rome and Naples compared — Return to Rome — Illumination of St. Peter's.

CHARACTERISTICS OF NAPLES. ROME AND NAPLES COMPARED.

NAPLES is a city which most travellers approach with a stock of ready-made impressions, and they look about to have these impressions confirmed; and everything which has that tendency is noted and recorded, while the rest is unheeded and forgotten. Many years ago, there were a considerable number of Lazzaroni so called, in Naples, who had no fixed place of abode; slept in any sheltered spot they could find; were rich if they could call a shirt, a pair of trowsers, and a red cap their own; and when they had earned enough by any chance job to support them through the day, left off work and took to lounging and basking in the sun. The traveller who comes here from the north, when he sees a man in a ragged garb, on a sunny day, sleeping under the shelter of a wall, sets it down in his note-book as an unexampled phenomenon, exults in having caught a Lazzarone, and very likely flowers out into a dissertation upon the subject. But men, in warm weather, may be seen sleeping in the open air in Rome and Florence, not to say Paris and Vienna, and it is thought no strange thing. The truth is, that the whole race of Lazzaroni, as a class characteristic of and peculiar to Naples, has nearly disappeared. The lapse of time, and the greatly extended net-work of communication between Naples and the rest of Europe, by means of the increased facilities of travel, have completed a change which began under the trenchant administration of the French,

and much obliterated the distinctions once existing between the lower orders in Naples and those in the other large capitals of Europe. In other respects, too, the peculiarities of Naples are growing less and less marked, and those racy traits of life and character which so much impressed the travellers of an earlier period are fast disappearing from observation. Still, there is and ever must be an individual and strongly-marked expression in the character of Neapolitan life. Much of it is determined by the position of the city upon the earth's surface. Naples is the fifth in size of the European capitals—London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, only ranking above it;* and Paris, the most southerly of these three, is four hundred miles north of Naples. Naples is a southern city of the first class. The cold is never formidable; and for seven or eight months in the year it is possible for a healthy man to sleep in the open air without discomfort. This leads to a great deal of open-air life. Many of the trades and occupations, which in other cities are carried on and performed within doors, are here transferred to the street. Here the cobbler brings his bench and the tailor makes up his garments. Here macaroni is cooked and eaten; here the barber lathers and shaves his customers; and the letter-writer drives his fluent quill. In the long, warm days of summer, groups of eager idlers listen with flashing eyes to tales of their favourite hero, Rinaldo, read or recited from memory by a professional story-teller; a spectacle which carries back the thoughts to the shores of the Ægean and the majestic song which flowed from the lips of Homer. Along the quays of Naples, Punch is in his glory, revelling and rioting in a breadth of humour which wanes and pales in colder climes. In walking through the streets, the same gregarious tastes and the same indifference to domestic seclusion may be observed in the open doors and windows of the houses of the poorer classes, which allow all the ways and works of the family to be seen. Travellers, who have resided in Naples long enough to

* Constantinople, from its peculiar character and position, is not included in this list.

become acquainted with its society, say that this same general trait manifests itself also among the more favoured classes, in a want of personal delicacy, in careless habits as to dress, and in a style of conversation in which embarrassing topics are discussed with alarming unreserve.

Whenever the sun shone I could always find amusement enough in stepping out upon the little balcony in front of my room. I lodged in the fourth story of the house No. 28, Santa Lucia. The house was lofty and spacious, and with apartments and suites of apartments for hire. A porter was stationed at the entrance, on the ground floor, whose life seemed to be passed in touching his hat and looking down upon the quay which extended below. All along the sea was a row of rude counters or tables of wood, protected from the sun by an awning stretched from the rear and projecting forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Upon these tables various products of the sea, fish, oysters, and muscles, were offered for sale. Women were scattered about, selling fruit, roasted chestnuts, and other edibles. Idlers were lounging around or lying listlessly in the sunshine, and children in great numbers were running to and fro. Boats were putting off and arriving, rowed by men in red caps and no redundancy of drapery. There was no great amount of business done: the buyers were few and the sellers many. But there was a great deal of talking, much gesticulation, animated play of countenance, and rapid movement. It was a life-like and parti-coloured *tableau vivant*, softened by distance. Nothing was fixed, but every thing was subject to rapid change and continuous movement. Here, too, were assembled a large number of the one-horse vehicles which are peculiar to Naples, resembling somewhat an antediluvian chaise. The quantity of persons that may be packed into and around one of these calessos, or cittadines, quite exceeds all previous notions of the power of stowing and compressing. Besides three or four who will be squeezed into a seat meant for two, there will be supernumeraries hanging on behind or clinging

to the shafts in front, so that every spot where a man or a boy can sit or stand is occupied. The Neapolitan horses are small but full of spirit, and though they dash about the crowded streets with a careless speed that keeps a stranger in a constant state of apprehension, yet such is the skill of their drivers that accidents rarely occur.

Rome and Naples, though only about a hundred and thirty miles apart, and inhabited by a population of the same faith, the same language, and of kindred blood, are singularly unlike. Rome is situated in the midst of a sombre plain, is without foreign commerce, is the capital of an ecclesiastical state, and overshadowed by the solemn memories of a great past. From these and other external influences, and perhaps from some of those primitive and inexplicable peculiarities in the organization of the inhabitants themselves, there is a general air of gravity and silence in the streets, and in the countenances of those who frequent them. The light from the sky seems absorbed by the gloomy walls of the narrow passages upon which it falls; and at night the dim lamps are mere guiding-points to the eye, with but faint illuminating power. The absence of loud noises of any kind is remarkable. There are no heavily-laden carts or drays thundering over the pavements, no huge omnibuses lumbering along. The carts which come in from the country are either lightly constructed or move at a slow pace. The sound of the human voice does not gather and swell in large streams. Ecclesiastics glide along without speaking, foreigners and artists do their talking in the cafés, the peasants from the country do not seem to be a very chatty race, and even the beggars are not clamorous in their approaches.

Naples, on the contrary, situated in a region of varied and smiling beauty, is full of life, movement, and gaiety. To the swarm of unthinking ephemera that hum and dart in the sunshine, the present is everything and the past is nothing; nor indeed is there anything in the past history of Naples, as compared with its present state, to throw a shadow on the brow of the most sensitive patriot. There is no ghost of departed

power and glory to rise up and frown upon the giddy gaiety of a thoughtless race. In Naples, the outward aspect of the earth, sea, and sky, has passed into the spirit of man and kindled it to a genial emulation with nature. The better classes are fond of showy colours in their dress. Soldiers in gay uniforms take the place of the ecclesiastics in Rome. That taste for rich and gorgeous splendour which we notice as characteristic of the African race, sheds its influence over the city upon which the wind from Africa so often blows. In Naples, too, the silence of Rome is displaced by a roar of voices. Every body talks in a loud tone, and enforces his words with the most animated gestures. This universal and fundamental sound is varied by the rattling of the rapid carriages and the shouts of the open-air dealers in eatables and other articles, stationary or itinerant, till the whole air overflows with the uproar.

In Rome, the influence of external nature being less powerful and attractive, men have turned their thoughts inward and have created or collected forms of beauty in architecture, sculpture, and painting. In Naples, the world in the open air has taken such hold upon the senses, and woven such a net of fascination around the facile nature of the people, that it has prevented that discipline and devotion of mind which make the artist. Art is a reproduction and not an imitation of Nature. The forms of the world must be turned into shape in the artist's mind, before they can appear as creations. Naples and its neighbourhood are so lovely that there is no room for the ideal. There is so much to be enjoyed that there is no time for study. It is a curious fact, that Naples has produced but one great landscape-painter, Salvator Rosa, and that his inspiration was drawn, not from the characteristic scenery of Naples, but from the wooded mountains of La Cava and Nocera. No Neapolitan painter has ever warmed his canvas with the pearly lights of Cuyp, or spread over it the aerial gold of Claude Lorraine. In this, as in so many other things, successful work is the result of a due proportion between the task and

the instrument. Southey, whose literary industry was so remarkable within the range of his own library, said, that he should never have accomplished any thing, if his energies had been buried under the vast stores of the British Museum. The Dutch painter, who, when he looked out of the window, saw a meadow, a windmill, a willow-tree hanging over a brook, or a rainy sunset behind a row of trees, felt himself competent to grapple with such themes, and set himself to work accordingly; but what artist would not fold his hands in despair before the glories of a sunset in the bay of Naples?

In personal appearance, so far as my own observation went, the advantage is decidedly with the Romans. There are more fine faces in the latter city, and generally a higher expression and loftier carriage. I noticed a great many countenances in Naples, especially among women, which were repulsive from their strong stamp of animal coarseness. Sensual mouths, large and impudent noses, and rough, vinous complexions were common; and the effect of these personal disadvantages was generally enhanced by a filthy and slatternly attire. In Rome, there is much of quiet dignity observable in the manner of the common people met with in the streets. In Naples, the general characteristic is excessive mobility both of body and face. The play of countenance is rapid and incessant. Two ragged idlers talk on the Chiaja with gestures so animated and glowing that an orator might study them with profit. We feel as we walk along the streets that multitudes of first-rate comic actors are here running to waste. In Rome, in spite of all the changes of time and the blows of fate, there is still an indefinable something which recalls the old Roman aspect and spirit, but in Naples, every thing indicates a corrupted Greek mind and character; vivacity that has passed into buffoonery; a love of beauty that has degenerated into sensuality and voluptuousness; quickness that has become restlessness, and susceptibility that has declined into impatience. Naples is to Greece what the farces of the San Carlino are to the comedies of Aristophanes.

The virtues of the lower orders of the Neapolitans are said to be good-humour and temperance, and under certain qualifications, honesty. That is to say, a Neapolitan lazzarone will scrupulously account for the money which is entrusted to him, from a sense of honour, but will not hesitate to pick a pocket when under no such restraint. Pocket-picking is a very common accomplishment here, and handkerchiefs especially are apt to take to themselves wings and fly away. Young lads show a great deal of dexterity in this form of abstraction, though they act, probably, quite as much from the love of mischief as from confirmed dishonesty.*

It is the misfortune of Naples, that while the upper classes are corrupted with the worst vices of civilization, and the lower orders lead a life of somewhat savage unrestraint and lawless abandonment to their instincts, the middle and industrious class—which generally acts as a moral check and counterpoise to the two extremes—is here smaller and less influential than in the other cities of the first class in Europe. Of course, I have no personal knowledge of the upper classes in Neapolitan society, but that they are, with many marked exceptions, worthless and corrupt, is the general verdict passed upon them by competent observers. The soft climate of Naples has melted away the two great guardian virtues, in which the security for all the others resides; valour in man, and chastity in woman. The lower orders, as seen in the streets, seem to be a strange combination of the man and the child; propelled by the passions of maturity, but with as little of prudent forecast as the inmates of a nursery. In their verb there is but one tense, and that is the present. There can be no doubt that there is great suffering among the poorer classes

* The police are said to practise a singular test to ascertain whether a lad accused of picking a pocket be guilty or not. The culprit is required to place his hand upon a table with the fingers outstretched, and if the fore-finger and middle-finger be of the same length the case goes against him and judgment is passed accordingly; for, in the exercise of this profession, these two fingers are made use of like a forceps, and the young ragamuffins in the streets are said to lengthen the fore-finger by perpetually pulling at it.

of Naples, though life can be sustained on so little. The burden of cold, which is so great an element of wretchedness in northern capitals, is there hardly felt at all; but many lives are unquestionably shortened by hunger in a land that so teems with plenty. The childlike unconcern for the future, of which I have before spoken, lies at the bottom of this. Marriages are contracted most heedlessly and improvidently, with no provision for a rainy day, and the poor children that are thus called into being are born to a life of wretchedness and poverty; from which, however, they draw no warnings of experience, but they, in their turn, having scrambled along to maturity through rags and hunger, repeat the heedless folly of their parents, and thus transmit the inheritance of misery.*

The Neapolitans are said to be an indolent race, but here, as in many other places, it is difficult to say how much of this indolence is to be ascribed to a distaste for labour, and how much to want of motive and opportunity. We are apt to make rash judgments on this point. The Irish, for instance, are often accused of indolence in their own country; but we know that with us they are a hard-working race. The reason is that a new set of impulses is waked to life upon our soil, and that the natural instincts of accumulation and progress become propelling powers. There is a great deal of idleness in Naples, and the heat of the climate is in some degree its cause and its excuse. But when we see the careful and laborious cultivation under which the whole neighbourhood smiles, how every available square foot is made use of, and with what pains all fertilizing substances are gathered and saved; when we note the constant industry of the sailors who navigate the little crafts that ply about the bay, and have learned how cheaply their services may be secured; when we observe men panting under a heavy load to the top of Vesuvius, in the hope of selling a few oranges and bottles of wine, we may be led to pause and ask if the indolence of the Neapolitans is not, in

* Vieusseux states that a man earning a tari a day, about a shilling of our money, will think of marrying without any scruple.

some degree, their misfortune as well as their fault. Naples suffers from over-population, and there is neither employment nor food for all who seek them. Agriculture is limited by the surface of the soil, and commerce and manufactures are regulated by the wants of the inhabitants and the consequent extent of consumption. But it takes but little to support life in Naples, and the consumption is consequently much less than among the same number of persons in northern latitudes. That moral element, which submits to present sacrifices for the sake of future good, without which neither men nor communities can ever be in a progressive condition, exerts but a feeble sway over the mind of the lower orders of the Neapolitans. And yet, if these grown-up children, these civilized savages, were suddenly transplanted to New Orleans or Baltimore, and were told that they might be sure of a dollar for every day's work, and of work for every day, they would probably become the subjects of a moral reformation; would grow provident and thoughtful, put their money into savings-banks, and come under the control of Malthus's preventive check.

RETURN TO ROME.

I left Naples for Rome on Tuesday, March 24, in the steamer Vesuvio for Civita Vecchia. Gentlemen in America, who live at home at ease in a country where they have only to take a coach and drive down to the steamer five minutes before the time of starting, may like to know how they manage these things in Naples. The first thing to be thought of in such a case is the passport, the "great medicine," as an Indian would call it, of modern Europe. A pointed saying is often quoted, that in England the whole machinery of government, king, lords, and commons, is put in motion in order to get twelve men into a jury-box. In Europe it would seem that the whole object of civil society was to get a passport into every man's pocket. Having gone, upon my arrival at Naples, to the police-office, deposited my passport, and obtained permission

to stay, it was now necessary to reclaim the precious document, get permission to go, and then secure the signatures of three or four officials; the whole involving an expense of some four or five dollars. Then I went to the office of the steamer and took my passage, exhibiting my passport as a voucher of my identity, without which no conveyance can be engaged. The steamer was lying in the stream, and after having my luggage brought down to the quay it was necessary to engage a boat, and commence the negotiation of a treaty to that effect with a gentleman in a red shirt, who began by asking the modest price of two dollars for putting me on board. By the time that the high contracting parties had come to a point of agreement, the hour at which the steamer was announced to start had nearly arrived, and, with an instinct of punctuality calculated for the meridian of New England, I began to be uneasy lest she should depart without me. For this state of mind there was no excuse except my short stay in Naples. At last I was put on board the boat, which, as I saw on my approach, was slowly swallowing an immense travelling carriage, in an anaconda-like fashion, at once removing all apprehension of being late. We did not get under way until some two hours after the appointed time. The deck was a scene of much confusion, loud talking, vehement gesticulation, and aimless running to and fro; all in striking contrast with the silent despatch which guides and rules such movements with us. Amid the general chaos of voices, I at length distinguished one which seemed to be speaking with consecutiveness and authority, and perceived that it belonged to one of the officers in the boat, who was calling out the list of the passengers' names, in order to learn if all were on board; a ceremony which seemed quite superfluous, for the foreign names were so ludicrously and inconceivably travestied, that not more than one out of three could be distinguished by their proprietors. All the delay, however, was more than endurable, for before us was the city, and around us the bay; both seeming to put on new beauty as the moment for leaving them drew near; and

the harbour was swarming with life and motion. Right under the steamer's quarter was a small boat in which were two men, one of whom was of a race indigenous to Naples. He was a reciter and a singer, with a tolerable voice and a rapidity and volubility of utterance which exceeded anything I ever heard. He had a sort of guitar in his hand, with which he accompanied his voice. He alternately spouted and sang, with an extravagance of gesticulation which made me think that he would end by jumping out of the boat; but he did not seem to be doing any violence to himself in all this; he was merely obeying the impulses of a most restless and mercurial temperament.

We left the bay of Naples bathed in the golden vapours of a rich sunset. The rocky headlands on the north long lingered in sight, and, when at last they disappeared behind the veil of evening, I looked upon the gray sea and sky as a child looks upon the pitiless curtain which falls at the end of his first play.

I remained in Rome till the 8th day of April, enjoying the clear blue skies and soft vernal weather, and spending a considerable part of the time in deepening the impressions made by the objects which I was so soon to lose sight of. I explored the grounds of the Villa Borghese, which every day put on a livelier green, paced the rustling aisles of the garden of the Villa Medici, saw the sunsets from the Pincian Hill, and heard the deep voices of the Pamphili-Doria pines, whose dark monkish robes of foliage disdained to recognise the touch of spring. Everywhere the fertile soil was breaking out into a luxuriant growth of wild flowers, and every grove and copse rang with vernal music. To one born and reared upon the sea-coast of New England, there is a charm in a Roman spring, not only from its essential character, but because it recalls and justifies all the glowing descriptions of that season in Latin and Italian poetry which, when read upon our own soil, seem somewhat overstrained. Our spring is a piece of mosaic, with here a bit of winter and there a bit of summer. In our mete-

orological alphabet, B does not follow A. A soft vernal day is succeeded by piercing winds, and open windows and fires alternate capriciously. Our climate is lawless and revolutionary, and very fond of breaking the legitimate line of succession. But in Rome the spring is a well-defined period which divides winter from summer, has a character of its own, and is not a composite season made up by contributions from the other two. The year puts off the garments of winter and puts on the robes of spring with deliberate change. With each day there comes a livelier green and a deeper blue, and with gentle, imperceptible gradations, the hours glide on to the full maturity of summer. Rome shows to particular advantage at this season, because there are so many gardens, villas, and patches of cultivated ground within the circuit of the walls, and a few moments' walk will, from any point, enable a visitor to surround himself with all the fine influences of nature. The Villa Borghese, which lies just under the walls, comprises—in the variety and extent of its grounds and the number and diversity of its trees, shrubs, and plants—all possible forms of vernal attraction. That air of gravity and soberness, which I have more than once alluded to as characteristic of Rome in the winter season, now gives place to a more cheerful aspect. The sunshine is more penetrating, there is more of a "light, glad green" in the foliage, and the people have a gayer and airier look. Rome is like a widow who puts off her weeds and appears in colours once more. It is difficult at this season to look at anything which is inside of a wall or under a roof. The walls themselves are gay with wild flowers—mignonette and violets perfume the air, making even ruins smile. The invitations dropped from the sky, borne upon the breeze, and written along the earth, are so pressing, that the claims of architecture, sculpture, and painting are for the time postponed.

ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S.

In March, 1848, there was great consternation throughout Rome at the discovery that one of the treasures of St. Peter's Church, the head of St. Andrew, had been stolen, and evidently by some one familiar with the internal arrangements of the church. Such an event in an ecclesiastical capital, in which there was so little of business or politics to talk about, created as much sensation as the overthrow of the Bunker Hill Monument by an earthquake would in Boston. Besides the horror which so sacrilegious an act awakened in every good Catholic, the theft involved a considerable pecuniary loss, for the head was enclosed in a silver case set with jewels, valued at about twenty thousand dollars. A liberal reward was offered for the restoration of the relic, which was found on the last day of March, buried in a vineyard outside of the walls. The silver case and most of the jewels were also recovered. This happy event was ascribed by the common people to a miracle, but the clue to the discovery was undoubtedly given in the confessional. The next day the bells all over the city rang out a peal of triumph, and in the evening there was a partial illumination of the dome of St. Peter's. But this was not a sufficient expression of gratitude, for on the 5th of April, in the following week, the restored treasure was borne from the church of St. Andrea della Valle to St. Peter's, with all the state and splendour which the Romish Church could command. The procession was as numerous and imposing, to say the least, as any that has been seen in modern times; for besides the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries who always appear officially on such occasions, it was increased by many who simply wished to gratify the Pope; since it was generally understood that he had been greatly disturbed at the loss, and equally rejoiced at its restoration. The relic was placed in a glass case, on a kind of car, under a silken canopy. The chief place in the procession was occupied by the college of cardinals, with the Pope

himself at their head. Besides these, there were the Roman nobles, the various religious orders, the parochial clergy, the members of the ecclesiastical colleges, the municipality of Rome, the guard of nobles, the newly organized civic guard, various recently formed clubs and associations, and, what was most characteristic of the general tone of feeling and most novel in a Roman procession, a band of ladies, of noble birth, dressed in black, their heads covered with veils, and carrying lighted tapers in their hands. The weather was fine, and as the splendid procession, so rich in costume and colour, passed through the piazza of St. Peter's, which was filled with spectators on foot and in carriages, the effect was in the highest degree beautiful and imposing. The length of the procession, the superb costumes defying the most piercing power of daylight, the grand dimensions of the piazza itself, the noble architectural forms on either side, and the animation and interest which glowed in every countenance, covered and concealed the theatrical element, and left only a stately symbol, in which the grateful sense of a religious community put on an outward form, such as suited their susceptible temperament and their ever-hungry senses. It is only on occasions like these that we see and feel the whole power of the Romish Church, which, on ordinary ceremonials, seems to hold back and keep in reserve one half its resources. The most conscientious Protestant, unless he were as hard and as cold as the stones on which he stood, could not help ceasing to protest, for the moment at least; nor could he fail to feel upon his heart the benediction of waters, drawn from the common stream of faith and emotion before it had reached the dividing rock.

In the evening a finer and fuller illumination of St. Peter's took place than on the previous week. This is one of those sights of which the reality surpasses all previous imagination. An illumination is always beautiful, but the enormous size of St. Peter's makes it sublime. The defects of the building are lost, and only its majestic outlines are traced in horizontal and perpendicular lines of fire. It looks like a glorified

and transfigured structure —such as paints itself upon the mind's eye after reading Bunyan's description of the New Jerusalem—all made of light, and rising up to the sound of celestial music. The two points from which the illumination is seen to the greatest advantage are, the piazza in front of the church and the Pincian Hill. From the former, the magnificent spectacle is viewed in all its details and dimensions. Little is left for the imagination, but everything is addressed to the eye, that, bathed in a flood of soft light, in which the whole space embraced within the colonnades is as bright as a noonday sun, runs over with the keenest satisfaction the glowing lines which charm without dazzling. But when viewed from the Pincian Hill, the effect is quite different. The imagination is impressed in proportion as the eye loses. The luminous dome becomes an aërial vision, floating between heaven and earth—an arrested meteor—which throws upon the dark sky the crimson light of a conflagration. The tremulous movement given to the flames of the lamps by the wind adds greatly to the effect. It seems as if a shower of stars had fallen upon the building, and were yet quivering and trembling with the shock. It was altogether like an exquisite vision—something not of the earth; and had we seen the radiant mystery slowly mounting upward and passing into the sky, it would have seemed no more than its natural and appropriate close.

CHAPTER XXII.

Excursions to Frascati and Tivoli.

EXCURSION TO FRASCATI.

If the immediate neighbourhood of Rome is deficient in that beauty and variety which are so conspicuous at Naples and at Florence, an ample equivalent is found in the noble ranges of mountains that encircle the Campagna on the south and east. That fine assemblage of rounded heights, table-lands, valleys, lakes, and sloping declivities, familiarly known by the comprehensive name of the Alban Mount, is a bounteous gift of Providence, for which a lover of Nature, living in Rome, should offer up perpetual thanksgivings. It is not of the family of those lower ranges of the Apennines which are seen beyond and on each side of it, but is of volcanic origin; and it seems to have been added as a special grace and crowning charm to a landscape already rich in the elements of beauty and grandeur. It is of an egg-like shape—the sides being nearly parallel to the course of the Tiber—about sixteen miles in length and twelve in breadth. It rises up like an island from the green plain of the Campagna, as it once emerged from the level of that sea which at a remote period occupied the whole Agro Romano. Its most elevated point is about three thousand feet high. It is covered with towns and villages; its whole population amounting to about forty thousand, who are mostly engaged in agriculture. They have a good reputation with those who have lived among them. They are said to be a courteous yet manly race; clinging to old customs and old costumes; with a taste for enjoyment which survives the pressure of that poverty and severe toil that is the hopeless lot of many of them. At

certain seasons of the year the whole region swarms with artists, who find there an inexhaustible variety of woodland and mountain scenery, together with picturesque dresses and fine figures and faces. The rich volcanic soil invites and rewards a careful cultivation. On the warm sunny slopes which border on the Campagna the vine and olive flourish luxuriantly: extensive tracts are also employed in the raising of garden vegetables. The peach, the apple, the pear, the plum, and the cherry, all find congenial soil and climate. Higher up the chestnut thrives, whose fruit, as every one knows, is an important part of the food of the rural population of Italy. Still higher are forests of oak and pine, where the woodman's axe rings through the glades, and the fires of the charcoal-burners gleam at night. It is now and has ever been a favourite place of retreat from the heats of Rome. Here the Pope has his summer palace, and here are a large number of the sumptuous villas of the Roman nobles.

The Alban Mount is also full of historical and legendary interest. The Latin tribe, one of the constituent elements of the Roman people, had here its seat. Upon the highest peak of the range was the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, where all the tribes of Latin blood, the Romans included, met every year to worship; and where the victorious generals of the republic repaired to offer praises and acknowledgments. In these mountain glens, undoubtedly, most of that ballad literature of Rome, the loss of which Macaulay so eloquently laments, and so successfully restores, had its origin. Nor need the scholar be reminded that this is the scene of the most original and vigorous portions of the Æneid of Virgil; nor how the genius of the poet, which rather languidly recounts the traditions borrowed from Greece, wakes to new life when he feels his feet upon his own soil, and deals with Latin names and Latin legends.

To this Alban Mount, in exploring which many weeks might be profitably and agreeably spent, I could only give two days. I left Rome on the second day of April, after an

early breakfast, and arrived at Frascati some time before noon. We were a party of five, and I can only say of my companions that, had I had the power of making a selection from among all my friends, I could hardly have chosen better. Among them the arts of sculpture, painting, poetry, and music were worthily represented, and there was a common fund of frankness, good-humour, animal spirits, and love of nature, from which all drew in fair proportions. One of them possessed the convenient accomplishment of a perfect acquaintance with the Italian language. Thus companioned, as I drove to the excellent inn at Frascati, on a fine breezy morning in spring, under a sky of the loveliest blue, with nature bursting into bloom and bud all around, and in the midst of a landscape to which Cicero, Virgil, and Livy had given dignity and beauty, I felt that I had much to see and much to remember.

We first went into the grounds of the Villa Conti, which lie near the inn. These are not among the most famous or the most extensive of those at Frascati, but in them nature has not been so elaborately dressed and decorated as in some others, and they therefore retain more of the charm of simplicity, and are also in good condition. There is a thick plantation of fine old trees in the rear of the casino, which stand close together and form an impenetrable shield of foliage, upon which the fierce rays of an Italian summer sun beat in vain; and in the very heart of the grove is a mimic lake of pure water, not much bigger than a signet-ring, gathered into a marble basin, upon which, even at noon, a broad shadow is flung from the verdurous wall reared around it. There is nothing here very elaborate or costly; and yet all the needs and requirements of a summer retreat in a hot climate seem to be fully met. The trees were oaks, cypresses, and pines, the foliage of which is massive and dark; and the shadows they formed were so deep and solid, that the eye seemed to be looking into the hollow of a cavern, or the aisle of a cathedral, rather than into a woodland alley. The luxury of such shadows and such fine sparkling water may well be imagined in those in-

tolerable days of August, when the sky that bends over the Campagna is turned into a vault of glowing brass, and the sun into a fiery dragon that eats up every green thing.

After lunching at the inn we took a donkey-excursion to the remains of Tusculum, about two miles distant, occupying the summit of the hill on the lowest spurs of which Frascati is situated. The road led through woodlands and pastures, not unlike some portions of New England, and opened widening prospects as we ascended. Here are many interesting ruins, especially the remains of a theatre, most of the seats of which were hewn from the living rock, as was often the case with such structures among the ancients.

It is difficult, however, for any one to waste a look upon a dead ruin upon a spot from which so living and glorious a landscape may be seen. On one side are Rome, crowned with the dome of St. Peter's, and the Campagna, a motionless sea of green, which imperceptibly flows into the living blue of the Mediterranean. On the opposite side are the Alban Valley, traversed by the Via Latina, the wooded crest of Monte Pila, the Camp of Hannibal, the convent on Monte Cavi, and the ridge of Alba Longa—a landscape as exhilarating from its variety and picturesque contrasts as that towards Rome is impressive from its vastness and monotony.

On our way back we paid a visit to the Villa Rufinella, which is splendidly situated on the summit of a hill, and commanding a prospect hardly inferior to that from the site of Tusculum. The lawn in front and the portico contained many works in marble, more or less dilapidated, which had been found in the neighbourhood, and not deemed worthy of being transferred to a more ambitious museum. In the grounds is a quaint horticultural toy, which would have seemed pretty enough if done by children, but is hardly worthy of men and women. Along the slope of a gentle hill the names of the most celebrated poets of all nations are traced in boxwood, and are still distinctly legible in living green, though grown a little out of proportion. This villa was unoccupied except by

a steward or bailiff, who looked after the grounds and received the visitors.

On our return to Frascati we visited the most celebrated of its villas, the Villa Aldobrandini. Erected during the latter part of the sixteenth century by Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, nephew of Pope Clement VIII., under the superintendence of Giacomo della Porta, it stands as a most striking memorial of the great resources held by the ecclesiastical nobility of that age, and the magnificent style in which they were used. It is situated on the sloping side of a hill, and the architect has been happy in the adaptation of his structure to the character of its site; but the building itself has little beauty of outline or proportion. The same may be said of all the villas of Frascati. They belong to the dark days of art; and when we consider the rich capabilities of their situations and the great expense lavished upon many of them, we cannot but wonder that even then so little architectural invention was displayed upon them, and that so little architectural beauty has been the result. They are open to the general criticism of wanting character and expression. What would not Palladio have done with such spots to build upon and such fortunes to build with?

The Villa Aldobrandini has long been celebrated for its waterworks, in which that element, under the guidance of Fontana's fantastic genius, was made to play a variety of tricks, as unlike its natural movements as are the contortions of a rope-dancer to the bounding grace of a wood-nymph. Among other things, there was in the gardens a statue of Pan with a pipe of reeds, and of a satyr with a trumpet, and each, by the action of water, was made to emit a sound similar to that of the instrument he carried. The peculiar situation of Frascati encouraged, and perhaps helped to form, a taste for these costly playthings in water, for which the cravings created by a hot climate offer the best apology. Placed on the lower spurs and terraces of a succession of hills, from which copious and rapid streams of water were constantly flowing, the hy

draulic artist found here in the highest perfection the two great elements of his calling—an abundance of water and a sufficient head or projectile force. The element became in his hands the most docile of slaves. He could make it leap in sheaves of foam and obelisks of silver, trip down cascades of marble, or repose upon couches of turf. It was seen in conjunction with grandeur and with quaintness, but rarely with simplicity or good taste. The Villa Aldobrandini has of late years been seldom occupied, and its elaborate and expensive structures are slowly going to decay. The diminished incomes and simpler tastes of our day are not in unison with establishments upon so grand a scale, which, descending, as they often do, to impoverished families, must be a source of anything but agreeable reflections and associations. What greater vexation can there be than to inherit an immense palace or villa with an income insufficient to live in it, and made insufficient mainly by means of the expense incurred in its erection? Such structures are often the graves and the monuments of buried fortunes, and their magnificence serves as a scale by which we can measure the difference between ancient ambition and present decay.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we summoned once more our faithful friends the donkeys, and took up our line of march for Albano. It was a bright, sparkling spring morning, and the early dew yet hung upon the grass, and thin straggling vapours crept over the plain of the Campagna. We first paid a visit to the Villa Muti, where Cardinal York lived, and which is now let by the season. There is nothing very remarkable in the architecture or embellishments of this villa, but its situation is fine and the grounds are prettily laid out, though over the whole there hangs an air of neglect—that careless and slipshod look which tells that the master's eye is withdrawn. As one of our party was in treaty for a suite of rooms in this villa, we went over the interior and examined it with a tenant's disparaging eye. What we saw is very easily described: a large number of immense rooms, generally opening

into each other, with little or no furniture, and no great promise of that indefinable blessing, comfort. Many of the floors were paved with tiles or brick, like the hearth of a country farm-house; and some of them with a diversity of surface like a rolling prairie on a small scale. The great luxury was in space, and of this there was enough and to spare. There were drawing-rooms in which a general conversation could hardly be kept up except by the aid of speaking-trumpets. It seemed to me that the whole family of Priam might have been stowed away in this villa. It is well enough in summer, though even then a magnetic telegraph would be a "real blessing" to housekeepers, but in winter such a congress of great stone barns under one roof must be forlorn enough.

After leaving this villa we entered upon a beautiful sylvan region overshadowed with fine oaks and chestnuts, and brightened with a luxuriant growth of flowers and flowering shrubs. I was struck, as I had been on the previous day, with the resemblance which the scenery bore to some of the woodland tracts of our own country. There was the same light and airy outline to the branches, the same delicate tinge of yellow in the green of the foliage, the same tangled variety of growth, and the same look of unpruned and unchecked development. It was a tract of honest wildwood, and not a park run to seed; and Romulus and Remus could not have picked flowers or gathered nuts upon the lap of a more genuine nature. And yet I trust it will not be deemed unpatriotic to say that no forest that waves over the Mississippi could have the charm that hallowed these venerable woods. The centuries of history and tradition that have passed over these green patriarchs have carved memorials upon their trunks and mingled airy voices with the rustlings of the breeze. We look upon every landscape, partly with the natural eye, and partly with the eye of the mind. We see more than the painter can transfer to his canvas. No Western prairie shines with the light of Marathon or Runnymede; and the poetry of Virgil and the legends of Livy deepen the shadows of these forest-aisles

of Frascati, and touch their domes of foliage with spiritual gleams.

Our first resting-place was the monastery of monks of the Greek order of St. Basilio, at Grotta Ferrata. Bristling with towers and surrounded with a ditch, it has more the air of a fortress than of a monastery; but its style of architecture is well suited to its situation; for its frowning aspect is the more impressive from its contrast with the sylvan region, thickly wooded with elms and planes, above which it rises. The great attraction of this monastery consists in a series of seven frescoes by Domenichino, in the chapel; the subjects of which are taken from the legendary life of St. Nilus, its founder. So far as a hurried examination of these works enabled me to judge, they seemed of great merit, and not a jot below their high reputation. They do not beat down the mind with superhuman power, like the frescoes of Michael Angelo; nor fill it with visions of celestial beauty, like those of Raphael. Domenichino was neither a giant nor a seraph. But these works at once delight the taste and satisfy the critical judgment. Their conspicuous excellence consists in their loyalty to truth. There is nothing in them that is false, extravagant, or affected; nothing theatrical, distorted, or violent. The expressions and attitudes are such as the subject demands. There is no crowding, hurrying, or jostling in the groups, but every figure has room enough, and moves and breathes freely. Charles Lamb said of Middleton, that he was a prose Shakespeare. It may be said of Domenichino, that he was a prose Raphael. Up to a certain point the two move together. In correctness of drawing, dramatic truth of expression, purity of colour, accuracy of observation, good judgment, and good taste, they are alike. So long as both remain upon the earth, they keep side by side. But as, in the 'Hermit' of Parnell, the strange youth at length puts on the beaming port of an angel, and soars out of sight of his kneeling companion, so does Raphael's genius leave the earth on angelic wings and move in celestial regions of light and beauty, towards

which his successor can only turn an upward and aspiring gaze.

After leaving Grotta Ferrata we came in a few moments to Marino, a town finely situated on a hill, and looking very inviting as a place of summer retreat. Hence we passed into a deep glen, beautifully wooded with noble trees—memorable as the place of meeting of the Latin tribes, where the brave and rash Turnus Herdonius came to his death by the arts of Tarquin the Proud. A more inviting spot for a deliberative assemblage could hardly be found. However numerous the delegations, there would be seats enough for all, nor could they ever be called upon to consider those embarrassing questions of ventilation which have so sorely perplexed the legislative wisdom of Great Britain. We found the valley occupied neither by warriers nor statesmen, but by groups of women engaged in the peaceful employment of washing linen in the very stream in which, as Livy relates, the Latin chieftain was drowned. It was a pretty sight; the unbonneted heads and picturesque dresses of the women blending well with the scenery around them; while the homely associations usually belonging to such household duties were somewhat relieved by the sparkling purity of the running waters, the bending foliage, and the blue sky.

The road from Marino to Castel Gandolfo, winding around the Alban lake and overshadowed by noble forests, and with fine views of the heights on the opposite side, is one of such varied beauty that the pleasure of passing over it only once is alloyed by the thought that it is not to be traversed a second time. The Pope's villa at Castel Gandolfo is a comparatively modest mansion, as if the architect had been thinking more of the apostolic than of the princely character of the tenant, and erected a house for the priest and not a palace for the sovereign. Not far from it is a villa belonging to a member of the Torlonia family, more to be coveted than any of the splendid structures at Frascati; for its situation is beautiful and commanding, looking down upon the lake and lying open

to all the mountain winds; and it had, besides, an inviting aspect of comfort and habitableness. Leaving these villas on the right, we skirted for some time the wooded banks of the lake in search of a convenient resting-place, and, having found one, we came to a halt, having by this time earned an appetite for a frugal lunch of bread, cheese, oranges, and wine, which we procured from an osteria in the neighbourhood.

This lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Italy or anywhere else. It is about six miles in circumference, and fills up the crater of an extinguished volcano. Its form is nearly circular, and its outline as symmetrical as if shaped by the hand of art. The character of a small lake is determined by its banks, as the expression of an eye largely depends upon the eyebrow and superciliary ridge. A piece of water, of the size of the Alban lake, encompassed with flat, tame banks overgrown with scrubby fringes of underbrush, would have no other beauty than that derived from the sky, from the floating clouds that cast their reflections into its tranquil depths, or from the winds that break up its surface and give it the grace of motion. But the frame or socket in which the waters of the Alban lake are set is the most beautiful possible. It is a cup-shaped hollow, and its steep and high banks are covered with a noble growth of stately trees, that would give dignity to the flat sides of a muddy canal. The banks in some places are almost as perpendicular as the sides of a well. A landscape-painter might study here to great advantage two important elements of his art, the character of foliage and the effect of shadows upon water. In the round of mountain and forest which clasped this lovely lake there was not the least touch of tameness, but everywhere the richly-wooded and precipitous banks had the same striking and expressive aspect. There was nothing to be seen which recalled man and his works; no intrusive structure, no sail, no boat, no angler's rod; but all was mountain solitude, primeval stillness, and uninvaded nature. Beauty so solemn,

loneliness so profound, the power stamped upon the grand old hills, and the gentleness and peace breathed over the unruffled lake, made up a scene which could only be described by the hackneyed epithet of unearthly. The mind seemed prepared for, almost to expect, communications from some sources higher than itself, and the mood which came over it recalled and explained the fine visions of Greek mythology. In the childhood of time it was natural to people such scenes with forms more majestic and more lovely than those which are born of woman. Such woods and such waters seemed imperfect till they were made the habitations of beings exempt from mortal infirmities and mortal decay.

We left this beautiful spot with regret, and, taking up our line of march along the road which leads from Castel Gandolfo to Albano, we arrived at the latter place early in the afternoon. We did not remain there long enough to see any of the sights usually shown to travellers, but long enough to draw about us that universal nuisance of Italy, a swarm of clamorous beggars. We amused ourselves, while waiting for the carriage, with bringing this irregular army into discipline; compelling them to hold their tongues and arranging them in a line according to stature, and then rewarding them with a distribution of baiocchi. They entered into the spirit of the joke quite readily, and there was much hearty laughing on both sides; but there was no trace among them of the sense of shame; and in their sparkling eyes of brown and black there was not the slightest shadow of self-reproach. We drove back to Rome in the glow of a fine sunset, which bathed every object in a most appropriate and becoming light.

EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

Our excursion to Frascati had been so agreeable that we resolved upon another to Tivoli. We left Rome early in the morning by the Porta San Lorenzo, and drove by the basilica

of the same name, and soon after passed the rounded heights crowned by the ruins of the Torre di Schiavi. It was a fine morning, and the Campagna, robed in the freshness of early spring, never looked more lovely. About twelve miles from Rome there is a spot still subject to that volcanic action once so powerful throughout this whole region. The road crosses an artificial stream strongly impregnated with sulphur, which is betrayed not only by the peculiar colour of its steaming waters, but by the odours, other than Sabæan, with which the air is far and wide filled. The lake, or pool, which this canal drains, lies about a mile to the left of the road, and is well known to ciceroni and travellers, from the masses of vegetable matter which float upon its surface, and give it its name of the Lake of the Floating Islands. Its bituminous waters, strongly charged with sulphur and alum, are of an unusual specific gravity, so that the dust and light substances which the wind blows upon the surface are there arrested and slowly massed together into a compact crust. When this crust is broken up, as by a heavy storm, the detached fragments sooner or later drift towards the shore, which they thus gradually enlarge, contracting the space occupied by the waters. By this process, its circumference, formerly a mile in extent, is now only about fourteen hundred feet. Just before reaching this Solfatara canal, as it is called, the road passes near a pond, or rather a space in which the solid and liquid seem to be contending for possession of the soil, for the waters, strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime, are gradually depositing a calcareous crust by which their own bed is constantly contracted, and will eventually wholly disappear. This calcareous deposit forms the travertine so much used in the buildings of Rome, and the scene carried back the thoughts to those periods, so remote that the imagination can hardly grasp the interval, when the stones of St. Peter's and the Colosseum were held in solution by sheets of water like this. The reeds and rushes, which grow in great profusion on the margin of the pond, become in time encrusted with this stony deposit, and, the vege-

table core being destroyed, they take the form of pipe-stems or petrified macaroni.

A short distance beyond the canal the road crosses the Anio, now the Teverone, by the Ponte Lucano, a Roman bridge of massive construction. At the end of the bridge, on the left, is the tomb of Plautius Lucanus, a round tower, built of travertine, essentially similar to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, though of smaller dimensions. The men who built the bridge and reared the monument probably knew and cared very little about what we call the picturesque, and yet the two, in combination, make an architectural picture so pleasing that they look as if they had been placed where they are on purpose to be painted. The inevitable eye of Poussin detected the capabilities of this spot, and its structures reappear in one of his most celebrated landscapes.

The entrance to the remains of Hadrian's Villa is about a mile and a half from the bridge. They belong to the Duke of Braschi, and no one is admitted without his written permission, which, however, is freely given. A large farm-house is near the gate, which we found strongly barred, and it was not opened till our credentials had been carefully examined.

The readers of Coleridge's poetry will remember the gorgeous procession of images which passed through his brain when he had fallen asleep under the influence of opium, just as he was reading this passage from Purchas's Pilgrimage—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall." These words would fall short of the wonders of Hadrian's Villa, a magnificent creation of power and wealth, to which there is nothing in occidental history, at least, which can serve as a parallel. The Roman emperor, after many years of care and conquest, with a marked taste for architecture, and with the resources of the whole civilized world at his command, resolved to surround his declining life with reproductions of all the striking objects which he had seen in the course of his world-wide wanderings. He

selected for the site of this gigantic enterprise a spot singularly favourable to his objects. It was a range of gently undulating hills, of about three miles in extent, with a natural boundary, formed in part by a winding valley, and partly by walls of rock. On the east it was overlooked by the wooded heights of the Sabine Mountains; and on the west it commanded a view of the Campagna and the Eternal City, whose temples and obelisks, relieved against the golden sky of sunset, must have soothed the mind of its imperial master with thoughts of duties performed and of repose earned by toil. The natural inequalities and undulations of the site, which furnished heights, plains, valleys, and glens, aided and lightened the tasks of the architect and the landscape gardener. The emperor is said to have enclosed a space of eight or ten miles in circuit, so that, if the statement were true, the villa and its appurtenances occupied an area greater than that of Pompeii. Here he set to work with armies of labourers and mountains of gold, and in an incredibly short space of time the ground was covered with an amazing number of costly and extensive structures, which had risen like exhalations from the soil. Besides the imperial palace, there were a library, an academy, a lyceum, numerous temples, one or more theatres, a covered walk or portico, and spacious barracks for the accommodation of the Prætorian guards. Besides these, a glen through which a stream flowed was made into a miniature likeness of the vale of Tempe; a flowery plain was called by the name of the Elysian Fields; and an immense cavern, filled with sunless waters, recalled the gloom of Tartarus.

A general plan, embracing such numerous details and executed with such hot haste, could not have been entirely successful unless under the control of the most unerring taste, and it may well be doubted whether the villa of Hadrian, when completed, did not present more points for wonder than admiration. Castellan, an intelligent French traveller, who visited the ruins at the close of the last century, when they were much more perfect than they are now, and who seems to

have studied them with much more attention, remarks that the buildings were neither skilfully nor tastefully disposed. Circular and rectangular forms were brought together in incongruous juxtaposition; the sharp or obtuse angle of one structure obtruded upon another; and opposite lines of building were not parallel. The whole had the air of a labyrinth, and was stamped with the impress of a fantastic and not a pure taste. The various parts were capriciously distributed, like the plans of an architect which the wind had blown off the table and scattered at random over the floor.

The ruins, at the present time, seen hastily and without the interpretation of an intelligent guide, are a confused mass of decay, revealing very little of their former destination or structure. We still see walls which were reared above the soil, and excavations which were made below it; and many shapeless fragments are strewed along its surface; but there is not enough left to reconstruct the past, and hardly to give name and identity to what we know was once there. A considerable portion of the space formerly occupied by the villa is now under cultivation, and nature, aided by a soft sky and a productive soil, has been busy in healing the gaping wounds of time, and covering unsightly ruin with a mantle of bloom and beauty. The raw brick or stone is rarely to be seen, but vines, trailing plants, grass, and flowers, clasp and crown the fragments which are yet standing; and the places of arched substructions are marked by rounded swells of soft green turf. In this way, what we lose through ignorance of details is made up by the stronger impression left by the whole. The life of nature is better than the dead bones of art. The whole scene is now a broad page, on which is stamped an impressive lesson of the vanity of human wishes. The great emperor, even while his last workmen were gathering up their tools to depart, was attacked by a mortal disease; and seventy years after his death Caracalla began the work of spoliation by carrying off its most costly marbles to decorate the baths, whose ruins are in turn monuments to his name in Rome. A recent French

traveller states that a species of syringa; which Hadrian brought from the East and planted here, still sheds its fragrance over these ruins; this delicate and fragile flower, a part of the perennial life of Nature, remaining faithful to the emperor's memory, while stone, marble, and bronze have long since betrayed their trust.

From Hadrian's Villa to Tivoli the road is on a steep ascent, and passes through a grove of olive-trees, some of which are of great age.* We drove to the hotel which bears the classic

* In the *Artist's and Amateur's Magazine* is a series of papers called 'A Few Years' Residence in Italy.' In one of these is a graphic description of the olive, which, as the work in which it appeared is little known, will be almost "as good as manuscript."

"On arriving at the foot of the acclivity it was necessary to dismount; and as we wound round and crept slowly up the beautiful height upon which Albano stands, my companion whistling to the horse, chanting to himself, and shouting to the broad blue sky over our heads, smacking the whip and sometimes cutting away at the butterflies, grasshoppers of a finger's length, and the lizards of all colours, I was for the first time struck with the peculiar character, variety of form, and colour of the olive. I had observed them in abundance at Florence, and in the neighbourhood of Rome, but I had not seen any like those which lined one side of the road leading to this pretty little city.

"The peculiar character of the trees upon this spot consists in their extremely antique, grotesque, and fantastic character. Upon first sight of them the shape and look of their trunks suggest the idea of the human character. A number of strange forms of men appear before you, wearing long beards and garments cut in the fashion of other ages. Some stand in bending postures, or rest their arms upon staffs, or other supports of an uncouth form; others recline upon stony or verdant couches, kneel upon the ground, or are grouped in pairs, their limbs oddly joined, and their position and action indicative of some sentiment. Sometimes you will see one standing in the midst of others with the action of an orator making an harangue, one arm put forth and the other holding or hid in the drapery, while the hearers assume different characters of sentiment and expression. Then again you will see pairs of venerable people sitting upon the earth or upon green banks, deeply engaged in some matter, discussing warmly, or sedately, or whispering confidentially. The colour of their trunks very much assists the imagination, since patches of moss often contribute to give character, as it is seen upon the bare naked gray of the formed and deformed masses.

"There is a kind of supernatural look attending a grove of olives—a

name of La Sibilla, in the grounds of which are the remains of that graceful Corinthian temple which has probably sat for its likeness more often than any building on earth. Ten of

visionary, uncertain something — occasioned by the skeleton-like and half-human shapes of the long pendent, bare twigs, and the fantastically bent arms and branches; and this impression is very much strengthened by the quality of the colour, and the prevailing sobriety, and somewhat melancholy tone which prevails. The thick haze of leaves and twigs tempers the lightest sunshine; and while light is admitted, it is so broken, that no deep or abrupt shadows are seen, or bright patches of light admitted. Every object is of a vague and indistinct character, lit by a mysterious kind of illumination—a gray mixture of light and darkness.

"An olive wood must have suggested to Dante the idea of the souls imprisoned in the trunks and branches of the trees, who suffered and lamented when they were broken or touched.

"It is said of this singular and prolific tree that a full crop once in ten years repays the farmer for all the care and pains he bestows upon it, and that it will live a thousand years. It springs up spontaneously, and renews itself without attention or trouble, and is found in all the rocky elevations in the country, and even in the plains; although in the wide and open pianura of the Abruzzi it is nowhere to be met with. It gives a peculiar character to the country wherever it grows; its soft, feathery foliage, and its peculiar colour contrast strongly with every other verdant thing about it, and mix in a graceful and harmonious manner with the forms and colours of the rock, the earth, and the vegetation generally. Nobody has painted the olive. Gaspar Poussin, who lived in its tender shadow, was ungrateful to it, and never bestowed the attention upon it which its various beauties deserve. Nobody has represented it better, but he has not done it justice. In some respects it is as dark as the cypress; in others it is a silvery plume; in some states, a rich golden green, vivacious and effective; in others, a soft leafy shadow, or a cloud hovering over the side of the mountain, its form indefinite and its place unfixed. In itself it appears to know no change, is always green and flourishing, and ever laden with its fruit—some member or other of its family. You may strip it when you will, early or later, or, if you leave its fruit to hang until it turn black as jet, which it does, it gives out a flavour of a new kind, makes the purest oil, or may be dried, and so kept for use. When it has stood out ages of productiveness, has become venerable, and shows symptoms of having been touched by time, it still suggests no notion of decay, for its freshness continues; and the vigorous shoots that spring up and unite, and add their strength to the parent stock, promise support and duration for ever. The old and the new are so assimilated and mixed in one character, that the changes of season are never seen to affect it. The young leaf of the coming year pushes gently off that of the past, while the new-born blossoms

the eighteen columns of travertine which once surrounded the cell are still remaining; and these, happily, form an unbroken series, and are turned in the right direction. The building, when perfect, placed anywhere, would have been an elegant structure, and its remains have formed a most satisfactory ruin; but no fabric of man's hands ever owed more to its situation. No architect in his dreams ever dropped a building upon a more appropriate spot. It hangs upon the gray cliff which it crowns as gracefully as the rose hangs upon its stalk. The relation between the temple and the rock is like that between the capital and the shaft: each seems to require the other as its complement. Nature and art never worked together more harmoniously; and to call the combination merely picturesque is to do it injustice. It is a picture which requires nothing to be added to or taken from it to make it perfect.

Forsyth has truly said, that "Tivoli cannot be described; no true portrait of it exists; all views alter and embellish it; they are poetical translations of the matchless original." It owes its most striking attractions to that cause which is so efficient, not only in the creation of natural beauty, but of material wealth—the sudden passage of a stream of water from one level to another; which in our country has given us Niagara and Lowell, Trenton Falls and Rochester. The river Anio or Teverone, flowing through the lateral openings of mountain ranges, is swollen in its course by several smaller streams, and approaches Tivoli, where the highlands come to a full stop and the lines of the landscape pass by sharp angles and sudden turns into the level of the Campagna, in a deep and

play, surround and hang in tender companionship with the matured fruit. The soil appears to influence, in a most extraordinary manner, this singular tree; in some parts it grows to the height and magnitude of a large elm, in others it is stunted to a massive bush; in some specimens the trunk is bulky and the branches gnarled and thick, with long pendent tresses of slender thin-leaved twigs; in others its character is a slender shrub, with stems and branches green, and yielding kindly to the softest breeze; but in every state it is abundantly prolific."

rapid current. In its haste to overleap the steeply inclined plane which lies between its upper bed and the calm sea of verdure below, it breaks into a variety of smaller streams which plunge and hurry over the rocky barriers, like a company of soldiers who, in the confusion of a retreat, abandon their orderly arrangement and continuous movement; each individual making his escape, as best he may. In the Campagna below, all the broken fragments are reunited; and the river, after a tranquil flow of a few miles, empties into the Tiber; like a wild youth who, after a short course of tumult and resistance, subsides into a sober man of business.

The Anio, like the Italian rivers generally, is a mischievous stream, liable to sudden and great increase; thereby causing much damage to the works of man. To prevent this, the skill of engineering has bridled and guided its wild energy. In consequence of a formidable flood which took place in 1826, a new tunnel was cut through Monte Catillo for the principal stream, which had previously fallen over a massive wall, built by Sixtus V. into the Grotto of Neptune, directly below the Temple of the Sibyl. This grotto, a deep cavernous hollow, once the spot from which the leaping and foaming waters were seen to the greatest advantage, described by a thousand travellers, and sketched by a thousand artists, has lost the attractions of the living stream, and can only show its deserted bed. But it is well worth visiting to see the marks which the rending, cutting, and scooping action of the waters has left upon their rocky channel—the sharp edges, the rounded hollows, the irregular lines and jagged points—the results of passionate elemental conflict—all in the heart of a populous town, and accessible by an artificial path which a lady might trip down in a ball dress without tearing her satin slippers. A rich growth of shrubbery blooms along the sides of the cliffs, the lively green of which stands in fine contrast with the dark gray rocks below. Here, too, may be observed the successive layers of deposit formed by the calcareous waters of the Anio, similar in character to the older rock from which its primitive

bed was hewn. One of the lions of the place is a hollow mould in the travertine, left by a cart-wheel, the spokes and circle of which had been decomposed after the stony covering had been formed around them. From the same region, an iron crow-bar has been extracted from the solid rock, left there by a Roman quarry slave; or perhaps by a Sicanian labourer who had been gathered to his fathers before Rome was founded.

The modern tunnel, through which the main current of the river is carried off, cut along the flanks of a hill opposite to the Temple of the Sibyl, is a skilfully designed and admirably constructed work. It is about a thousand feet in length, and has two parallel beds or troughs, separated by a narrow spine of rock, and so contrived that the water may be shut off from one of them, whenever there is need of examination and repair. The fall of water from the edge of the tunnel is about eighty feet in height. The whole effect is fine, in spite of the prosaic element of artificialness. A stream of pure water rushing with arrowy swiftness over an inclined floor of rock, and breaking into a snowy sheet of foam, has an essential beauty derived from colour, form, and movement. A mass of clear water, flowing as rapidly as is possible without breaking the surface, is one of the most animating of natural objects; for though the same spectacle is revealed to the sight, yet the ever-changing particles of the stream stir the mind with images of succession and variety, and the whole is an illustration of the course of history or of human life—a uniform web woven of innumerable individual experiences.

Besides this main channel, there are several lateral and divergent streams which, at their own sportive will, leap over the rocks in sheets, or lines of foam, forming a succession of cascades known by the name of Cascatelle. Of these, the finest in picturesque effect are those which flow from the broken arches of an immense ruin called the Villa of Mæcenas, which, if that were its true designation, must have been large enough in its perfect state to have accommodated a hundred irritable poets and kept them far enough apart to prevent the possibility

of a quarrel. The dark red brick of the crumbling ruin, the dazzling white of the falling water, and the vivid green of the foliage which clothes the slopes of the hill and waves from the roof of the villa, produce the happiest combinations of colour and give to the landscape painter a subject which asks nothing from invention.

The above remarks comprise rather an inventory than a description of Tivoli. Verbal accounts or even pictorial sketches of its peculiar scenery are to the actual vision what the score of an opera is to the performance. Nor is this illustration so purely imaginative as it may seem; for in a landscape in which water forms so large a part, sound and motion are important elements which the artist can never reproduce. The pen or the pencil, too, may grapple successfully with details and isolated points, but neither can grasp the magic whole. To form a notion of Tivoli, we must imagine streams of falling water in all the forms which it can assume, leaping into hollows, gliding over inclined planes, or breaking into clouds of foam-dust, which glow with a thousand iridescent hues, smiting the eye with lines and points of metallic brightness. These streams must be fringed with trees and shrubs—compressed between walls of black and dripping rock carved and worn into innumerable fantastic shapes—and distributed all along the slopes of a rounded and semicircular hill; with such careful attention to details as if Nature had for once relaxed her stern and homely mood, and set herself to work to compose a perfect picture. Ruins must be set upon the very points where the eye asks for them. A general landscape of the noblest feature must be added; including a grand mountainous background, a wide horizon, and a broad plain into which, as into a sea of verdure, the jutting capes and headlands of the hill-side project. Touch the heights with the gray mists of an antiquity five hundred years older than Rome, and throw over the whole a purple light drawn from the poetry of Horace, Catullus, and Propertius—and the result will be a dream of Tivoli.

In the after part of the day we paid a visit to the Villa d'Este, a building which, from its formal and elaborate magnificence, might stand as a representative of its whole class. Vast sums of money were lavished upon its waterworks, its terraces, its stiff plantations, and its broad flights of steps. It is now uninhabited and falling to decay; but the garden—with its pines, cypresses, and avenues of box, left by their unpruned growth to form an "obsolete prolixity of shade"—still retains a melancholy charm; and from the casino a wide and lovely landscape is commanded. I am almost afraid to confess all the admiration I feel for these stately Italian gardens—in which the earth is made a foundation for verdurous architecture, and walls and columns are hewn from the living green—which, with their vases, statues, and smoothly-levelled floors, are like magnificent drawing-rooms open to the sky. The Villa d'Este seemed to be in an easily reparable state. Why has not English wealth and English whim invaded a spot of such capabilities with scythe, hatchet, and paint-brush, cleared away the rubbish, beautified the halls, trimmed the shrubberies, set the fountains playing, and made the whole habitable and uninteresting?

CHAPTER XXIII.

Remarks on the Rural Population of the Papal States; especially as compared with that of New England.

THE various towns and villages upon the Alban Mount contain about as many inhabitants as the county of Berkshire, and it may not be unprofitable to consider for a few moments the points of resemblance and difference between them. Such a comparison will also serve to illustrate the respective conditions of the agricultural population of the South of Europe and of New England generally.

Between any two portions of the human family there are essential points of resemblance and indentity. There is the common mystery of birth and of death. The heart is torn by the same passions, and the moral sense assailed by the same temptations. The motive power is substantially similar, though external influences modify the course and direction which it communicates. In nine cases out of ten, the necessity of earning one's bread is the controlling impulse of life; and wherever this operates, it acts in much the same way and brings out similar qualities of mind and character. Upon Berkshire and the Alban Mount the light of civilization and Christianity alike rests, though not in equal degree. In both, the shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.

But when we descend to particulars, the points of difference are numerous and important. The inhabitants of the Alban Mount are, with very few exceptions, exclusively engaged in agricultural pursuits. Their whole circle of occupation begins and ends with the soil on which they tread. There are no manufacturing establishments at all, and very little of handicraft occupation of any kind. The few articles of foreign growth which the simple wants of the inhabitants require are

mostly supplied from Rome; so that there are very few shopkeepers, and those few of a humble class. As no new houses have been built within the memory of man, there is but a limited demand for mechanics. There are priests and physicians; but of the legal profession, at least in its higher departments, probably none. I have no means of ascertaining the population of the inhabitants of the Alban Mount, who are exclusively engaged in agricultural pursuits. Mrs. Graham, who spent three months in the mountains east of Rome, in the summer of 1819, and has published an interesting account of her experiences, states that in Poli, a town of thirteen hundred inhabitants, not far from Tivoli, in the Sabine hills, the only handicraftsmen were a carpenter, a blacksmith, a shoemaker, and a worker in leather for agricultural uses. Probably about the same proportion of mechanics would be found in the towns and villages of the Alban Mount; the rest being engaged in some department of agricultural toil.

When we come to look at the relation of man to the soil on which he dwells, there is also a marked difference. In Berkshire every farmer owns the land which he tills, and most men, whatever be their occupations, own the houses in which they dwell. This is by no means the case upon the Alban Mount. Here the fee of the soil belongs to some of the great families of Rome, or to some monastic establishment; and the occupants hold it, either upon leases for a certain time, paying a fixed rent, or enjoy a sort of qualified ownership, which is transmissible and inheritable, on payment of a ground-rent, like the tenants of the Van Rensellaer and other great estates in New York. These, however, form the exception and not the rule, for the greater part of the population are mere day labourers, whose families are crowded into the narrow streets of the towns, and are themselves employed by the great proprietors, especially the mercanti of the Campagna, in labours of cultivation. Those who enjoy the usufruct of the soil sometimes accumulate property, though their prosperity is somewhat dependent upon the liberality and patience of the pro-

prietors of whom they hold, for the rent which they pay is by no means nominal. Mrs. Graham states, that a farmer in Poli who cultivated a piece of land belonging, like most of the town, to the Duke of Sforza, paid by way of quit-rent a fifth of all the corn, and a fourth of all the pulse, wine, oil, &c. raised upon it; and she adds, that in bad years this was hard upon the cultivator.

There is also a difference in the employments of the female part of the population in the two regions we are comparing. In New England, no woman takes part in the out-of-door labours of husbandry, except perhaps occasionally at haying time. From the perfection to which manufacturing machinery has been carried, and the consequent cheapness of clothing, the sound of the spinning-wheel is now rarely heard in a New England farm-house; and only here and there in some secluded hamlet, is cloth woven for domestic consumption by the females of a household. But in the neighbourhood of Rome, as in Italy generally, the female part of the population share to a considerable extent in field labours, especially at the times of harvest and vintage; and in winter they ply the distaff and spindle and manufacture the coarse clothing, both woollen and linen, worn by their families. Were a scale of civilization graduated by the amount of labour done by women—putting our North American Indians, whose women do all the work, at the zero point—our country would stand at the stop. We have a right to be proud of the general consideration paid to woman among us, and of the lighter tasks assigned to her in the common struggle for subsistence. No American abroad can look with any composure upon a woman toiling in the sun with a hoe or a sickle in her hand. The effect of these out-of-door labours is fatal to the grace of the female form and the beauty of the female face, and it is rare to find a good-looking woman in the peasant classes of Europe, except among the young.

When we pass from the substantial occupations of life to its amusements and entertainments, we find that those of Berkshire have a larger proportion of the intellectual element in

them and are more addressed to the mind. Every house has at least a shelf or a closet of books. Every head of a family takes one or more newspapers, and reading is an universal resource. All occasions, too, of public gathering are imperfect, unless the programme of the entertainment include something for the mind, in the shape of a political harangue, an occasional discourse, or a literary or scientific lecture. A fourth of July without an oration would be the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. A public dinner is nothing without the post-prandial speeches. There is some want of reflection in the strain of remark which we frequently hear upon the incapacity of the people of New England for amusement. "The sports of children satisfy the child." The grave and earnest character of our rural population forbids their taking pleasure in many forms of entertainment which excite and gratify the prolonged intellectual childhood of the peasantry of Europe.

The amusements of the people of the Alban Mount are generally unintellectual in their character, and address themselves to the senses. Such entertainments as lectures, discourses, and speeches are wholly unknown. Sermons and religious exhortations are mostly confined to the season of Lent. A considerable part of their stock of amusement comes from a source which seems odd enough to a New England man, and that is the church. The Romish Church, which providently employs all possible means for holding and retaining influence over the popular mind, takes care to gratify the national taste for brilliant spectacles. Every town and village has one or more saint's days, which are celebrated every year, and attended by the whole population of the neighbouring country. They take a local pride in these festivals, which call forth a strong spirit of emulation; each hamlet striving to make its own celebration the gayest and most attractive.

A popular amusement of the people of Albano—the running at the bucket—is thus described by Müller, a clever German writer, from whom I have before quoted. Two stout

posts, about nine feet high, wound round with leaves, are set up in the middle of the street about three feet apart. Upon these there rests a round transverse stick, passing through the two handles of a bucket or tub, which swings freely below. A peasant, by the aid of a ladder, fills the bucket with water, and dipping a piece of white paper with a black line upon it into the water, he sticks it on the side of the bucket. The persons who take part in the sport are mounted upon donkeys, and armed with stout staves pointed at the end with iron. The object of the game is to urge their beasts between the posts, and to hit the paper with the point of their staves—continuing their course so that the contents of the overturned bucket shall fall upon the ground behind them, or at least upon the haunches of the donkey. But to do all this requires skill and luck, and is rarely achieved. The rider must not only aim right, but at the same time manage his not very docile steed in such a way as to second his purpose. In general they contrive to hit the mark, but are not quick enough to escape the water. This is a modified form of success, but shouts of laughter greet the unlucky tilter who fails to strike the paper but succeeds in getting a ducking.

Another amusement described by Castellan, the French traveller, may be cited as characteristic of the tastes of the rural population near Rome, though he witnessed it at Tivoli, and not upon the Alban Mount. It is a coarse kind of blind-man's-buff, except that the players strive to catch a pig and not one another. A number of persons are wholly enveloped in sacks of thick linen cloth, which are gathered over the head, and tied in such a way as to form a sort of pad or cushion. These prevent the wearers not only from seeing but from running, and they are obliged to make progress by uncouth leaps. Holes are left for the arms to pass through, and each person holds a stick or club in his hand. When ready, these prisoners in sacks are arranged in a circle, and a pig, with a bell round his neck, is put into the centre. At this signal every man darts forward and moves in the direction of the bell; but at

the first impulse, half of them fall down. They tumble over each other, and in the confusion give and receive heavy blows. The pig is the prize of the person who first holds him in a firm grasp, or knocks him down with a stick. The poor animal, frantic with terror, rushes about among the sacks, and easily throws down the wearers by an unexpected shock; but his efforts to escape are frustrated by the outer circle of spectators, who drive him back, until the sport is closed by a lucky grasp or blow. The laughable effects and combinations of such a scene may easily be conceived. It is usual for the successful player to invite his competitors to an entertainment, at which the pig appears as the principal dish.

Neither of these sports is cruel or degrading, but they show a very unripe and boyish taste. A population of any manly maturity of mind and character, like even the peasantry of the Tyrol for instance, could never be brought to take any pleasure in either. It would surely be better for our people to have no taste at all for amusements, than to find satisfaction in such rough horse-play.

The industrious habits of the people of New England make the hours of daylight too valuable to be spent in frolic, except on rare occasions. Thus our amusements are, as a general rule, thrown into the evening. But just the reverse is the case upon the Alban Mount. Dancing, for instance, in some form or other, is a general pastime of the whole human family. We select, for that object, a winter evening and a well-lighted apartment, and add the accessories of an entertainment and the best music that can be had. But there the young men and women go out on a summer afternoon, and dance hour after hour under a tree—usually not more than one or two couples at a time—and to no other music than the sound of a tamborine. We value dancing not so much for itself as for the exhilarating glow which it diffuses, and the gayer tone of conversation to which it leads; but the Roman peasantry enjoy it for its own sake. They find pleasure in its mere movement, as children do in running about and

playing. Here it may be remarked, that our fashion of allowing young persons of different sexes to form parties together for amusement, without the parents, is not at all sanctioned by the customs of Italy, or indeed of Europe generally.

Of intellectual life, as we understand the word, there is not much among the inhabitants of the Alban Mount. Newspapers are rarely seen—which indeed is no great loss, for the journals printed at Rome under an ecclesiastical censorship are without life or interest—and literature and politics rarely form topics of conversation. The means of obtaining a certain amount of education are more generally diffused in the Papal States than is commonly supposed. The priests show a laudable zeal in giving the rudiments of knowledge to the young people under their charge, and there are in many places charity schools founded, at periods more or less remote, by benevolent persons. In most of the towns and villages there are public schools also, in which elementary instruction is given. There are probably not many parents so situated as not to be able to procure for their children the knowledge of reading and writing at least, by a little effort and a little sacrifice. The will is doubtless more wanting than the opportunity, but the quality and character of the education would not be deemed high, at least by a Protestant judgment. Here again I recur to the authority of Mrs. Graham. There was at Poli a charity school, founded some centuries ago by a lady of the Conti family, open to all the children of the place. The boys were taught reading, writing, and Latin and Italian grammar, but no arithmetic; the girls, reading, sewing, spinning and knitting. Religious instruction formed a large part of the whole. The Italian authors read were exclusively religious. "A short catechism, the Christian doctrine of Bellarmine, a history of the Bible, but not a chapter unprepared, and the lives of the saints, complete the studies of the school of Poli, and probably those of most of the free schools in Italy." The Italian Santa Croce, or Christ's-cross-row taught in the school at Poli, contained

prayers in Latin and Italian, a short catechism, and a mutilated form of the Decalogue; for the second commandment was omitted, and the tenth divided into two, so as to make the number of ten. How the ecclesiastics who published, and those who taught this edition of the commandments, could reconcile such a form of untruth to their consciences, may be left to some skilful casuist to settle. An Italian peasant might well be puzzled with the injunction against image worship contained in the second commandment, when compared with the practice of the Church.

The rural population of the Papal States are by no means without a taste for reading, but the direction in which that taste moves marks a difference between them and the people of New England. Here we have no such thing as a popular literature, addressing itself to a certain class exclusively, and found only among them. In our country towns, the clergyman and his parishioners, the doctor and his patients, the lawyer and his clients, all read the same books, and draw from them common topics of interest and discussion. A fair proportion also of the books read in New England farm-houses are works appealing to the reason and understanding; historical works; works in which questions in religion, politics, social economy, and education are treated; besides the great variety of miscellaneous subjects embraced in reviews and magazines. But in Italy, and indeed in many other parts of Europe, we find a popular literature so called —a class of books circulating among the rural population and the lower orders of the towns, cheaply printed on coarse paper, and generally written in some local dialect. These books are not found in the scholar's library, unless collected as a matter of curiosity, though some of them were written by educated men; nor, on the other hand, are the books which scholars read and rich men buy found in the peasant's cottage. The popular literature is exclusively poetical in its spirit, and generally takes the form of verse. The whole peninsula is very rich in works of this class, and a man of taste and indus-

try might, with no great pains, collect materials for an interesting book about them. The lively organization and excitable temperament of the Italians, and the abundant leisure, voluntary or enforced, which so many of them enjoy, make them take great delight in hearing romantic or humorous adventures, in prose or verse—especially the latter—read or recited. A person whose memory is stored with resources of this kind, is a welcome guest in every peasant's cottage, and he who is so fortunate as to possess a rude gift of improvisation—which is by no means uncommon among the lower classes—is followed and listened to as a popular speaker is with us. As this class of literature springs spontaneously from the common heart, it has fixed localities, like indigenous plants. Venice, Milan, Florence, Naples, Sicily, have songs, ballads, and narrative poems peculiar to themselves, though some of these have merit enough to overleap provincial barriers and become general favourites.

Rome, too, is the centre of a popular literature which circulates extensively throughout the neighbourhood. Its productions are numerous, and divided into several classes. The oldest among them are stories from the romances of chivalry, most of them drawn from the two great fountain-heads of romantic literature, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table and Charlemagne. Ancient mythology and history furnish the materials for another division, with which the legends of saints are sometimes strangely intermingled; and moral and religious subjects, and the adventures and miracles of holy men, are also a fruitful source of popular reading.

No books are more eagerly devoured by the people of Rome and its neighbourhood than stories of bandits, outlaws, and robbers. Indeed, the general heart of mankind seems to keep a corner of sympathy for offenders of this class; partly from admiration of their courage, and partly because they are supposed to spare the poor and strip the rich. These books, in general, have little of invention or literary merit of any kind; nor are they relieved by that vein of humour which

runs through the exploits of the English Robin Hood. They are, for the most part, made up of horrors and atrocities: teaching by inference the mischievous doctrine, that a life of crime and violence may be expiated by certain formal acts of devotion—especially if crowned by a death-bed repentance.

The Romans have also a number of satirical and humorous poems, written in their own local dialect, marked by a rich though coarse vein of humour, and reflecting the manners and characteristics of the common people with great fidelity. In Rome, and indeed throughout Italy, books recording the lives and sayings of famous jesters, are great favourites with the lower orders. Some of these are in prose and some in verse.*

Besides the above, there are to be found in the Papal States a great number of poems which are miscellaneous in their character, and not to be ranked under any particular class. Among them are tales in verse of pure invention, political and satirical ballads, versified proverbs and moral sayings, fables, and especially love-poems, which are more characterised by fire and passion than by tenderness or sentiment. The Italian language runs easily into the mould of verse. Every event in life which assumes the least consequence—a birth, wedding, or death in a noble family—a nun's taking the veil—the arrival of a distinguished stranger—a literary or scientific meeting—produces a luxuriant crop of sonnets and occasional verses, which pass away and are forgotten like the flowers which decorate a ball-room. This "fatal facility" of verse-making is also quite common among the lower orders, and every rural neighbourhood has its own indigenous growth of songs and ballads. The serenading lover that sings another's verses intersperses them with his own. The wandering minstrel or improvisatore that recites passages from Tasso or Pulci pieces out the defects of his memory with his own ready invention. Everywhere the voice breaks naturally into song, and everywhere the air vibrates to the touch of rhythm and measure.

Many of the tales in verse which are purely fictitious are of

* A good account of the popular literature of the Romans, with extracts, may be found in the Appendix to Mrs. Graham's work above mentioned.

Eastern origin, for the wild and wondrous character of Eastern romance suits the taste of the common people in Italy. They have no liking for dark and supernatural terrors which make the flesh creep. Their facile and impressible nature demands gay, airy, and smiling fancies. The shapes and conceptions of Gothic fiction—the sheeted-ghost gliding from the churchyard —the midnight bell struck by airy hands—the groan mingling with the wind that sweeps through the aisles of a ruined chapel —the damp vault, and the bloody shroud—have no charm for these children of the sun. The gloomy and spectral shadows which flit through Mrs. Radcliffe's Italian romances, are of Northern, not Italian origin.

Resuming the parallel between the rural population of the Alban Mount and that of New England, we find that in one intellectual power, that of verbal memory, the former have the superiority. A people of indoor habits and bookish tastes know little practically of the extent to which the memory may be trained. There is a striking passage from Plato's Phædo quoted in Lieber's Reminiscences of Niebuhr, as to the injurious effect of the invention of letters upon this faculty. The invention of printing tends further in the same direction. To learn what the memory can retain, we must go among the unlettered peasantry of Europe. We know how many of the Scotch and English ballads have been handed down from lip to lip, often through several generations, and taken down for the press at last from the recitation of persons who could neither read nor write. Were a man of letters, with the tastes and the energetic perseverance of Scott or Hogg, to make a ballad foray into the mountains near Rome, he might gather materials from the memory of peasant men and women for more volumes of popular poetry than publishers would print or the public buy. Müller relates that a friend of his, who lodged at l'Aricia, collected several hundred short poems, mostly Ritornelle,* from the lips of the various members of his hostess's family.

* Ritornelle are short poems of three lines, sometimes with rhymes, but oftener with assonances. The first line is sometimes shorter than the last two. Most of them are expressions of the passion of love.

The two controlling relations of man's life are his relations to the soil and his relations to the state. A comparison between a county in Massachusetts and the Alban Mount, in regard to the former, has been briefly made, and the superiority which we enjoy in having so large a body of independent proprietors, cultivating their own lands, adverted to. Nor is our own advantage less, when we look at the relations between man and the state. In Berkshire every man of the age of twenty-one years not only has a voice and a vote in town affairs, but feels himself to be a citizen of the state and of the common country. He is a part, small indeed, but still distinctly recognisable, in a vast system. The wave of impulse which proceeds from his solitary vote is prolonged till it reaches to Boston or Washington. Let a man of great political ability start up in the smallest village, he cannot live to the age of thirty without having had opportunity to show his powers, or without entering upon a career which may lead to the highest honour and the widest influence. This consciousness of political power—this sense of being a unit in a mighty aggregate of force—broods over the mind and character to an extent which we cannot measure till we have been where it does not exist. It moulds the countenance, modulates the voice, and governs the gait and gesture.

But upon the peasant of the Alban Mount there rest none of these ennobling cares, these educating responsibilities....He has no political influence, and not the least voice in shaping or modifying the system of which he forms a part. He is a mere passenger in the ship of state. It is true that the principle of centralization is not pushed so far in the Papal States as in some other parts of Europe, and that municipal independence is recognised within certain limits. There is a division into provinces, districts, and communes; the districts corresponding to our counties, and the communes to our towns. The communes have a municipal government, something like that of our cities. There is a chief magistrate—a gonfaloniere—like our mayor; a board of anziani, varying in

number from three to nine, like our aldermen; and a body of councillors or deputies, from eighteen to forty-eight in number, according to the size of the commune, corresponding to our common-councilmen. But none of these are chosen by popular vote. The councillors, originally named by the Pope, fill their own vacancies;* and the anziani are selected by the delegate of the province from a list furnished by the councillors. Two thirds of the councillors must consist of land-owners; and the other third of literary men, merchants, and tradesmen. Thus, the greater part of the inhabitants are excluded from any share even in the municipal administration of their own towns or villages, and no one has any voice in the central government at Rome.

Without attempting to extend the above superficial comparison into the region of morals and religion, which would require a much more minute knowledge of the heart and mind of the rural population of Italy than any hasty traveller can acquire, I may venture to make a few remarks upon their character, founded upon what I have seen, heard, and read, which shall have the merit at least of being free from prejudice.

It may be observed at the outset that there is one peculiarity noticeable here, which seems strange to us—that the inhabitants of places near to each other have, or are reputed to have, essentially different qualities. Thus, the people of Frascati and Albano stand higher on the scale of good morals and good manners than those of Tivoli and Marino. Almost every town and village has its own character and reputation, which are matters of common notoriety in the neighbourhood. The limitation of these local traits is explained by the fact, that the rural population of Italy is for the most part stationary, and that men usually end their days on the spot where they were born, and thus the habits and tastes of one generation are transmitted to that which comes after it, without any foreign infusion.

Looking at general characteristics, without regard to local

* This system rests upon a law of Pius VII. dated July 6, 1816.

peculiarities, we find among them a large share of those engaging qualities which are the indigenous growth of the heart, but few of those virtues which are the result of culture and training. They are rich in the various modifications and manifestations of sympathy, but poor in the products of principle. Their nature is easy and enjoyable. They are amiable, vivacious, and good-natured, with a natural gentleness and courtesy of manner, quick perceptions, and an instinctive tact. Family affection is strong with them, and family quarrels are rare. But, on the other hand, they are passionate and vindictive; sudden in quarrel and prompt in the use of the knife, and never forgetting a real or fancied wrong. They have not the courage to speak the truth if it costs them any sacrifice, or will be productive of pain to the person whom they are addressing. Their lively fancy makes them boastful, and their keen enjoyment of life makes them cowardly, except under strong excitement or provocation. They are credulous and extremely superstitious. In regard to industry, they are no better and no worse than the generality of mankind, after making fair allowance for the debilitating heat of the climate in summer. With motive, and when roused by the breath of hope, they will work well; otherwise not. They are not provident or thoughtful for the future, but enjoy the present with a childlike indifference as to what the morrow may bring forth.

In regard to temperance, I am inclined to think that the inhabitants of Southern Italy, and of the wine-growing countries generally, enjoy a reputation somewhat beyond their deserts. It is true that it is very rare to see a man absolutely drunk; but it is not uncommon to see those who have drunk more than is good for them. But even where excess is avoided, the constant use of wine in considerable quantities is unfavourable both to health and good morals; to health, from the febrile and inflammatory state of the system to which it leads, and to good morals from the irritability of temper and quarrelsome spirit which it induces. If the proportion of the cases of stabbing brought to the Roman hospitals which occur in or near wine-shops could be known, I have no question

that it would furnish a strong fact wherewith to point the exhortations of a temperance lecturer. There is an added temptation to drink abundantly of wine, from the nature of the usual food of the common people. This being principally vegetable does not, especially in cold weather, supply the waste of nervous energy, but leaves, even when the appetite is satisfied, a certain dull and indefinable craving, like being filled but not fed. Wine relieves this sense of flatness and inertness by the momentary glow and fillip it gives to the languid blood; but the relief thus derived is like the heat of a fire of thorns, and there is thus constant inducement to repeat and increase the remedy. If the common people of Rome and its neighbourhood could eat more meat and would drink less wine, there is little question that their health and morals would be the better for the change.

In handiness and management, in labour-saving contrivances, in the adaptation of means to ends, in economy of time and labour, these people are lamentably, ludicrously deficient. The philosopher who defined man to be a tool-making animal did not make his observations upon the Alban or Sabine hills. Every implement and instrument which comes to help the hand of man is of the rudest and most primitive kind. Their ploughs and carts would be taken by a Yankee farmer to be the fossil remains of an antediluvian age. It is the same with domestic furniture and household utensils. Each generation receives what is handed down from its predecessor, and in its turn transmits it to its successor, without question and without improvement. No man ever thinks of contriving a labour-saving expedient, or of opening a short cut to any desired object. Flax is spun upon the primitive distaff, and woven by a clumsy hand-loom, very much as in the days of the chaste Lucretia; and water is toilsomely brought home from the spring, in copper vessels, upon the heads of women. Graceful as is the appearance of these moving caryatides, and suggestive as the sight is of classical and oriental associations, one would glady forego it, if these poor women could be relieved by the aid of a pump

or a leaden pipe. The habit of laying aside a portion of their earnings as a provision against a rainy day, is not common among these careless people; and where there are no savings-banks, there is little inducement to a peasant, who is not so fortunate as to own a piece of land, to take the trouble and run the risk of investing his small savings. They are fond of dressing gaily, and their holiday costume, which however lasts a lifetime or even longer, is often quite expensive, and adorned with ornaments of gold and silver, of homely workmanship, but always of the finest quality.

A great deal of money is wasted by the middle and lower classes all over Italy, both urban and rural, in lotteries; a form of gaming which, to their disgrace be it spoken, nearly every government encourages and upholds. The Papal treasury derives an income of more than a million of dollars a year from this demoralizing source. This form of gambling is an universal passion among the rural population of the mountains near Rome, as well as in the metropolis itself; and, unhappily, as a general rule, the poorer a man is, the more eagerly he engages in this mischievous excitement, and the more money he wastes in it in proportion to his whole means. The tickets are divided into very small portions, and for a shilling or two a poor man may try his luck and put himself on the uneasy rack of expectation. The system of drawing is very complicated, and the prizes are determined by a combination of three numbers. The holder of one draws a small prize; of two, a much greater; of three, many hundred times larger.*

* "The lottery offices are distributed in every part of the capital and in the provincial towns. Supposing I enter an office and stake a shilling upon Nos. 6, 14, 21, 32, 47, this is called playing a quinterno, and should these five numbers win, I should win a very large sum, the exact scale of which I do not remember, but something like five thousand shillings. A sum staked upon three numbers is called a terno, upon two an ambo, upon one an estratto. If, upon playing a quinterno, I choose to reserve the advantage of winning something if only one, two, three, or four out of the five numbers be drawn, I win proportionately less than if I had bet upon the whole five only. The same refers to playing terni and ambi. If I play a shilling upon numbers 6, 27, 49, and say 'terno secco,' should one or two of the three be drawn, gain much more by this terno secco than had I spread the chance over the

In selecting the numbers to venture upon, the buyer is guided sometimes by a dream, sometimes by the answers of a fortune-teller, and sometimes by accidental circumstances. There are printed books in which multitudes of events and objects are designated, each by its appropriate number or combination of numbers: these books are constantly in the hands of the common people, and consulted whenever anything remarkable takes place. An Englishman in Rome once threw himself out of a window and was killed. There was immediately a great run upon the numbers corresponding to window, death, and the age of the suicide. A German fell down the steps of a house and injured his shoulder. The family who lived on the floor where he landed bought numbers corresponding to shoulder, and a fall down stairs, adding that of the steps over which he had tumbled. They were so lucky as to draw a prize, and they went to thank their benefactor for the good fortune he had brought them. These lotteries are usually drawn on Sunday. The numbers are put into a box, taken out by a boy, and announced by an officer, in a loud voice, to the expectant crowd, whose expressive countenances pass rapidly from hope to joy or despair, according as they win or lose. A dignitary of the church is usually present to grace the ceremony. The direct and indirect mischiefs of this legalized system of gaming, the money wasted by it, the loss of time it occasions, its poisonous influence upon the mind and the moral sense, and the distaste for dull and hard work which it begets, are felt and acknowledged by all enlightened men; but there would be great difficulties in the way of abolishing it, so strong and so universal is the passion for it among the people. It could only be effectually done by a concert of action among the several governments of the peninsula. The Papal government, it is fair to state, was the last to establish a lottery of its own, and devotes a part of the income derived from it to charitable purposes.

ambo and estratto. If I play a shilling on one number, 88, for instance, I may play it as estratto that is drawn, or as eletto which is drawn, first, second, third, fourth, or fifth, of the five always drawn."—*Memoirs of Col. Macroni*, vol. ii. p. 37.

The sweeping charge of dissoluteness, so often brought by travellers against the whole people of Italy, is certainly not just when applied to the greater part of its rural population. Indeed, on this point, the observations of travellers are made upon a small class of idle men and women, living in large towns, who are doomed either to selfish and heartless celibacy or to marriages of convenience. Where there is want of occupation and want of interest, one great safeguard against temptation is removed, and intrigue and gallantry are resorted to by way of pastime, and to give flavour to the insipid dish of life. In the cities and large towns of Italy, society, as that word is usually used, is corrupt; but this is a reproach by no means peculiar to that country. But, even in these, the chief object of the greater part of the population is to earn a subsistence; and under this necessity there is neither time nor means for a life of habitual profligacy. That the marriage vow is not kept, nor the family tie respected, among the tradesmen and mechanics of Rome and Florence, that they are given over to a life of debasing indulgence, is a state of things which a moment's reflection will convince us to be impossible. Were it so, society would come to an end. Though the higher classes are profligate from a want of any elevating object in life and from a corrupt system of marriages, and though the women of the lower orders are often led into evil courses through the pressure of poverty, the middle ranks lead at least decent and reputable lives. But the rural population of the Papal States may indeed in this respect be called a virtuous people. The practice of auricular confession, often abused and always susceptible of abuse, herein works favourably; as we also see its good influence in the superior chastity of the Irish peasantry as compared with the English. The conduct of young persons before marriage is regulated by a very rigid law of decorum; and after marriage, besides the restraints of religion and public opinion, the jealous and vindictive temper of the people checks the approach of temptation. An injured husband takes the law into his own hands, and avenges the wrong done to his

honour by a stab with a knife; and even mere imprudence and levity of conduct is often thus cruelly punished. Nor does the tone of public feeling severely reprobate this "wild justice," and bad, as it is, it has the effect to prevent the wrong which it so sternly rights.

But the rural population of the Roman States cannot be excepted from another charge brought against the Italian people in general, and to which most of them are unhappily obnoxious —that of want of principle and self-respect in all money transactions. The temper and patience of the traveller are exhausted by the constant indications of a want of manliness and a want of honesty on the part of those with whom he comes in contact. Every thing at the inns must be bargained for beforehand, and extortion will creep in at the slightest unguarded loophole. Every mechanic and shop-keeper begins by asking twice as much for his services or his goods as he intends to take. The most inventive fancy cannot anticipate all the various expedients and excuses by which pauls and baiocchi are extracted from the purse. Besides these, there is the almost universal taint of beggary, which rests like a plague-spot over town and country; at least, everywhere that the presence of strangers offers any temptation. There are multitudes who adopt begging deliberately, and as a profession, either from sheer laziness, or from some disabling physical infirmity, which they always contrive to obtrude upon notice in the most offensive manner. But the evil does not stop here, for there is a large number of amateur beggars, who make begging an occasional episode and digression in their lives, who solicit alms whenever a favourable opportunity offers or a promising countenance presents itself; who, in short, are restrained by no sense of independence, no glow of self-respect, no sting of shame, from stooping to this degrading habit. In those beautiful mountainous tracts near Rome, to which the feet of tourists are most accustomed, there is no assurance, where a peasant man or woman is met, that they will not put on the bending gesture and lazy whine of a mendicant, and drawl out

a dismal 'date mi qualche cosa,' breaking in upon the thoughts inspired by the scenery like a discordant note in a strain of music. This is a sad state of things, but it is fair to hear what may be said by way of apology or palliation. Italy is a country swarming with travellers during a portion of the year, and comparatively deserted during the rest. It is also a country whose material resources are but imperfectly developed, thus giving but limited sphere and occupation to its redundant population. These travellers also, as a general rule, move through certain prescribed routes and settle within certain well-defined limits; and by long habit, a considerable portion of the population depend absolutely for their daily bread upon their advent and residence. Rome, especially, from which a large part of the inferences respecting all Italy are drawn, is a winter watering-place. Here, on the one side, is a resident population, needy to the last degree; and, on the other, a fleeting population, rich to a certain extent, as the mere fact of travelling implies, but really believed to be made of gold and silver; and the two thrown together for once and not likely ever to meet again. Surely something may be pardoned here to the weakness of man. The permanent inhabitants of watering-places in England and America have not the reputation, to say the least, of pushing their notions of disinterestedness and fair dealing to anything like romantic extravagance. Those who have lived long enough in Italy to become domesticated among its people, and to penetrate into those nooks and by-ways which are not stained by the stream of foreign travel, give a much better account of the country.

The inhabitants of the mountainous regions near Rome are, generally speaking, a fine-looking race. The men are well formed, and, in their movement and bearing, free and graceful. They fall naturally into striking and statuesque attitudes, and, when speaking, break into kindling and expressive gestures. The women did not seem to me so handsome as the men, though among them there are often fine heads and striking countenances. From their habit of carrying burdens upon the

head, they are very erect, and their gait and movement are full of emphasis and expression. In young men and women both, there is a great deal of a kind of beauty to which our northern eyes are not much accustomed—that derived from colour alone. With them the tone of colouring is Venetian; with us, Umbrian. The complexion is of a rich healthy yellow, with a burnish and glow upon it like that of a ripe nectarine; the eyes are of sparkling brown or black; the teeth white and regular; and the massive raven hair shines with a sort of metallic light, like a bit of freshly-broken anthracite coal. These fine colours, so common in Italy, are in part the result of that open-air life which all the people lead. In southern Italy, at least, no man or woman, especially in the rural regions, stays under a roof any longer than is inevitable. Every person who has lived in Rome or its neighbourhood must have noticed the antipathy felt by the inhabitants to a fire. An Italian child, from the moment he is born, begins to know the light and air of heaven. He tumbles about the grass like a dropped orange. Even when within doors, the sun shines and the wind blows in through huge yawning windows—if windows they can be called which are without glass or shutters—and through great openings where doors ought to be, but are not. He never breathes an atmosphere poisoned by stoves or furnaces, but grows up in the sunshine and the breeze. Thus it is rare to see a sickly complexion, and almost every countenance has a look of ripeness and soundness.

The peasantry near Rome, both male and female, are fond of showy costumes, and they have a native taste for the disposition of colours, and the appropriate use of ornaments of gold and silver. On all festival and holiday occasions, when they appear in their best attire, the general effect produced is very fine, and forms a strong attraction to artists, who learn here the difference between costume and dress.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Artists in Rome — Crawford.

ARTISTS IN ROME.

THE artists in Rome form a numerous body, social in their tastes and gregarious in their habits. The distinctions of blood and speech give way under the fusing influence of a common devotion to the same pursuits. The general artist type is more easily recognised than the particular nationality. The outward appearance of the whole class expresses a pursuit of the picturesque under difficulties. The hair and beard are taught to curl and wave in such a manner as to give, if possible, a romantic and ideal character to commonplace features. The costume happily combines roughness and quaintness, so as to be at once imaginative and economical. They generally dine at the Lepre, in the Via Condotti, and take their coffee in the Café Greco, in the same street—a dark and dirty hole, reeking with the fumes of bad tobacco. Many of them add music to their other accomplishments, and in the evening their voices often gratefully break the deep silence of the streets of Rome.

The greater number of these artists are Germans, who exert a sensible influence upon students from other nations. This is especially true of the painters. The Germans have, in this art, fairly earned the rank and consideration which they enjoy. Their style of painting is often unfairly judged, because judged by its defects—its stiff outlines, its elaborate precision of design, and its watery tone of colour. But to do justice to the German school of painting as it now is, we must go back to what it was thirty or forty years ago, when Cornelius, Overbeck, Schadow, and Veit, then residing in Rome, began

to breathe into art the breath of spiritual life, and to grasp the pencil once more with hands as pure as those of Fra Angelico. Before this period, frivolous or profligate lives expressed themselves in unmeaning or sensual forms, and painting aspired to be no more than a kind of luxury addressed to the eye. Cornelius and his friends recognised a higher aim in art, and felt that no amount of technical skill could atone for the want of that vital inspiration which flows from earnestness of purpose, purity of sentiment, and depth of feeling. It was their faith that the artist himself must be a man of pure life and religious spirit, before art could become an instrument of moral and spiritual growth. With these views, and in this mood, they dedicated themselves to their work and steadily persevered in their purpose, unmoved by the opposition of the few or the indifference of the many; until, like Wordsworth, a kindred spirit in a sister art, they had formed the taste by which they were to be judged. The debt of gratitude which is due to these Luthers and Melanchthons in art should be freely paid, and even their mannerisms be pardoned as energetic protests against corruption and degeneracy.

Overbeck still resides in Rome and pursues his art. He is a very devout Catholic, and leads a life of almost monastic seclusion. I visited his studio—which is open to the public once a week—and had at the same time the satisfaction of seeing him. He is tall and thin in person, subdued in manner, and with a countenance expressive of benevolence and self-renunciation. His appearance was a combination of the gentleman, the artist, and the monk. The works of his studio were exclusively charcoal drawings of sacred subjects, chiefly taken from the life of the Saviour. They were all characterized by depth and purity of sentiment, but in their execution I was a little disappointed. They seemed to be drawn with a hesitating hand, as if the mind of the artist had been oppressed with the grandeur of his theme. There was also a want of ideal beauty in the faces, which were cast in a broad

Teutonic mould. There was something strongly subjective in their expression, which showed that they were the productions of a man who lived in seclusion, and reproduced the images of his own mind without replenishing his fancy by observation. The most pleasing of his works was a drawing illustrating the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. In this, the architecture and accessaries were rather Gothic and mediæval than oriental, and there was a want of grace and ideality in the forms and faces of the principal figures; but there was great purity of design and truth of sentiment, combined with the most conscientious accuracy of drawing. There is great satisfaction in looking at a work of this kind, in which nothing is done for effect, and where the design and drawing offer themselves boldly to criticism, and disdain the shelter of a gaudy tone of colour.

Overbeck, from his age, his European reputation, and the high merit of his works, may be said to stand at the head of the artists in Rome; though, from the ascetic seclusion of his habits, he exerts but little personal influence upon his professional brethren. No one, however, either in painting or sculpture, has succeeded to the throne left vacant by the illustrious Thorwaldsen. He was one of those men of northern birth, like Winckelmann and Zoega, who find in the scenery, the climate, and the life of Italy, the home of their hearts, and become really exiles in the land of their birth. Some critics affect to discover the Scandinavian in his works, and this may be true in his female forms; and it is perhaps also true that in the reactionary state of feeling against Canova and his school, the merits of Thorwaldsen may be ranked too high. But it must be admitted that nothing since the brightest days of Grecian sculpture is better than his best works; his statues of Jason and of Mercury, his bas-reliefs of Day and Night, and parts of the Triumph of Alexander. He combines more than any other modern sculptor, Michael Angelo not excepted, the power of reproducing the calm beauty of Grecian art, and the power of expressing in marble the sen-

timents and affections of the soul. No artist except Raphael ever reigned more supremely over the two realms of form and spirit. He is at once the most classic and the most Christian of sculptors. He is equally at home in those lovely forms of classic mythology which mean nothing but what they are, and those spiritual shapes which are the symbols of truth and the representatives of ideas.

Thorwaldsen was as happy in his temperament and disposition as in his genius. He was not goaded by those fervid and impetuous passions which have made the lives of so many artists as turbid and restless as the course of a mountain torrent. His youth was not stormy and his age was not torpid: he had nothing to subdue and nothing to repent. Neither envy nor malice nor hatred ruffled the fountains in which he saw the face of beauty. He waited patiently for fame and wealth; and when they came, he was not elated by them. No one was inclined to question his title to honours which were so gently worn. Genial, sympathetic, retiring in his habits, but not ascetic, he never lost his interest in life, nor ceased to follow the fleeting steps of ideal beauty. His simple tastes enabled him to indulge largely in the luxury of giving. He was a generous and discriminating patron of art, and had collected around him a most interesting gallery of the works of living painters, the greater part of which were specially ordered by him. To young sculptors he gave what was better than money—advice, encouragement, and instruction—never seasoned with harshness or arrogance, but always as gently conveyed as gratefully received.

Among the artists resident in Rome at the time of my visit were many distinguished men, especially among the sculptors. Setting Overbeck aside, there were no names among the painters comparable to those of Tenerani, Wolff, Gibson, and Crawford. Italian painting is at a very low point of degeneracy. There is nothing, even, to replace the pedantic drawing, the academic attitudes, and brick-dust colouring of Camuccini. There was an exhibition of the works of native

artists in the spring of 1848, most of which were incredibly bad—to which England seemed to have contributed the drawing; Germany, the colour; and France, the sentiment.

Every young artist dreams of Rome as the spot where all his visions may be realized; and it would indeed seem that there, in a greater degree than anywhere else, were gathered those influences which expand the blossoms and ripen the fruit of genius. Nothing can be more delicious than the first experiences of a dreamy and imaginative young man who comes from a busy and prosaic city to pursue the study of art in Rome. He finds himself transported into a new world, where everything is touched with finer lights and softer shadows. The hurry and bustle to which he has been accustomed are no longer perceived. No sounds of active life break the silence of his studies; but the stillness of a Sabbath morning rests over the whole city. The figures whom he meets in the streets move leisurely, and no one has the air of being due at a certain place at a certain time. All his experiences, from his first waking moment till the close of the day, are calculated to quicken the imagination and train the eye. The first sound which he hears in the morning, mingling with his latest dreams, is the dash of a fountain in a neighbouring square. When he opens his window he sees the sun resting upon some dome or tower, gray with time and heavily freighted with traditions. He takes his breakfast in the ground-floor of an old palazzo, still bearing the stamp of faded splendour, and looks out upon a sheltered garden, in which orange and lemon trees grow side by side with oleanders and roses. While he is sipping his coffee a little girl glides in and lays a bunch of violets by the side of his plate, with an expression in her serious black eyes which would make his fortune if he could transfer it to canvas. During the day his only difficulty is how to employ his boundless wealth of opportunity. There are the Vatican and the Capitol, with treasures of art enough to occupy a patriarchal life of observation and study. There are the palaces of the no-

bility, with their stately architecture, and their rich collections of painting and sculpture. Of the three hundred and sixty churches in Rome, there is not one which does not contain some picture, statue, mosaic, or monumental structure, either of positive excellence or historical interest. And when the full mind can receive no more impressions, and he comes into the open air for repose, he finds himself surrounded with objects which quicken and feed the sense of art. The dreary monotony of uniform brick walls, out of which doors and windows are cut at regular intervals, no longer disheartens the eye, but the view is everywhere varied by churches, palaces, public buildings, and monuments, not always of positive architectural merit, but each with a distinctive character of its own. The very fronts of the houses have as individual an expression as human faces in a crowd. His walks are full of exhilarating surprises. He comes unawares upon a fountain, a column, or an obelisk—a pine or a cypress—a ruin or a statue. The living forms which he meets are such as he would gladly pause and transfer to his sketch-book—ecclesiastics with garments of flowing black, and shovel-hats upon their heads—capuchins in robes of brown—peasant girls from Albano, in their holiday bodices, with black hair lying in massive braids, large brown eyes, and broad low foreheads—beggars with white beards, whose rags flutter picturesquely in the breeze, and who ask alms with the dignity of Roman senators. Beyond the walls are the villas, with their grounds and gardens, like landscapes sitting for their pictures; and then the infinite, inexhaustible Campagna, set in its splendid frame of mountains, with its tombs and aqueducts, its skeleton cities and nameless ruins, its clouds and cloud-shadows, its memories and traditions. He sees the sun go down behind the dome of St. Peter's, and light up the windows of the drum with his red blaze, and the dusky veil of twilight gradually extend over the whole horizon. In the moonlight evenings he walks to the Colosseum, or to the piazza of St. Peter's, or to the ruins of the Forum, and, under a light which conceals

all that is unsightly, and idealizes all that is impressive; may call up the spirit of the past, and bid the buried majesty of old Rome start from its tomb.

To these incidental influences which train the hand and eye of an artist, indirectly, and through the mind, are to be added many substantial and direct advantages; such as the abundance of models to draw from, the facility of obtaining assistance and instruction, the presence of an atmosphere of art, and the quickening impulse communicated by constant contact with others engaged in the same pursuits, and animated with the same hopes. If, besides all these external influences, the mind of the young artist be at peace—if he be exempt from the corrosion of anxious thoughts, and live in the light of hope—there would seem to be nothing wanting to develop every germ of power, and to secure the amplest harvest of beauty.

But this is the favourable aspect of the case. It is like an argument on one side of a doubtful cause. An obvious question is suggested to a sceptical mind—if Rome be a place of such magical power, why does it not send forth an annual supply of Raphaels and Correggios? Of these clusters of fantastic-looking young men, bearded and mustachioed, that emerge from the reeking depths of the Café Greco, how few are there that ever paint a picture that a man would want to look at twice, much less buy! How much of time and energy is wasted in idle dreaming, weak self-indulgence, lounging, smoking, and wine-drinking! It is true in art, as in many other things, that the inward faculty is often paralyzed and discouraged by the too great abundance of external instruments and facilities. Compression and concentration are essential elements in attaining the best possible results. The stream, which moves with such power and swiftness when shouldered between neighbouring cliffs, would become an unsightly swamp if left to spread itself over a wide and level region. In walking through the halls and galleries of the Vatican, with their army of busts and statues, I have often

said to myself, that, if I were a young sculptor, my heart would break at the sight of what was around me; not merely from despair of rivalling the excellence of the best works, but from a sense of the unprofitableness of labouring to add anything more to stores already so vast. Besides that the accumulation of so many works of the highest merit, both in sculpture and painting, may act upon many natures rather as a narcotic than a stimulus, the presence of so much that bewitches the eye has a tendency to draw the attention outward to external objects—to give to the thoughts a wandering and volatile character, and fill the mind with a flutter of restless images that never can become fixed. Excellence in art is to be attained by active effort, and not by passing impressions; by the manly overcoming of difficulties; by patient struggle against adverse circumstances; by the thrifty use of moderate opportunities. The great artists were not rocked and dandled into eminence, but they attained to it by that course of labour and discipline which no man need go to Rome, or Paris, or London, to enter upon. In the sphere of the needful and the useful, the value of the result is generally proportioned to the richness and variety of the instruments employed. Law, medicine, or engineering, may be best studied where there are the best libraries, the ablest professors, the most extended facilities. But not so with the fine arts, in which native power so largely enters. An academy for teaching young men to write poetry would be an obvious absurdity, though it might have the effect of increasing the number of commonplace versifiers; and it may be questioned whether academies of painting, with their lectures, their casts, their models, their exhibitions, and their prizes, have any other effect than to multiply the number of indifferent artists and of poor pictures—to make painting only a higher kind of upholstery, a little better than the trade of the paper-stainer.

To visit the studios of young artists is one of the approved methods of disposing of an idle forenoon in Rome, and I sometimes fell in with the general custom. But such expeditions

usually threw a shadow upon my spirits, because they left upon my mind a prevailing impression of mediocrity; sometimes united with modesty, with industry, with good taste, with just views, but still, mediocrity. But the world does not want mediocrity in those fine arts which respond to an ultimate instinct, and are not means towards a further end. Of what value is a tolerable picture, a respectable poem, a statue that is not bad? This is, indeed, in conformity with the stern mood of Nature, which moves by inexorable and unsentimental laws, and is prodigal of promise, but sparing in mature results. But it is none the less saddening to be forced to feel that of so many that are called, so few are chosen; of the hopeful and exulting crowds that start in the race, how many drop on the way, and how few reach the goal! As I have passed groups and clusters of young artists in Rome, I have often thought of an expression which broke from Abernethy, when he came into his lecture-room one morning and saw it thronged with medical students, "God help you! where are you all to find bread?" More than once have I visited a studio in which one moment's glance was enough to furnish all the elements by which to calculate the occupant's horoscope. There was the evidence of a certain facility of hand, and of an organisation sensitive to fine impressions, but no stamp of power and no glimpse of ideal beauty. The young artist had mistaken sensibility for genius, and dreams for creations. He was destined to join that sad caravan of mediocrity who wander without making progress; to become one of those forlorn shadows that are neither good nor bad, whom success never stays to greet, but looks at and passes by on the other side. It is true that such a lot is not always productive of unhappiness, and that moderate powers are often combined with either a cheerfulness of temperament which makes sunshine for itself, or with an invincible self-esteem which refuses to admit what it cannot but see; so that, on the whole, life is comfortable enough. But all the pursuits of an artist, the hopes on which he feeds, the dreams which visit him, and

the daily food of his mind, tend to develop that sensitiveness which, while it enhances the glow of triumph, sharpens also the sting of failure. In common life, it is a misfortune to have more ambition than power; in art, to have more of the vision than the faculty. Unhappy is the life of that artist who will not recognise the inexorable fact of his own mediocrity; who nurses the delusion that his want of success comes from the obstruction of adverse circumstances, and not from essential defects; who is ever wooing the beauty which he never can win. His life is, indeed, doubly unhappy; for his rebellious spirit will check the growth of his powers, and his work will be darkened by the shadows of his discontent. In the fine arts, comparisons are inevitable: there are ranks, degrees, and gradations of excellence. The place of an artist in the scale of merit is a fact from which he cannot escape. Unless he have the genius which will carry him near to the top, or the contented spirit which will make him happy lower down, let him betake himself to more modest toils, in which, if there be less to gain, there is also less to lose.

CRAWFORD.

I should do injustice to my own feelings if I did not make particular mention of our distinguished countryman, Crawford; and yet there is an element of embarrassment mingled with the impulse which moves me. It is difficult to hit upon the proper shade of language in which to speak of the works or the genius of a valued personal friend. We shrink from excessive praise, as unworthy of the affection which we feel; and in avoiding that, we may fall into a tone of coldness and restraint, unworthy of the object of that affection.

The range of sculpture is not so wide as that of painting; and sculptors differ less among themselves than painters. No two sculptors can stand at points so remote from each other as Rubens and Cornelius, for instance, both great painters. The distance between one sculptor and another is

measured upon the same scale, and the distinction is more that of degree merely, than in painting. To produce the highest excellence in sculpture, the mind and the hand must act together. There must be ideal beauty, truth of sentiment, depth of feeling; and there must be also mechanical skill. These two elements, the intellectual and the manual, rarely meet. We see works in which a sublime or beautiful idea is imperfectly rendered; reminding us of an eloquent speaker struggling to express himself in a foreign tongue; and, on the other hand, admirable mechanical dexterity is occasionally wasted upon low or commonplace themes. In mere execution, Bernini's Sta. Theresa is a more clever work than Maderno's Sta. Cecilia; but its sentiment is vile, and no man of religious feeling, or even moral thoughtfulness, would wish to look upon it a second time.

Hence, in works of sculpture, we recognise a distinction founded upon the preponderance of the mind or the hand. Crawford belongs to that class of sculptors whom, for want of a better term, we may call intellectual. In creative power and poetical feeling I should place him at the head of all his professional brethren in Rome. He is an original thinker in his art: possessing that quality of invention, without which judgment is cold and taste is feeble. He feels and comprehends the antique, but is not imprisoned within its range. We may apply to him what was so happily said of Cowley, that he wears the garb but not the clothes of the ancients. He is capable, alike, of expressing modern ideas in marble, and of reproducing the fine forms of Grecian art.

Let it not be inferred from what I have said that Crawford is at all deficient in mechanical skill. No one is capable of giving a more minute and careful finish to his works, if he will; but it is true that he does not always do himself justice in this respect. He has something of the impatience of genius; before an image of beauty has been turned to form, another takes possession of his mind; and the new impulse will not permit him to linger over the task in hand with that

plodding assiduity which costs no effort to men of less productive imagination. The coming and the parting guest sometimes interfere with each other. Art is long and life is short—too short for any of its precious moments to be given to the finical minuteness of Chinese ivory carving: the unformed block in which the new vision sleeps, waiting to be waked into life, exerts a more powerful attraction for the artist than the statue or bust which already expresses his idea, though not with sufficient distinctness for those with whom art is a mere luxury of the eye. Thus, Crawford's fine genius is not fairly appreciated by those nice critics who judge of works in sculpture by their fidelity of imitation; who go into raptures over the skilful reproduction in marble of the meshes of a net or the folds of a veil.

Crawford's career has been distinguished by energy, resolution, and self-reliance. While yet a youth, he formed the determination to make himself an artist; and with this view went to Rome about seventeen years ago—alone, unfriended, and unknown—and there began a life of toil and renunciation; resisting the approaches alike of indolence and despondency. His strength of character and force of will would have earned distinction for inferior powers than his. Nothing was given to self-indulgence; nothing to vague dreams; nothing to unmanly despair. He did not wait for the work that he would have, but laboured cheerfully upon that which he could have. Success came gradually, but surely; and his powers as surely proved themselves to be more than equal to the demand made upon them. His progress in art was steady and uniform, and each step onward became a point of departure for a new advance. The reception in Boston of his statue of Orpheus, in 1841, was a marked era in his life: the merits of this fine work introduced him to a larger circle of admirers than he had before possessed, but it did not surprise those who had previously known him.

His nature is concentrated and reserved; his sympathies deep and strong, but not lightly stirred. Loved and valued

by those who know him, his manner, in general, does not commend his fine genius and substantial worth to those who see him but casually. He is the most truthful of men: in his whole body there is not a drop of courtier's blood. He owes everything to merit, and nothing to favour. I have been more than once amused to notice how, by a sort of necessity of his nature, he would become particularly rigid and unexpressive when thrown into the presence of men of fortune, from whom a commission might possibly have been received. Like all men who, during the forming period of life, have lived much alone, and pursued a great object with intense self-devotion, his spirit is not always where he is himself: some shape or vision of beauty seems to take possession of his thoughts with a power not to be escaped or postponed. His early and exclusive devotion to the chisel left him no time for any wide range of general reading; but his knowledge of the principles and history of art, and of the lives of eminent artists, is far greater than any but his intimate friends imagine. The Italian language is to him another vernacular tongue: he has lived much among Italians, and understands the mind and character of the people as few foreigners do.

Crawford's reserve is the reserve of a lofty and sometimes abstracted nature, but borrows no ingredient from coldness, timidity, or envy. His generous spirit passed unharmed through years of poverty and struggle. Towards his brother artists he has always turned a countenance of friendliness and sympathy. As he was eager to learn, so he is ready to teach. His knowledge and skill are not hoarded, but liberally imparted. His own experiences open his heart to those young students who are entering upon that steep and difficult path over which he moved with such firm steps: his hand is ever ready to aid, and his voice to encourage them.

It is impossible to know an author or an artist without making comparisons between the man and his works. With my knowledge of Crawford, I never entered his studio and looked round upon his various productions—in marble, plaster,

or clay—without a feeling that, excellent as they were, there was a power in him beyond anything which he had as yet accomplished—that nothing had thus far called forth all the hidden resources of his genius. He never seemed in his appropriate element when occupied with what may be called drawing-room sculpture—those merely graceful forms which are not in discord with ottomans and work-tables—but he required a wider field and higher tasks. The great work upon which he is now occupied for the State of Virginia opens to him as noble a field of opportunity as was ever enjoyed by any sculptor, and that his success will be equal to the grandeur of his theme—that he will justify to the world all the admiration of his friends—is, with those who know him, not hope, but conviction. He now stands upon a point where he may look back upon the past with pride, and forward to the future with calm assurance. The struggle was not too long continued; the crown did not come too late. The harsh aspect of past trials is softened by distance; yet are they near enough to deepen the present peace. Singularly happy in his domestic relations, passionately attached to his profession, his world is comprised in his studio and his family. The energies which bore him so triumphantly through years of struggle will not languish in the air of happiness. The light which he followed in darkness will not go out in the blaze of noon.

CHAPTER XXV.

English in Italy — Steeple-Chase on the Campagna.

ENGLISH IN ITALY.

An interesting historical essay might be written on the causes which have changed the old Roman character into the modern Italian. The points of resemblance are few; the points of difference many and marked. The Roman was stern, downright, and concentrated; the Italian is sensitive, impassioned, and expansive. The Romans had great organizing and aggregating power; not only distributing the members of a single state in the harmonious degrees of civil society, but setting separate states into an imperial mosaic of symmetry and beauty. In modern Italian history we see vivid individual development more than combined force, and the fervid energies of isolated communities wasted in passionate struggles with each other. The hard and uniform Romans submitted themselves to be bound together like the rods of the consular fasces, but the sharper and more salient idiosyncracies of the Italians forbid such absorption. The interpretation of the Romans is found in law and order; of the Italians, in beauty and art. The Latin language is masculine, robust, energetic, and lapidary: Latin literature is earnest, formal, dignified, and cold: rather to be characterized by negatives than by positives, for it is not imaginative, not inventive, not dramatic. The Italian language is feminine, flexible, and elastic; soft as air and flowing as water; yielding to the finest touch, and floating lightly round the most aërial forms of fancy. Italian literature is full of rich invention, airy beauty, wild wit, gay humour, passionate feeling. It is playful, imaginative, tender, and graceful. The change from ancient Rome to modern

Italy, from strength to softness, and from power to emotion, has suggested to Landor an image of great beauty.

> "There tiny pleasures occupy the place
> Of glories and of duties; as the feet
> Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,
> Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day."

The Trasteverini, who dwell on the right bank of the Tiber, as is well known, claim to have a larger share of the Roman blood than their neighbours on the other side of the stream. They hold their heads higher and walk with larger strides, in that belief. In sober truth, there is very little to support their claim to the blood of old Rome, and still less to its spirit. These excitable and explosive people show, in their boasting tongues and jealous tempers, that exaggeration of self, the freedom from which was the corner-stone of Roman greatness. Hands that stab women with knives will never support the fabric of a great state.

But the legitimate descendants of the old Romans, the true inheritors of their spirit, are still to be found in Rome; and in no inconsiderable numbers. In the morning they may be seen in Monaldini's reading-room, poring over the Times or Galignani, galloping over the Campagna, driving about the streets and never looking to the right hand or the left, or gathering in groups in the Piazza di Spagna to hear the last news from home. In the afternoon they betake themselves to the Pincio, and for a certain season pace up and down its gravelled terrace with vigorous strides, their faces wearing a look of determined resolve, as if the constitution of their country, as well as their own, would suffer if they lost their daily walk. They are not more distinguished from the Italians by their brown hair and ruddy complexions, than by the depth of their chests, the breadth of their shoulders, the firmness of their step, and the energy of their movement. They stalk over the land as if it were their own. There is something downright and uncompromising in their air. They have the natural

language of command, and their bearing flows from the proud consciousness of undisputed power.

The English, indeed, are the true Romans. The magnificent lines—in which the national pride of Virgil makes the inferiority of his countrymen in art, eloquence, and science, an element of lofty commendation—are at this day applicable to the descendants of those painted Britons who stood in the poet's mind as the most obvious types of all that was remote, uncouth, and barbarous. They, like the Romans, are haughty to the proud and forbearing towards the weak. They force the mood of peace upon nations that cannot afford to waste their strength in unprofitable war. They are law-makers, road-makers, and bridge-makers. They are penetrated with the instinct of social order, and have the organ of political constructiveness. The English, too, as a general rule, are not at home in the region of art. They are either not sensitive to the touch of beauty, or affect not to be. Their artists are wanting in ideal grace and depth of sentiment. The manly genius of the nation disdains the tricks and colours of rhetoric. Their common speech is abrupt; and their public discourse plain, business-like, and conversational. A course of policy which all Christendom waits to hear is announced by a badly-dressed gentleman, in a series of clumsy and fragmentary sentences, in which there is always good sense, but not always good grammar. The English noblemen and gentlemen have the taste which the patricians of Rome had for agricultural and rural life. They have the same liking for rough, athletic sports; the same insensibility to animal pain and suffering; and in their personal habits, the same love of bathing—a taste which has quite died out upon the soil of Rome.

The English residing or travelling upon the Continent would, if gathered together, make a large city. They carry England with them wherever they go. In Rome there is an English church, an English reading-room, an English druggist, an English grocer, and an English tailor. As England is an island, so they everywhere form an insular community,

upon which the waves of foreign influence beat in vain. This peculiarity penetrates to the individual. A French or German table-d'hôte is a social continent; but an English coffee-room, at the hour of dinner, is an archipelago of islets, with deep straits of reserve and exclusiveness flowing between. Travellers of other nations learn to conform to the manners and customs of the people about them; avoiding the observation attracted by singularity. Not so the Englishman: he boldly faces the most bristling battery of comment and notice. His shooting-jacket, checked trowsers, and brown gaiters proclaim his nationality before he begins to speak; he rarely yields to the seduction of a moustache; he is inflexibly loyal to tea; and will make a hard fight before consenting to dine at an earlier hour than five.

The English in Rome, as a general rule, show little sensibility to the peculiar influences of the place. Towards the Catholic Church and its ceremonies they turn a countenance of irreverent curiosity; trying the spirit of the Italians by their careless deportment, their haughty strides, and their inveterate staring—intimating that the forms of Catholic worship are merely dramatic entertainments performed by daylight. Nor are they much moved by beauty, in nature or art. An Englishman, in his heart of hearts, regards emotion or enthusiasm as feminine weaknesses, unworthy of manhood. A fine dog or horse calls forth from him more energetic admiration than the most beautiful landscape or picture. He marches through a gallery with resolute strides – his countenance expanding as the end draws near. Five minutes despatch a Raphael; four a Titian or Correggio; and two or three are enough for less illustrious names.

It need hardly be said that the English in Rome are not popular, either with the Italians—in spite of the money they spend — or with their fellow-sojourners from other lands. They form the subject of innumerable caricatures; and hardly a book of travels appears in any language but their own which is not seasoned with stories—good, if not true—of

English phlegm, English rudeness, or English eccentricity. But this unpopularity is not more marked than the lofty disdain with which it is accepted by the parties who are the subjects of it. Coriolanus himself did not confront ill-will with a haughtier brow. Indeed, as a general rule, an Englishman is never so repulsive as when it is his cue to conciliate opposition and disarm unreasonable prejudice.

The institutions of England are eminently calculated to promote individual development; that is, among the favoured classes; and herein the parallel between them and the old Romans fails. An Englishman, happily born and reared, has larger opportunities for growth and expansion than have been enjoyed by the people of any country, at any period—Athens, at its best age, not excepted—for the religious and domestic elements in England more than balance the art and philosophy of Athens. The most finished men I have ever known were Englishmen. But the difference between the top and the bottom of the scale is much greater than with us. The most ignorant men I saw on the Continent—the least prepared to profit by foreign travel—were Englishmen. No American would be found upon the soil of Europe so profoundly ignorant, though he might have left home with as little knowledge. He would have bolted the contents of half a dozen guide-books on the voyage. He would not have been prevented by pride, self-love, indolence, or good breeding, from asking a thousand questions of everybody with an English ear in his head. But Englishmen dislike to ask or answer questions. The ignorance of an American is restless and clamorous; that of an Englishman silent, apathetic, and hopeless.

It would not be fair to leave this picture without its lights. The growling discontent which an Englishman manifests in Italy is to be explained and excused by the perfect material civilization and fair dealing of his own country. Accustomed to the fine roads, the comfortable inns, the luxurious carriages, the clean beds, and the well-served tables of England, he is

thrown upon the discomforts of Italy—dirty inns, bad dinners, comfortless sleeping-rooms, bells that will not ring, servants that will not come, and horses that will not go. He exchanges quiet efficiency for noisy inefficiency. There is a great deal of bustle, much loud promising, vehement asseveration, and energetic gesticulation; but the thing to be done is not done. Accustomed to deal with men who have but one price for their goods, he finds that an Italian shopkeeper begins by asking double the sum he has made up his mind to take. He passes from a land where minutes are precious, to one where time is of no value. Born in a country where a tradesman or a mechanic has not broken an appointment since the Norman Conquest, he is involved in a perfect network of lying, shuffling, equivocation, and excuse-making. Engagements are not kept; work is not sent home at the promised time; no man is as good as his word; the moral relation established by a contract is an unknown quantity. Besides all and above all, he is chafed by the absence, everywhere in Rome, of English comfort and English cleanliness. Doors will not shut; windows will not open; fireplaces will not warm; walls will not keep out the wind; streets and staircases are filthy; carpets are unclean; beds are suspicious. Something must be pardoned to the spirit of English order and English neatness. The Englishman in Italy brings with him a standard of civilization, by which his experiences are tried. He cannot make up his body to submit to annoyances and discomforts, because he has not previously made up his mind. The same person who frets at tough chickens and damp sheets at Viterbo or Radicofani, if fairly turned out into the woods and forced to sleep under a tree, rolled up in a blanket, would be the most cheerful and uncomplaining of men.

The English in Italy, as on the Continent generally, are not liked; but, on the other hand, they are never despised. They carry about with them the impress of qualities which extort respect, not unmingled with fear. Too proud to stoop and too cold to sympathise, they are too honest to flatter and

too brave to dissemble. Truth, courage, and justice—those lion virtues that stand round the throne of national greatness —shape their blunt manners and their downright speech. No thoughtful Italian can help honouring the tenacity with which an Englishman clings to his own convictions of what is right and becoming, without regard to the judgments which others may form or express; nor can he fail to confess that the position and influence of Italy would have been far different, had more of that manly element been mingled in the blood of her people. Every conscientious Catholic must needs respect the fidelity which Englishmen show to the religious institutions of their country; the regularity with which they attend upon public worship in the chapels of their own faith; and their careful abstinence from ordinary amusements and occupations on Sundays. This uncompromising hold upon their own interpretation of right is sometimes pushed to an extreme, and often turns an unamiable aspect towards others; but without it there is neither national greatness nor individual worth.

The English are proud of their own country, and for that surely no one can blame them. They are proud of its history, of its literature, of its constitution; and, especially, of the rank it holds and the power it wields at the present time. To this national pride they have a fair right. A new sense of the greatness of England is gathered from travelling on the Continent; for, let an Englishman go where he will, the might and majesty of his country seem to be hanging over him like an unseen shield. Let but a hand of violence be laid upon an English subject, and the great British lion, which lies couchant in Downing Street, begins to utter menacing growls and shake his invincible locks. An English man-of-war seems to be always within one day's sail of everywhere. Let political agitation break out in any port on the globe, if there be even a roll of English broadcloth or a pound of English tea to be endangered thereby, within forty-eight hours an English steamer or frigate is pretty sure to drop anchor in

the harbour, with an air which seems to say, "Here I am: does anybody want anything of me?"

STEEPLE-CHASE ON THE CAMPAGNA.

The English are remarkable, among other things, for the energy and spirit with which they transport their amusements into foreign countries. These are neither simple nor unexpensive; and a good deal of the national resolution is put forth in bringing English hounds and English hunters to Rome. But the result is such as may well make a British heart swell with exultation; for now, on a fine breezy morning in December, the storm of an English fox-chase may be seen sweeping over the Campagna—huntsmen, whippers-in, earth-stoppers, and what not—with red-coated gentlemen that take leaps that make an Italian turn pale, and hounds whose deep bay is borne on the wind that waves the long grass on the Claudian aqueduct. What must have been the sensations of the first Roman fox, that looked forward to a quiet, domestic life, and to no worse fate than to be shot through the head by a peasant, when he found his dreams rudely shattered by these howling demons, and was forced to run for life across the fields he had so often traversed on a fearless trot! An English fox seems born to and prepared for this inheritance; but an Italian fox has had this destiny thrust upon him by "perfidious Albion." Unhappy foxes! your day may come at last when it will be your privilege, with hound and horn, to chase middle-aged gentlemen in red coats and white-top boots over some purgatorial Campagna.

I have a distinct remembrance of a characteristic incident which I observed, on one occasion, before the Pope's palace on the Quirinal. A considerable number of persons were assembled there waiting to receive the Pope with some expression of admiration when he should appear. Two figures, in red coats passed slowly by on horseback, followed by several hounds. That the men, who were probably huntsmen

or whippers-in, should have ridden on with the rigid impassivity of their masters was to be expected; but the hounds themselves had caught from their biped associates the trick of silent indifference, and walked along with their noses in the air, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and with a marked expression of contempt on their countenances, which seemed to say, "What a set of snobs these are! there is not a man here that an English dog of good family ought ever to speak to."

On Thursday, February 24th, 1848, all the idlers in Rome were swarming out to the Tor di Quinto to witness an English steeple-chase on the soil of the Campagna. How striking a commentary on the changes of time and the altered fortunes of Rome do these words suggest! What would have been the emotions of a Roman senator under the empire, who, when returning from the market where he had bought a British slave, with a sunflower painted on his breast, should have been told that the Britons of a future age would come to Rome, not as slaves and tributaries, but with the proud port of masters and conquerors, and, with a haughty disdain of the effeminate amusements of the degenerate people of Romulus, make the legendary soil of the Campagna the scene of their manly and stirring sports!

The weather was extremely favourable for such an exhibition; the sky of cloudless blue, and the air of that happy mixture of softness and freshness which makes the early spring in Italy so delicious. The place chosen was also well suited for the purpose, being a long stretch of level ground, commanded by an elevation of considerable height, wide enough to accommodate all the spectators. On the top of the hill a table with refreshments was spread under a tent, which stood within a temporary enclosure. This was for the benefit of the noblemen and gentlemen who presided over the sport, and their guests. The rest of the spectators distributed themselves in groups and clusters all over the hill-side; and the variety of costumes and faces, with the bright sunshine

and the beautiful slopes and undulations of the Campagna, made up a picture well worth the seeking, even if nothing else had been proffered. It was amusing to watch the parties as they appeared and arranged themselves upon the hill—here, an English family, known by their pure complexions, their full forms, their spotless drapery, and their impassive countenances; commonly attended by a tall servant with a basket of provisions—there, a knot of German students, studying with admiring glances the fine colours in some fair Anglo-Saxon face—here, a group of young Italians talking loudly and gesticulating earnestly—and there, a peasant girl, with large brown eyes dilated with wonder and curiosity.

The first performance was a donkey-race, which served to amuse the spectators and keep them in good humour. The sturdy little quadrupeds—horses translated into Dutch, as Jean Paul calls them—laid hold of the ground well, and seemed to feel the spirit of the contest. Then came the steeple-chase itself. A circuitous line of some two or three miles in length had been marked out, over which the horses were to run; and by way of increasing the natural difficulties in the way, several artificial obstructions, in the shape of fences and ditches of various kinds, had been interposed. Some half a dozen horses, with riders in red jackets and buck-skin breeches, started in the race. The whole course lay open to the eye; but the distance was so considerable that the horses and their riders were shrunk to half the natural size. There was enough of danger in the enterprise to infuse a strong element of excitement into the minds of the spectators. The horses ran beautifully and took fearful leaps; and both they and their riders met with serious falls; but happily no bones were broken, though sometimes the men's limbs seemed folded up like a carpenter's rule. But luckily the soil of the Campagna is soft. At each of the artificial barriers one or more of the horses tumbled over, and seemed to give the thing up as a bad job; and, if I remember right, not one of the riders kept his saddle the whole time. After it was over, the

rider of the winning horse was brought up in triumph to the tent. His clothes and face were plentifully stained with variations of each soil he had passed over, and he might, as he stood, have done good service in a geological museum. The saying, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, is accepted as a sufficient explanation of every form of eccentric madness; and under this comprehensive mantle even steeple-chases may be included. But was there ever a more senseless and fool-hardy pastime among civilized man than this, in which the most fearful risks are encountered without the spur of duty, the meed of applause, or the love of gain? What an epitaph for the monument of an Englishman—living in a land so teeming with opportunities for usefulness and happiness—that he broke his neck in trying to jump his horse over a hurdle, while riding a steeple-chase! That a Roman nobleman or gentleman should be willing to encourage a sport which would stand a chance to get him out of the world without the shame and guilt of suicide, would not be so surprising; but, in general, the more degraded and worthless a life is, the more it is clung to. In such a spectacle the eloquent Pascal would see a new proof of the fallen nature of man, and that weariness of life which is its perpetual attendant and penalty —that deep thirst of discontent, which drives its victim into the excitements of guilt and danger, but can never be slaked but at those primal fountains of truth, from which the infant steps of humanity had wandered.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Houses in Rome — Inhabitants of Rome — Site and Climate of Rome — Malaria — Noble Families of Rome — Tragical Story of the Savelli Family.

HOUSES IN ROME.

THE houses in Rome, as is the case in most continental cities, are so arranged that each story forms an entire residence of itself; the common staircase serving the purpose of a street. This staircase is often not closed at all, and is always kept open till a late hour. They are rarely lighted, except by a solitary lamp on the ground-floor; so that provident persons usually carry a coil of wax-taper in the pocket, to be lighted at night before ascending. The steps of the staircases are invariably of stone; and, generally, very dirty. For ladies who have delicate lungs and white dresses, it requires no little resolution to climb up to the fourth story of a high Roman house. The residents in such airy regions console themselves with the compensating thought, that when they have once reached their home they have no more upward steps to take. In general, the higher the situation the healthier. In cold and stormy weather, beggars often coil themselves up in the corners of these staircases and pass the night there. Assassins sometimes lie in wait there for their victims, led by jealousy or revenge. The Romans treasure up a wrong, and patiently wait for an opportunity of requital. Especially, let no man ever be provoked to strike a Roman of the lower orders; for that is an insult which nothing but blood will wash out.

Many things at Rome betray a general sense of mutual insecurity and distrust: on reaching the outer door of a suite of apartments, there are no means of opening it from the

outside, but the visitor, whoever he may be, must ring the bell, which is commonly sounded by means of a string. Nor will his summons be immediately answered. Sometimes his person will be reconnoitred through a bit of glass or grating arranged for the purpose, and sometimes he will hear a voice calling upon him to declare who he is. To this summons the usual answer is, "Amici," * friends.

Here I may venture to tear a leaf or two out of the volume of my own personal experience. Two of my friends and myself formed a common household during the three months of my residence in Rome. We hired a suite of rooms in the Via San Bastianello—a very short street which runs out of the Piazza di Spagna—for which we paid eighty scudi a month, which included the care of the rooms. The apartments were on the secondo piano, or third story, as we should call it. There was a family living above us, and another below, but we never met them, and for several weeks did not know their names. On opening the outer door, we passed into an entry of moderate size, from which doors opened into a bed-room, a drawing-room, and a small kitchen. The drawing-room was a spacious apartment of about thirty feet by twenty, handsomely carpeted and furnished. It had but one defect—it was difficult to keep it warm in damp and cold weather. The fireplace was ludicrously unsuited to perform the proper functions of a fireplace; being a mere hole, or deep oven, scooped out of the chimney, at the end of which the fire nestled in modest obscurity. We were obliged, in the early days of our housekeeping, to summon in a mason to remedy some defect in this fireplace, who proved himself to be possessed of those two very comprehensive faults which some wit ascribed to his horse—that he was very hard to catch, and good for nothing when caught.

From the drawing-room a door led into a small dining-room, and beyond the dining-room were three bed-rooms opening into each other, with windows looking out upon the

* "Amico," the singular, means something more than a friend.

court-yard. These bedrooms were rather dark and cheerless in their aspect. Many things were wanting in finish, and showed no very high standard of material civilization. The hinges of the doors were not like ours, but like the bolts on which window-blinds are hung; so that when the door was thrown back, it fell out of the perpendicular. The tongs in the dining-room were composed of a solid piece of iron, bent round; and a considerable force was necessary to bring the ends together so as to grasp a brand.

INHABITANTS OF ROME.

The inhabitants of Rome are divided into three classes or divisions: the Trasteverini, who live on the right bank of the Tiber; the Monteggiani, who dwell on the hills; and the Popolanti, who occupy the low grounds of the Campus Martius and its neighbourhood. It is said that a trained ear can detect peculiarities of speech and enunciation by which each is distinguished from the others. In general, the language is spoken in Rome with a fulness and metallic ring not usual among northern nations, and resembling the rich vocalisation of Italian singers. The mouth is opened more widely than at the north, and the volume of sound projected has more body and strikes more roundly upon the ear. The letter R is ejaculated with great force. Milton, in his treatise on Education, makes an observation undoubtedly suggested by his own comparison of the manner of speaking in Italy with that in England. "For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward." In the quality and tone of the voice, the men have generally the advantage of the women. In music, the barytone is the common voice among men, and the contralto among women.

In walking the streets of Rome, fine and expressive countenances are frequently to be seen, both among the country

people and the residents themselves. A stranger, however, might pass many weeks there, and have no opportunity of judging of the amount of female beauty, because the women of the higher and middle classes are not much given to walking in the streets. There are always three or four times as many men as women to be seen, even in good weather. The windows of the Corso in the Carnival were a new revelation to me on this head. The two points in Europe where the rays of beauty converge to the most glittering focus are, probably, the Roman Carnival and the London Opera-house. The English and Roman women have a common resemblance in the fact that they are seen to the best advantage when seated.

The features of the Roman women are generally regular, and the shape of the face more inclined to the square than the oval. The hair, rich, black, and full, is braided and knotted in a becoming and picturesque fashion. The forehead is low, broad, and firm; answering in its expression to the lower part of the face, which is massive and compact. The eye is large and finely set in its socket. The teeth, arms, and bust are fine; but the hands and feet, especially the latter, large; and the whole frame somewhat too sturdy and compact. The nose is large, and almost invariably straight or aquiline. A clever Scotchwoman once remarked, in a mixed party of Italians and English, that she and her countrymen looked like restored busts, with noses too small. The upper lip is often shaded with something more than the suspicion of a moustache.

What is most wanting in the Roman women is an expression of softness, delicacy, and refinement. As the men there are like women, so the women are like men. The complexion is more like the rich rind of a ripe fruit than the transparent veil of passing emotions which play and vanish like auroral gleams. The eyes shine with a fixed, external light, like that of glass or polished metal; and do not darken with sensibility. The lips are firm and not tremulous.

I have often stopped to look at the nurses who were in attendance upon their young charges, in fine weather, upon

the Pincian Hill. Their heads, never defaced with a bonnet, seemed made and dressed to go into a picture. The hair, of rich lustrous black, lay in massive braids, and was gathered into a knot behind, pierced with a silver arrow. The complexion, of a glowing, gipsy yellow—such as only Titian could paint—was in harmony with the gay bodice and streaming belt ribbon. The face, square in outline and compact in structure, wore the impassive expression of a marble bust. But the large brown eyes were animated with a strange mixture of animal tenderness and animal fierceness—like those of a tigress fondling her cubs. Passion and peril lay slumbering in their depths. It was a volcanic face, which, at a moment's warning, might break out in explosions of love, hatred, jealousy, or revenge. Thus Semiramis might have looked while yet a shepherd's daughter; or Charlotte Corday, while dreaming in the woods of Normandy, before the air-drawn dagger marshalled her the way to Paris.

SITE AND CLIMATE OF ROME.

The site of Rome is not particularly adapted to the metropolis of a great empire. It was selected, partly because here was found the first rising ground above the mouth of the Tiber, which was also navigable during the intermediate course; and partly on account of the capacity of defence furnished by the rocky eminence of the Capitoline Hill and the swamps around it. The many towns in Europe, especially in Italy, which are perched, like eagles' nests, on the top of craggy elevations, so that the inhabitants are obliged to drag everything, even water, up hill, recall a period when protection against violence was the first consideration. Such a position was of peculiar importance to the first settlers of Rome, a band of outlaws and adventurers who held by the strong hand, and with whom might was right. There were two disadvantages, especially, in the spot on which Rome was founded: its swampy character made it unhealthy; and it was liable to most disastrous in-

undations of the river. The Cloaca Maxima is a proof, not only of the energies and resources of that early period, but of the urgent need which, from sanitary reasons, impelled to it. Time has modified the former of these defects, but not the latter. The overflowings of the Tiber are still a frequent and serious evil; and the more mischievous in proportion to the amount of property exposed to destruction. The low and tame hills, over which the buildings of Rome slowly straggled, must have suffered by contrast with the splendid mountain ranges to the East. It is no wonder that, as Goethe says, the Alban women, languishing in the fogs of the Tiber, looked with tearful eyes towards the breezy mountain home from which they had been torn.

The climate of Rome and its immediate neighbourhood can never have been truly healthy. Sanitary statistics were unknown among the ancients; and we can only conjecture, by the frequent hints and statements in Roman authors, that fevers were common and violent then as now. The old Romans were less sensitive to atmospheric influences than their successors; partly because of their general use of woollen clothing next the skin, and partly because their system of gymnastic training made the body a more powerful weapon both of attack and defence. Besides, the modern brain and nervous system, exposed to so many stimulating influences, has become of a more susceptible fibre than in the days when bread and the circus rounded the whole circle of life.

The climate of Rome is soft, rather damp, and, for a European climate, variable. The whole basin of the Tiber is ramparted on the north-east by the chain of the Apennines, and open on the south-west to the Mediterranean. It is thus exposed to the dry north wind, called the tramontana, which comes down chilled with mountain-snows; and to the south-west, which brings the heat of Africa. These winds often succeed each other with a rapidity which reminds an American of the changes of his own country, but they seldom blow violently. In summer, the south-west wind, then called the

scirocco, diffuses a close, damp, penetrating heat. The limbs are bathed in perspiration which no evaporation carries off, and to which night brings little relief. The nervous system is unstrung, and a listless apathy takes possession of mind and body. The dampness of the climate arises not only from the neighbourhood of the sea and the extent of lakes and marshes, but from the fact that the clouds, wafted by the prevalent south-west winds, are driven back and chilled by the peaks of the Apennines, and fall in showers upon the plains.

Snow falls occasionally in the winter, but so seldom, that when it does take place the schools are dismissed that the children may have the rare and short-lived pleasure of dabbling in it. Two or three times in the course of an average life the lake in the grounds of the Villa Borghese is covered with ice thick enough to allow of skating. In January and February, when the clear air allows a passage to the rays of the sun, the temperature is mild and genial. In the last week of February a vernal influence is felt in the breeze. The violet peeps forth under the sheltered hedges, and the turf puts on a livelier green. The month of April is delightful—the "ver novum" of the Latin, and the "primavera" of the Italian poets. In May the heat begins to be oppressive. The harvest commences about the middle of June, and its labours, threshing included, usually last about three weeks. From the early part of July to the middle of September is a period which, in its effects upon man and his works, is more like a northern winter than the proper winter months themselves. The extreme heat has the paralyzing and disabling effect of extreme cold. The fields are parched and dead, and the trees look as if the breath of fire had blasted them. The baked and cracked soil is lifted and whirled about in clouds of dust. No sound of animal life breaks the desert silence, for even the birds cease to sing. The heavens are of a deep cloudless blue, but are often suddenly overcast with a dense mass of clouds which pour down copious floods of rain, attended with heavy thunder and lightning. Even in summer, the tramontana sometimes sets in

suddenly, after the scirocco has been blowing for three or four days—the thermometer falls many degrees, and great caution is requisite to avoid the danger of a sudden chill to the relaxed frame. October is the most delightful month in the whole year in Rome. It is the birth of a second spring. Refreshed by the rains of early autumn, the earth is once more clothed with green. The flocks and herds come down to the low grounds of the Campagna, and the vintagers bring home their rich spoils. It is the month of fêtes and festivals, of songs and dances. The common people of Rome go out to the Monte Testaceo, and amuse themselves with games and sports. The rich nobleman opens his villa and invites his friends to share the pleasures of a brief villegiatura.

The period of my own residence in Rome fell within a remarkably rainy season. From my brief experience I should say, that the climate is depressing and enervating, and not at all favourable to diseases of the nervous system or of the digestive organs. I have never been in any place where I felt so little disposed to do any work, whether of mind or body. It sometimes required a vigorous moral effort to write even a letter. The effect upon the spirits of day after day of drizzling rain—a dull grey sky above and yellow mud below—and that too in a city never over-cheerful in its influences—is most dismal. One sees his own long face reflected in those of all his friends and countrymen. How often under these shadows have I wished for one of our winter days of clear crystal cold, in which the electric air sends the blood dancing and tingling through the veins, and charges the brain and frame with energy and endurance! On the other hand, the Roman climate is favourable to bronchial affections and to consumption in its earlier stages; and the inhabitants, whether residents or foreigners, are exempted from those heavy colds so common in our sharp atmosphere.

MALARIA.

Much has been written about the malaria of Rome, but the subject is not yet entirely clear; and those inquirers whose opinions are entitled to the most respect are not agreed as to the causes of the phenomena, the existence of which all admit. In such investigations it is important to distinguish between the influences which are peculiar to Rome, and those which it shares with other places similarly situated. The case may be thus briefly stated:—Those exposures which ordinarily lead to colds or rheumatic attacks, in Rome, especially in the summer months, bring on intermittent fevers which easily assume a malignant type. There are some peculiarities in the climate of Rome and the way of life there, which expose young and incautious travellers to sudden changes of temperature. The climate itself is variable. Then, the difference between the sunny and the shady side of the street is very great. Sometimes the mere turning of a corner brings one into a temperature many degrees lower or higher than that just left. Italians avoid the sunny side of the street in walking, in winter as well as in summer. The habit of making excursions partly in a carriage and partly on foot is dangerous. The churches and picture-galleries are damp and cold, and the stone or marble floors are deadly chilling to the feet, unless protected by soles of extra thickness. If the adventurous traveller extends his researches further, and goes down into vaults, tombs, catacombs, and recent excavations, the danger arising from sudden changes of temperature becomes of course increased. But this danger, in its milder forms, can hardly be escaped at Rome; for, in general, in passing out of the street into a house the frame is sensible of a slight chill.

But, besides the above, there is in Rome, and especially in its neighbourhood, between the months of June and October, a certain deadly influence evolved from the soil, which strikes upon the exposed frame with generally fatal effect. This

morbific agency is most formidable after sunset, and seizes upon the system most strongly when in a state of sleep. This principle of disease is called out from the soil by the action of the sun, and produces effects similar in kind, though inferior in degree, to the fever and ague which pursue the new settlers in our country, wherever moist ground is exposed to the sun, and large masses of vegetable matter are left to decay. The subtle element of death eludes detection, because the nicest analysis fails to discover any different ingredients in the air of the most infected from that of the healthiest regions.

Within the city it is observed, as a general rule, but not without some exceptions, that the more tasteful and desirable the region is, the more dangerous is it during the infected season. Almost all the open spaces, especially if left uncultivated, are unsafe. This is true of that part of the city which lies between Santa Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran, and around the latter church—a region which has the most inviting look of peace and gentleness, but smiles only to destroy. The Piazza del Popolo and the Pincian Hill are not without suspicion. The same remark applies to the Vatican and St. Peter's. On the other hand, where the population is most dense, and the greatest number of fires are lighted, the air is the most wholesome. The Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, the most crowded, filthy, and repulsive part of Rome, is always exempt from malaria.

In general, the higher the position the healthier. From the Alban Mount, in summer, a thick mist is often seen to hang over Rome, above which the high grounds and the upper stories are seen to emerge. The upper stories of a high house are healthier than the ground-floor, especially if they are exposed to the sun, and command a free circulation of air. Monte Mario, which is about four hundred feet above the plain, is inhabitable during the whole year. The Romans have a graduated scale of degrees of salubrity and insalubrity, generally corresponding to higher or lower elevations. The lowest point is l' aria pessima, then l' aria cattiva, then l' aria

sospetta, then l' aria sufficiente, then l' aria buona, and lastly, l' aria fina or ottima.

Houses which lie in the cold shadow of a hill, so that the free circulation of air is impeded, are more unhealthy than those which have clear spaces all around them. Sometimes it happens that the houses on one side of a street are more healthy than those on the other. Such is said to be case with the Via Babuino. Even a difference is sometimes found between the back and front apartments of the same house.

The principle of malaria, wafted through the air, seems to be in some measure arrested by material obstructions. A range of hills often acts as a partial protection. Piperno, for instance, is healthier than Sezza, though at a lower elevation; because the former is separated from the Pontine Marshes by a piece of rising ground. A screen of woods operates in the same manner. The cutting down of the extensive forests of pine, which once bordered the sea-coast of Latium, is believed to have rendered the Campagna more unhealthy. Tournon relates, that the rumour of a project of cutting down a range of wood which protected Albano on the south alarmed the inhabitants so much that they went in crowds before the French authorities to protest against the measure. Sir George Head found a priest living with security in the neighbourhood of the Palatine, upon a spot which had been abandoned for many years on account of its unhealthiness. He attributed its improved condition to a thriving grove of orange-trees.

Superficial moisture is not a prominent source of malaria. The Campagna is, as a general rule, quite the reverse of a marshy or swampy tract, but resembles the downs of England or the prairies of our own country. The draining of the Pontine Marshes in the last century had no perceptible effect upon the health of Rome. It would seem that the exhalations forced up through the superficial soil, from lower strata of moisture, by the action of a powerful sun, are more deadly than the evaporation of water on the surface itself. The

observation of the English army surgeons confirms this fact. It is the same in the fever and ague districts of our own country. The hot summers are those in which the disease is most formidable, and not the damp.

The use of woollen clothing next the skin is in some measure a preventive. The monks of the mendicant orders, who wear, even in summer, a robe of thick woollen, are able to live unharmed in places where other persons are affected. Fire also acts as a disinfectant. It is said that a person might sleep with impunity in the deadliest regions of the Campagna, in the sickliest season, by keeping a large fire burning in the chimney. It is a mistake to suppose that a too generous and stimulating diet acts as a protection. In this as in similar forms of disease, an anxious and uneasy apprehension of evil is a disposing cause to its approach.

Upon the whole, the facts in the case seem to warrant the conclusion that the effects of the malaria in Rome and its neighbourhood are not wholly to be explained by general causes, such as operate in the many infected districts which are scattered over the globe; but that, in addition to these, there are certain influences peculiar to this particular locality. These last have been sought in the composition of the soil of the Campagna, which is partly of marine and partly of volcanic origin; from which it is conjectured that gaseous exhalations of peculiar malignity are forced from it by the action of the sun, and mingled with the atmospheric air. The researches of modern chemistry and the improved methods of analysis now in use may throw some light upon this branch of the inquiry.

NOBLE FAMILIES OF ROME.

Rome has always been the nursery, and not the birth-place, of genius and greatness. In antiquity, the leading names of native birth were Julius Cæsar, Lucretius, and Tibullus. In the middle ages and in modern times the same fact is observ-

able. Of the churches and the palaces, the paintings and the statues, which adorn Rome, by far the greater part are the works of foreign artists, drawn to the capital by the munificent patronage of popes, cardinals, and princes. Of the architects, Gaddi, Brunelleschi, Alberti, Michael Angelo, Ammanati, were Florentines; the Fontanas were Milanese; Sansovino was a Tuscan; Palladio and Scamozzi were from Vicenza; Bernini was a Neapolitan; Borromini a Milanese. Rome gave birth only to Giacomo della Porta, Olivieri, Soria, Carlo Rainaldi, Antonio Rossi, Geronimo Teodoli, Nicholas Salvi, Luigi Vanvitelli: not one of the first class. The oldest of these was Giacomo della Porta, and he was not born till 1543.

In painting and sculpture the disproportion is still more curious. Of the painters, from Cimabue to Pompeo Battoni, the natives of Rome were Julio Romano, Gaspar Poussin, Ciro Ferri, Francesco Trevisani, and Marco Benefiale: the last three very obscure names. Among the sculptors I do not recall one considerable person who was born in Rome. How striking is the wealth of Florence in comparison! Among her native treasures are Cimabue, Pinturricchio, Fra Bartolomeo, Donatello, Michael Angelo, Sansovino, Bandinelli, Benvenuto Cellini.

In literature the most distinguished native name is that of Metastasio.

Rome has been a second country to many artists and writers on art, who have found here the true home of their spirits, and have felt themselves exiles when forced to leave it. Poussin came there at the age of thirty, and remained till his death in his seventy-first year, with the exception of a brief visit to Paris. Claude Lorraine lived in Rome from his twenty-seventh year till his death in his eighty-second. Mengs passed the greater part of his life in Rome, and was never happy out of it. Angelica Kauffmann lived there the last twenty-five years of her life; Winckelmann for twelve years, and never could have been content anywhere else.

Zoega came there in 1784, and remained till 1809, the time of his death. Besides these there are Thorwaldsen, Overbeck, Gibson, Wolff, Crawford, Reinhart, Wagner, Dessoulavy, and many others, who, drawn to Rome as pilgrims and wayfarers, have bowed to the spell of her power, and remained there as sojourners and denizens.

The great families of Rome are in like manner strangers to the soil; nearly all of them have owed their origin to their relationship to the ecclesiastics who have from time to time been elevated to the tiara. A few claim to be descended from the old Roman families—Prince Massimi from the Fabii, for instance. How far such pretensions would be sanctioned by the authority of a college of antiquarian heralds may be well doubted. The two great families of mediæval Rome, the Colonna and Orsini—whose feuds so often shook the state—still survive. Of the former there is a branch in Rome, and another in Naples. Of the latter, Prince Orsini is the senator of Rome.* The other conspicuous families of the middle ages, the Conti, the Gaetani, and the Savelli, are, I believe, extinct. Of the Frangipani there is a collateral branch remaining in Illyria: their claim to be descended from the Roman gens Anicia is said to be well founded.

The principal families of papal origin now remaining are Buoncompagni-Ludovisi, Borghese, Chigi, Rospigliosi, Altieri, Odescalchi, Albani, Corsini, Braschi, Barberini-Colonna, and Pamphili-Doria. Most of these are familiar sounds to strangers in Rome, from the palaces and villas with which their names are associated.

The two well-known families of Canino and Torlonia are comparatively of recent date. The present Prince of Canino, well known for his successful devotion to science, is the son of Lucien Bonaparte. He married his cousin, the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, and has a numerous family. He has been

* The prince married a daughter of Torlonia, the banker. The family had become reduced in circumstances; and on the occasion of this marriage it was said, that an ancient statue had been set up on a pedestal of gold.

a good deal mixed up with the political changes in Rome since the accession of Pius IX., and is reputed to have shown much more activity than wisdom in public affairs.

Who has not heard of the great banking-house of Torlonia, and of the brilliant parties given by its head, to which all the clients are invited? Since the days of the Roman emperors, who taxed all the world, there has been nothing so comprehensive as the percentage of the Torlonias. Men of all climes and colours and tongues have paid tribute at their counters. Their waters are deep enough for a millionnaire to swim in, and yet so shallow as not to drown the poor artist who comes into Rome with a knapsack on his back. The founder of the family, generally known as the Duke of Bracciano, died in 1829. He was one of that class of men who combine great financial skill and shrewd business tact with a rough and coarse nature, and who in their prosperity are rather inclined to parade their roughness and coarseness as ornaments than hide them as defects. He had also a vein of biting humour, and used to enjoy in his cynical way the court paid to him by the old Roman nobility.

The Roman nobility have no political influence, and no public career open to them. The path of high public distinction can be entered only by those who embrace the ecclesiastical profession. This is frequently adopted by younger sons, and, with fair capacity and character, they often reach the dignity of cardinal. But of late years the noble Roman families have contributed fewer members to the Church than was the custom formerly. At present there are only two cardinals in the sacred college who have sprung from papal families, Cardinal Barberini and Cardinal Altieri. Cardinal Odescalchi, a few years since, resigned the purple and entered the order of the Jesuits.

Being thus without any high career to quicken his powers and elevate his ambition, the Roman nobleman, unless he have literary or scientific tastes, must take refuge in a life of frivolous indolence or profligate self-indulgence. The author of

'Rom im Jahre 1833,' a man of sense and observation, who lived many years in Rome, thus gives the journal of a Roman nobleman's day:—He rises late, and hears mass in his domestic chapel. Then he does business with his steward, or gives an order to a tradesman; and makes or receives two or three visits. He dines alone or with a few friends, as dinner-parties are not a common form of social entertainment among Italians. In summer the dinner is followed by a siesta. Then the carriage is ordered out, and a few turns taken up and down the Corso, or on the Pincio; and perhaps an ice is eaten in front of a coffee-house. Then come evening prayers, and afterwards a conversazione; and thus the hours are brought round to bed-time. Who can wonder that, with men of any energy of temperament, such strong excitements as gaming and intrigue should be welcomed as grateful episodes in a life of such dreary monotony? It is indeed rather to the credit of the Roman dukes and princes that there are so many respectable men among them.

In point of fortune, both the higher and lower nobility of Rome are, as a general rule, in a state of decay and decline. A few are very rich, and many are positively poor. The French revolution, directly and indirectly, fell heavily upon them as a class.

TRAGICAL STORY OF THE SAVELLI FAMILY.

The reader of Lockhart's Life of Scott will remember that Sir Walter, when in Rome, met, at a dinner at the banker Torlonia's, with the Duke and Duchess of Corchiano, and that the duke told him that "he was possessed of a vast collection of papers, giving true accounts of all the murders, poisonings, intrigues, and curious adventures of all the great Roman families, during many centuries; all of which were at his service, to copy and publish in his own way, as historical romances, only disguising the names, so as not to compromise the credit of the existing descendants of the families in question." We

may easily imagine the rapture with which Sir Walter Scott would have pounced upon such a treasure-trove in the prime of his powers; and, with such materials, a novelist of half his genius might easily earn a brilliant and enduring reputation. Such themes would present all the elements of startling adventure, picturesque description, and thrilling incident. The scene would change from the peopled splendour of Roman palaces to the savage solitudes of secluded castles in the wooded glens and on the bare crags of the Apennines. Nobles, ecclesiastics, and soldiers would mingle in the mazy dance of events with artists and scholars; and, mixed with these, the hired bravo and the female poisoner would stalk or flit across the stage and suddenly disappear. Great historical names could be introduced with no violation of probability, and around the whole the dazzling lights and hues of romance could be poured. That the annals of the great Roman families are so prolific in romantic matter is to be ascribed partly to the subtle and passionate character of the Italians, which inclines them alike to crimes of treachery and violence, and partly to the fact that the nobility of Italy in the middle ages lived in defiance alike of law and public opinion, to an extent to which English history, since the wars of the Roses, affords no parallel. The great families had almost absolute dominion, not stopping short of life and death, within their own fiefs; and some fragments of their former feudal privileges yet remain. The fearful tragedy of the Cenci, so well known through the power of painting and poetry, is one of these domestic histories; and perhaps if all the horrors now slumbering in manuscript in mouldering cabinets and forgotten crypts were revealed to the light of day, it would not be found to be the darkest. That mysterious personage, Lucrezia Borgia, over whose motives and character so much dust of learned controversy has been raised, is another and representative character in Italian domestic history. Reumont, in his 'Neue Rœmische Briefe,' relates a tragic story drawn from the annals of the Savelli family, which fearfully illustrates the fatal con-

sequences which spring from the collision of fervid passions. I have merely abridged his narrative.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Duke of Savelli had an only son who, from his mental and personal graces, was the object of great admiration to his friends and relatives, and of a doting affection to his parents. A marriage was negotiated for him with the daughter of a noble Neapolitan house, who was to bring him a dowry of eight hundred thousand scudi; but on account of the tender age of the bride the nuptial ceremony was to be delayed for some time. Under these circumstances the young man, while passing the summer at the family castle in Aricia, saw and fell desperately in love with a beautiful young woman, of a decent family, who was betrothed to a young man of her own rank in life, named Christoforo, a vassal of the princely house of Savelli. The young woman was possessed of firmness and principle, as were her parents. She was kept concealed in the house, so that the young nobleman could neither speak to nor communicate with her; his presents were returned; and the marriage with Christoforo hastened as fast as possible. After the marriage, the infatuated lover still continued his persecuting attentions; wrote letter after letter; and even hired a house next to that in which the married pair lived, in order that he might see and speak with the wife from the window—a step which compelled them to change their abode. Although the young wife behaved with great propriety, and revealed to her husband all the annoyances to which she was exposed—giving him her whole heart and her whole confidence—his mind was tortured with jealousy, suspicion, and fear; the more so as the passion of his liege lord was now matter of common notoriety all over the village. He grew at last into such a state of desperation that he resolved to bring things to an end, no matter at what cost. As his wife showed him all the letters she received from Savelli—and as these grew more and more passionate and importunate, and began to assume a threatening tone—he at last compelled her to write to her persecutor at his dictation, tell-

ing him that her husband would soon leave home on business, and that she would then see him at her house. The young prince was overjoyed at the receipt of this missive. Soon after he received another, saying that her husband had left home, and desiring the prince to visit her at midnight, and to come disguised so that he might not be detected if he should chance to be seen by any one else. Christoforo persuaded her to write these letters by telling her that his purpose was only to play the young prince a trick which should cure him of his passion and enable them to live in peace.

When the appointed hour had arrived, the young prince appeared in disguise at the house of Christoforo, which stood apart from any other in the village. He was cautiously admitted and conducted into an inner apartment where Christoforo was seated, dressed in female attire. As soon as the unhappy youth had entered the room, Christoforo rose and shot him with a pistol loaded with five balls; and, after he had fallen, stabbed him to the heart with a dagger. Then, with the assistance of a peasant whom he had taken into his confidence and kept concealed in his house, he carried the bleeding body and deposited it at the gate of the Savelli palace. The murderer and his accomplice then withdrew to the mountains in the neighbourhood, and finally escaping into the Neapolitan territory, took shipping for Turkey, and never appeared again in any Christian land. The poor wife, wholly unprepared for such a tragedy, had fled in dismay to her mother's house on hearing the report of the pistol.

When the next morning revealed the bloody work of the night, the whole village, as well may be supposed, was thrown into the greatest agitation and alarm. Messengers were immediately dispatched to Rome to inform the wretched father of his irreparable loss. The Pope, Paul III., sent the proper officers of justice to Aricia, investigations were made, and a large number of persons arrested. The wife was carried to the prison of Borgo Castello, and there examined upon the rack; but she always persisted in the statement she at first

made—that she knew and suspected nothing of the murderous designs of her husband, but supposed that he intended to play some trick upon the young prince, and that she had fled upon hearing the pistol shot, and knew nothing further.

After some months' examination, all the persons who had been arrested were discharged, except the wife. She, in spite of her constant protestations of innocence, was condemned to death, and the Savelli family were resolved that the sentence should be executed. But their cruel purpose was not destined to be carried into effect. Margaret of Austria, the natural daughter of Charles V. and wife of Octavio Farnese, the grandson of the Pope (who had been married before entering the ecclesiastical state), was at that time residing in Rome. Hearing of the beauty of the unfortunate prisoner, she went to visit her in her place of confinement, and on seeing her, felt so lively an interest in her behalf, that she resolved to use all her influence to procure a pardon. She first applied to the Pope, who told her that he would readily grant her request, if she could obtain the consent of the Duke of Savelli, with whom the decision of the woman's fate rested. The broken-hearted old man could not resist the personal solicitations of so powerful a person as the daughter of Charles V. The young woman was set at liberty and entered into the service of her benefactress. Great efforts were made to find the fugitive Christoforo. A price of thirty thousand scudi was set upon his head, and negotiations were even entered into with some noted leaders of banditti, to whom large promises were made in case they would deliver him up to justice; but all in vain. Many years after there came a rumour to Rome that he had been seen in Aleppo; but nothing was ever known with certainty of his subsequent fate. The Duke of Savelli was soon after seized with a violent fever which terminated in madness, and he ended his days in a lunatic asylum. With him the family became extinct.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Last days in Rome — Rome to Perugia — Perugia and Assisi — Perugia to Florence — Lucca — Genoa.

LAST DAYS IN ROME.

Rome, which at first is somewhat oppressive to the spirits, gains upon acquaintance, and after a residence of a few months begins to unfold all its attractions. The sparkle and gaiety of Naples and Paris soon lose their charm with those who are not very young or very light-hearted; but the repose of Rome, like the beauty of twilight, falls with a soothing influence which time and repetition only deepen. My last days in Rome were darkened by the thought, that the time of my departure was near at hand; and the striking points and localities, which had now become so familiar to me, seemed touched with gentler and softer lights, when I was about to see them no more. This was not all to be ascribed to the effect of custom and usage in toning down the thoughts, till they had become in unison with the grave strain of outward life. Something was due to that influence of the vernal season which is so distinctly felt in a city so surrounded with gardens, vineyards, and broad green spaces. Besides, I had come to have the comfortable feeling of a boy who had ciphered through the arithmetic. I had not the fear of Murray and Vasi before my eyes. I was not haunted by visions of churches that had not been seen, and galleries that had not been visited. I could let the hours bear me where they would, and suffer the reins to drop from my hands.

My last week was spent mostly in long walks around the city and its immediate neighbourhood, with no other object than that of fastening to the memory as strongly as possible the forms which were so soon to be lost to the sight. I

strolled through the grounds of the Villa Pamphili and Villa Borghese, which were now bright with the green, and starred with the blossoms of spring, and heard for the last time the voices of the aërial spirits that live in their venerable pines. I took a farewell look at the Forum, the Colosseum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Churches of Sta. Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran. I paid a parting visit to the Capitol, the Vatican, and St. Peter's, and saw my last sunset from the Pincian Hill. I went into the gardens of the Villa Medici, and looked over the wide sweep of prospect towards the east. I sometimes shut my eyes—as a boy who is learning his lesson looks off the book to make experiment of his progress—to try how distinctly I could retain and carry away the scenes that were before me.

ROME TO PERUGIA.

On Saturday, April 8th, I left Rome in the coupé of a most primitive diligence, in which I had taken passage to Perugia, trusting to good luck to find a conveyance from there to Florence. The weather was dull and gloomy, and I was not sorry that Rome did not wear its best look as I was leaving it. How true is the remark of a French writer, that nothing so resembles a funeral as a leave-taking! For two or three posts the country was very uninteresting—flat, tame, and desolate—and, losing sunshine, it lost everything. Beyond Monterosi, a gradual improvement took place, and fine views began to open on either hand. We passed through Nepi, a village very picturesquely situated, on the outside of which is a magnificent aqueduct. We reached Civita Castellana, our resting-place for the night, at about sunset. I strolled about the town for some time with two of my companions in the diligence, both young men, one in indifferent health, with a fine and cultivated tenor voice, to whom singing seemed a rather more natural language than speaking. The weather had brightened up since morning, and the mild air of a spring evening brought the whole popu-

lation into the streets. The men were lounging about in the square, and perhaps enjoying the novel pleasure of talking politics, and speculating on what the Pope meant to do; and whether he would make bread cheaper and drive away the malaria. The women were clustered about a large fountain, dabbling and splashing in its streams like a hundred washing-days; looking very busy, oriental, and picturesque. We went into the Cathedral in the dusk of the evening, the interior of which was faintly shown by that dim, religious light which makes everything impressive. The inn was crowded and uncomfortable, and the delays were such as would only have been tolerable in antediluvian periods. I whiled away the evening by trying the patience of my companions by very unchoice Italian, and listening to the snatches of songs into which one of them was constantly breaking.

The next morning the weather was good, and we started early. Between Civita Castellana and Borghetto the road passed through a beautiful country. At the latter place is a fine old fortress dismantled and going to decay. Soon after, we crossed the Tiber, and drove over a plain shadowed with noble oaks to Otricoli, where we stopped to leave our musical friend. I shook him heartily by the hand in parting, for I had been drawn to him by his sweet voice and gentle manners, and I could not get over the presentiment that he had gone home to die. Narni, our next resting-place, is a beautifully-situated city, high on a hill and commanding an extensive prospect. Here are the remains of the bridge of Augustus—a thoroughly satisfactory ruin in every respect—for it has an imperial origin, its forms are striking and grand, and the scenery of which it forms a part is exactly what a poet or a painter would wish for the setting of a ruin. During the greater part of the day, indeed, we had travelled over a country of more varied and impressive beauty than I had expected. The slow pace at which we moved enabled me to be on my feet for many miles, so that I had the full benefit of the views. The road went over breezy uplands, from which

the distant Apennines and many a glittering hamlet could be seen—plunged down into deep dells where the overhanging shadows kept the morning dew far into the day—and wandered over extensive plains and through woods of oak and chestnut, whose massive aisles seemed to lead into primeval and untrodden solitudes. Mountain streams, soon to be dried up by the summer's heat, poured their turbid floods through the water-courses. The great presiding genius of the landscape had been the giant form of Mount Soracte, which had been constantly near us, changing with the changing lights, but always the central point of interest and attraction. The elements which the hand of man had added to the scenery had always embellished and never defaced it. Towns, over-ripe with age, crowning the tops of steep hills, as if they had been dropped upon them from the clouds; feudal towers, rusting away like pieces of disused armour; aqueducts and bridges with the stamp of Roman greatness upon them; and walls black with Etrurian shadows—offered themselves to the eye when it turned away from the eternal forms of Nature; and over the whole landscape there hung a charm not discerned by the eye—a spirit of power and beauty—which gave a voice to every stream that broke upon the solitude, and dignity to every mountain shadow. This interest was not derived from the struggles and dramatic changes of the middle ages alone —not alone from the grandeur and decay of Rome—but in part from the fortunes of those mysterious Etrurians, whose civilization had passed the culminating point before the seeds of Rome had been planted. And how vivid was the contrast between this mighty past, running up to an unrecorded morning twilight, and the freshness of the actual landscape, just breaking into the verdure and bloom of spring, and exulting in the sense of new-born life! This contrast was made the more striking by the solitude which brooded over a large portion of the route. Between the post stations there would frequently be many miles with hardly a sign of human habitation, and, but for a town or village set upon a distant hill, we

might have supposed ourselves in some new region just opened to the stream of population and enterprise. There was no succession of farm-houses and modest hamlets, each within an easy call of some other, but, after passing out of the towns, which, from the compactness of their streets and the height and close proximity of the houses, seemed like pieces cut out of a large city, everything was solitary and desolate, as if the land had been wasted by pestilence or ravaged by war.

I have spoken often, perhaps too often, of the beauty and variety of Italian scenery, and my only apology is to be found in the ever new pleasure which it awakened. The most striking effects of scenery are produced when elements unlike in the impression they make are brought into immediate comparison and relation. A level plain stretching away to the horizon on every side is well enough to see for a while, but its continuance soon wearies the eye. But let a range of mountains loom up in the distance, and a new character is given to the intermediate plain. So when a mountain rises up abruptly from a level region, like Soracte, the mountain is the finer for the plain, and the plain for the mountain. It is the same with lakes. The most striking are those which are the deepest set, like Como, or, still more, Lucerne. The overhanging cliff and the liquid floor take and give beauty and grandeur. Mountains themselves which are packed closely together, with only deep fissure-like valleys between them, are shorn of half their power from the want of a proper element of comparison. One of the felicities of the scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland in England, and which gives such effect to their low and bare mountains, is that the spaces between them are broad level plains of lake or meadow, from which the hills rise up like trees from a smooth lawn. The character of Italian scenery is mainly determined by the central chain of the Apennines and its lateral spurs, and the comparatively narrow strip of level region between the mountains and the sea. Nor is this all; for the intermediate space has been the scene of powerful volcanic action, which always

results in picturesque contrasts. Thus, in Italy, south of the great alluvial plain of Lombardy and away from the immediate sea-coast, the eye is never discontented with monotony. Standing upon a height, there is always a wide horizon to look down upon; and travelling over a plain, there are always heights to look up to. The streams rush rapidly through narrow and precipitous banks. The lakes occupy the craters of extinct volcanoes. Deep wooded glens open on all sides, in which rocks and trees group themselves into the finest combinations. The traveller's path is full of variety, and the beauty that pitches her tents before him as he moves, never appears twice in the same garb.

From Narni I went on to Terni, through a beautiful valley embosomed in high hills. After dinner I put myself in the hands of a donkey-driver and rode down to the falls, through a richly wooded and romantic region, glowing in the early bloom of spring. There were two or three inviting looking houses on the way.

These celebrated falls did not correspond to the expectations I had formed of them. They seemed to me to have been be-rhymed and be-prosed beyond their deserts. Poets and travellers who have described them dwell upon their terrors and sublimities—as if a mighty power were put forth, before which the mind of man must needs stand in fear and trembling. The answer to such claims is found in the facts that the Velino is only about fifty feet wide, and that the falls themselves are artificial. Brockedon, who has given an excellent view of the scene, speaks of the "appalling effect of the cataract." I cannot conceive of the most sensitive nerves being "appalled" here, any more than before a city water-spout in a hard rain. The falls did not seem to me sublime, hardly grand; but worthy of all praise for their beauty and grace. The form of the cliff over which the water flows is very fine; as is the character of the whole scenery through which the stream flows. The rocks are scooped and hollowed in the most becoming shapes; trees and shrubs grow just where they are wanted;

there is water enough to give animation to the whole scene; and great variety results from the different inclinations over which the stream breaks and glides. The cataract would be perfect in its way were the waters clear, which was far from being the case when I saw them: they were of a dirty yellow, and the silver of their foam seemed tarnished and rusty.

The evening was mild, and I passed an hour or two in strolling about the streets of Terni. The soft air and the light of a young moon had brought nearly all the population out of doors They did not look so intelligent as the reading and lecture-going inhabitants of a town of similar size in New England, but there were more smiles among them and fewer anxious brows. They strolled about in a leisurely way, as if they had a great deal more of the capital of time than they knew how to invest. Terni, however, has a more thriving and progressive look than most Italian towns. There are some iron-works here, employing about one hundred and fifty persons, mostly French.

The next morning, by virtue of an arrangement previously concluded, I was driven over from Terni to San Gemini, a small village about ten miles off, in order to take a diligence which passed through there on the way to Perugia; and, to make sure of the time, I was obliged to start at five. The waggon provided for me was primitive enough to have come out of the stables of Shem, but, had it been a wheelbarrow, I should not have murmured, so beautiful was the region through which it carried me. There is a deep charm in that early morning twilight, which amply repays for the pang of parting with one's pillow; and perhaps a small seasoning of self-complacency at having accomplished so lark-like a feat adds a flavour to our enjoyment. The road ran through fresh and dewy woods and over upland ridges, from which the eye ranged over many a league of plain. It was a great delight to mark the various portions of the landscape struggling out of the darkness and glowing into day—to see the long wave

of morning gold climb up the grey beach of the eastern sky, and overflow the valleys, and dash its luminous spray against the walls and spires of Narni, till they shone in the distance like battlements of crystal. There were very few houses on the road, but we met many labourers, some singly and some in groups, going out to their daily toil.

San Gemini is a very small village, as is usual in Italy, resembling the street of a city; being composed of two rows of high stone houses, and when you come to the end of them the open country begins. I waited an hour for the lazy diligence, but I passed it very pleasantly in walking about the town and its outskirts, watching the ways of the people, and endeavouring to establish diplomatic relations with some very young gentlemen and ladies, whose mothers had brought them out into the morning light. There was a small café, crowded with men in coarse working dresses, each of whom took a small cup of black coffee before going out to his labour. Two old men sat down in a corner to play cards: it is my firm faith that a dirtier pack could not at that moment have been found upon earth. Near them was a segretario, or letter-writer, just finishing a letter for a very rough-looking contadino, who dug his words out very slowly, and seemed troubled in spirit. The people looked poor but contented. Nearly every person saluted me as I passed, and in the little café there was a quiet tone of good manners and an absence of rude staring, such as was hardly to be expected in a place where strange faces were probably not very common.

San Gemini, like all the towns of this region, is set upon a hill, and just outside of the gate of entrance to its single street is a spacious terrace-like plateau which commands a very wide prospect. As I was looking at this, and thinking how expressive it was, in its early light and early bloom, of youth, and hope, and life, my eyes fell upon an object which lay upon the ground a few rods distant; and on walking up to it to see what it might be, I was somewhat startled to find it a coarsely-formed wooden bier, entirely uncovered at the

top, in which was the dead body of a middle-aged woman of the peasant class. Not a human being but myself was in sight. The body was dressed precisely as the woman would have been if living, in a gown of blue stuff, with stockings and stout shoes. The hands were hard and brown, showing a life of severe toil in the open air; and but for the dignity of death, the features would have been coarse and commonplace. As I looked up again, a shadow, like that of a passing cloud, seemed to rest upon the landscape.

The diligence plodded on slowly to Todi, over a hilly road, but through a country so beautiful that no one could have wished to be whirled rapidly through it. The air was elastic and bracing, and the sky covered with massive clouds of snowy white, which the light winds hardly stirred. Todi, high in the air, shone like an aërial city, and was visible for some hours before we reached it. It is a little provincial town of about three thousand inhabitants; and it is curious to compare such a place with a town of similar size in New England, both in what it has and what it has not. In Todi it would probably be a difficult thing to pick up a newspaper or a periodical; and a library of twenty volumes in the possession of a layman would be an extraordinary phenomenon in such a place. There might be half a dozen intelligent and conversible men found there, but hardly an educated and intellectual woman, able to take part in a conversation upon politics or literature. But, on the other hand, there is a church here by Bramante, in the form of a Greek cross, with four small cupolas supporting a large one, which is so beautiful, that, if it were dropped down anywhere in New England, men would take a day's journey merely to look at it. There is also another church, with a Gothic doorway covered with a rich and elaborate carving, such as could not be paralleled in the whole United States. Such is Italy; rich in art, but poor in thought and action—rich in the bequests of the past, but poor in the harvests of the present.

Between Todi and Perugia the road passes through a level

region, under fine cultivation. Perugia was distinctly visible for so long a time before we reached it, and the distance between us and it seemed so little diminished by the progress we made, that I began to think it was a city in a dream which kept receding as we drew near. But at last we did arrive at the base of the steep hill which it crowns, and after that it was much like going up stairs to bed. For the last mile or two, a yoke of sturdy oxen was harnessed to the carriage, and about dusk we passed into the town. I found lodgings in La Corona, a humble Italian inn not set down in Murray, the rather shabby diligence having closed against me the doors of the first-class hotels. For the honour of the country let me say that I found decent accommodations and most obliging attendance—was not overcharged—or bitten by fleas.

PERUGIA AND ASSISI.

The next two days, passed in Perugia and its neighbourhood, were among the most delightful of my whole Italian tour. Few persons have any notion of how interesting a city this is, and how rich in works of art; to say nothing of its glorious situation, and clean, quiet, aristocratic-looking streets, so utterly without business or bustle. I had the advantage of delicious weather, with a transparent atmosphere which made the distant near, and pushed the horizon so far off as to include a boundless range of mountain, hill, and valley.

Stratford-on-Avon is hardly more identified with Shakespeare, than is Perugia with the admirable artist to whom it has given the name by which he is commonly known. I call him admirable, for so he is in his best works, but there is a great space between his best and his worst works. Sometimes he is almost equal to Raphael, and sometimes he is far below himself. So far as we can judge from what we know of his life—though I cannot help distrusting some of Vasari's statements—he seems to have been one of those men whose genius derives no elements of growth from the character. His

early years were darkened with poverty and struggle: his temperament was not hopeful, nor were his manners engaging. The remembrance of his sufferings and privations gave him an undue estimate of the value of money, and, when success came, he esteemed it less for the sphere of development which it opened, than for the means of accumulating property which it furnished. His studio was degraded to a shop, and he himself to a mechanic; and his insulted genius took revenge by rarer and briefer visits. With the help of his pupils he painted an immense number of pictures, which were dispersed through the galleries of Europe, which have just merit enough to make one vexed that they have not more. Every one remembers the remark of the would-be connoisseur in the Vicar of Wakefield, that the secret of his art consisted in two rules:—"The one, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino." In a multitude of cases, these two rules might be put in practice before the same picture. No artist has ever painted more pictures of which it may be said with truth that they would have been better if the painter had taken more pains. And, at best, he wants variety and dramatic power. When he has many figures to deal with, he does not group them with skill and judgment. He is also deficient in manly grasp and vigorous energy, and there is feminine weakness as well as feminine delicacy in his pencil. His attitudes are stiff, and he is wanting in that flowing outline which is so great a charm in the designs of his illustrious pupil. He is a decided mannerist, and his heads and faces seem to have been variations of the same original model. But to these wants there are great merits to be set down by way of compensation. His colouring is soft, rich, and mellow; remarkable for its harmonious gradations and purity of tone. The aërial light of his backgrounds has a certain spiritual look which often reminded me of Allston. His heads are animated with an expression of tenderness, delicacy, and elevation, which, how-

ever often repeated, never fails to charm. The sentiment of worship especially—the devotional instinct which naturally bends the head forward, as a tree is swayed by the wind—is always conspicuous in his pictures. It is difficult to believe the stories that are told of his irreligion, when we look upon the rapt and glowing heads of his saints and madonnas.

I began my day at Perugia by a visit to the cathedral, but could only observe the general effect of the interior, for it was under repair and the pictures were not visible. The frescoes of the Sala del Cambio, or Hall of Exchange, are perhaps the culminating point of the painter's genius. Nowhere else does he put forth so much power, dignity, and variety. On one side are several Sibyls and Prophets, with the Almighty in glory above them; and on the other, various personages of Greek and Roman history, arranged in groups; and, above them, allegorical figures of the virtues which distinguished them. On the wall, opposite the entrance, are the Transfiguration and the Nativity—both very fine, the latter especially. The roof is covered with beautiful arabesques, and figures representing the seven planets, with Apollo in the centre. In this room there is a portrait of Perugino himself, which is a harder and coarser face than one would have supposed from his works. In these frescoes Perugino was assisted by Raphael, whose likeness is said to be preserved in the figure of the prophet Daniel.

The church of S. Agostino has two works by Perugino, one representing the Nativity, and the other the Baptism of the Saviour. The first is a very beautiful work, full of tenderness and feeling, remarkable for the mixture of maternal love and devotional reverence in the face and attitude of the Virgin. In the sacristy there are also eight very pleasing pictures by him, of small size and in frames.

The Benedictine monastery of St. Peter has a fine church of the basilica style. Here are numerous pictures, some of the Venetian school, but few favourably placed for being seen. In the sacristy are five lovely little pictures of saints by

Perugino, which are perfect gems of feeling and expression. The Infant Saviour embracing St. John is said to be an early work of Raphael's. The stalls of the choir are of walnut, carved in bas-relief from designs of Raphael, which are full of grace and boundless in invention. This monastery is grandly situated, and from a public walk near by an incomparable view may be enjoyed.

In the Confraternità of S. Pietro Martire is one of Perugino's best works, a Madonna and Child, between two angels and worshipped by several saints.

In the Church of S. Severo is Raphael's first fresco. It is in two compartments, or divisions, an upper and lower. In the former is God the Father with two child angels, each holding a sort of floating scroll. This portion is much injured. Below, the Saviour is in the centre, with the dove above his head and an angel on either side; and a little lower are six saints seated, three on either hand. The composition is excellent, marked by that balanced harmony and calm repose so conspicuous in the frescoes of the Vatican. Both beauty and dignity may be discerned in the figures; and the attitudes and drapery show that he was already beginning to break the chains of the Umbrian school.

In the Palazzo Connestabile is one of the earliest of Raphael's Holy Families, called the Staffa Madonna, a small round picture, of much sweetness of expression, and with an air of nature and reality about it which distinguishes it from the stiff conventionalism in which the subject was treated by the earlier masters. The Virgin is reading in a book, and the Child is looking into it, in a playful, natural way, just as any mortal child might do.

In the Church of S. Francesco is a fine picture of St. John the Baptist, with four other saints, by Perugino; and also a Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, which is one of his feeblest and poorest works.

Among the other interesting objects in Perugia are the house of Perugino: a fountain nearly six hundred years old,

in marble and bronze, the work of Giovanni da Pisa, and redundant in carving: a fine bronze statue of Julius III.: a massive arch, partly Roman and partly Etruscan, now used as a gateway, very grand, dark, and imposing; and another Etruscan gateway, in the wall of the citadel, the frieze of which is ornamented with heads of horses. The Palazzo Comunale is a fine old building with a noble doorway and beautiful windows.

The Pinacoteca, or Academy of the Fine Arts, contains some fine works by Pinturicchio, a beautiful Madonna by Bartolo, and various other pictures interesting in the history of art. There is also a respectable collection of casts, various Etruscan curiosities in bronze, many monuments and inscriptions taken from tombs in the neighbourhood.

At the close of the day I paid a visit to the Institution for the Insane, which has the reputation of being one of the best in Italy. The situation is extremely beautiful. I went without any introduction, but found no difficulty in being admitted, and I was conducted all over the building with much courtesy. There are usually about seventy patients here; some of whom are supported by themselves, and some at the public expense. The bathing apparatus was very good, but the ventilation rather defective. The floors are of brick, and, in winter, stoves heated with wood are used for warming. Everything was neat and in good order. One of the patients was a decent-looking Englishwoman, of middle age, whom some strange blast of fate had blown to this out-of-the-way place. She appeared rational enough, and well pleased to have an opportunity of speaking her native tongue. The resident physician seemed to be a very intelligent young man, and I regretted that my imperfect Italian kept our conversation very near the shore. Every window in the building commands an enchanting prospect, and this cannot fail to have a favourable influence upon the mental health of the inmates. As I walked home from the Asylum to my inn, and looked around upon the streets, which were as quiet as those of an

American city of the same size at midnight, with no noise, bustle, or animation of any kind, and thought how little of religious or political excitement ever disturbed these tranquil waters, and how impossible it was to speculate in anything but lottery tickets, I could not but wonder what motive or excuse men could have for going mad in so sleepy an atmosphere, in which life was much like an afternoon nap. That the wheels of the brain might become clogged with inaction, so as to stop short, and the man and the mind alike die of that Quaker disease, which Jeffrey describes in one of his letters, is easy to comprehend; but that they should ever go so fast as to get out of gear is a mystery.

I took dinner in one corner of a barn-like apartment in solitary state, and thought with pity of the poor Pope, who is so grand a personage that he is obliged to do so every day. Three hundred and sixty-five solitary dinners every year! A man ought to be paid very high wages for that. Soon after I had sat down, two young gentlemen came into the room, and somewhat to my surprise commenced a conversation in English. There was something about them which showed that they did not belong to the aristocratic class—as indeed might be inferred from the modest rank of the inn in which they had found refuge—but they were amiable and conversible, virtues not always found in their superiors in the social scale. They were travelling from Florence to Rome on foot, which at this fine season of the year was no unwise measure.

The next morning I chartered a small carriage drawn by a single horse, much like a four-wheeled chaise, and drove over to Assisi. I stopped at an Etruscan tomb about three miles from Perugia, on the side of a hill. On going down a few steps, a door is unlocked, which leads into a high vaulted chamber, the roof of which is composed of massive pieces of travertine. Several smaller chambers open out of this. In the rear is an inner apartment, not so large, containing several sarcophagi made of stone, and covered with a sort of plaster. The relief on them is bold and animated. There is

also a Roman sarcophagus here. A Medusa's head is carved on the roof of the principal apartment, upon which are also other sculptured objects; such as human heads and those of serpents. On one side of the door is an inscription which has attracted much attention from archæologists. The whole tomb is very interesting and impressive, and there are probably many more like it not yet excavated. Soon after leaving the tomb I overtook my English acquaintances, whose knapsacks I had with me in the carriage; and by a little squeezing made room for them also, and took them as far as Sta. Maria degli Angeli, where we parted; and as Bunyan says, they went on their way and I saw them no more.

The Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli is a splendid and imposing structure which has been restored, almost rebuilt, having been greatly injured by an earthquake in 1832, and it has, in consequence, a new and fresh appearance not common in Italian churches. The building was originally erected to enclose and protect the small Gothic chapel in which St. Francis laid the foundation of his order. It has a fine cupola and a nave of stately proportions. This church also contains the admirable fresco of Overbeck, representing the vision of St. Francis, which is generally esteemed his masterpiece, and one of the great productions of the revived school of Catholic art. Leaving the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, I drove up to Assisi, about a mile and a half distant, the situation of which is well described by Dante,—

"Fertile costa di alto monte pende."

The view as one approaches to it is very fine; for, besides its natural advantages of site, its towers and battlements, its aqueduct and ruined citadel, make up a picture in themselves. After entering the town, there is nothing that disappoints the expectation or breaks the spell of old enchantment which hangs over it. The streets are silent, narrow, and steep; the houses, gray and tottering with age; the architectural forms, solemn and mediæval. The rushing and roaring stream of

the present has never flowed through this Pompeii of the thirteenth century. The six centuries that have swept over it have not so much as brushed it with their wings. The whole scene seems prepared for the entrance of St. Francis himself, with his brown woollen robe and girdle of hemp, upon the stage. Assisi, even more than Perugia, is stamped with the image and superscription of one man. The forms of the landscape, the mountains and the valleys, the woods and the rocks, the streets and the houses, are all vocal with the name of St. Francis, that extraordinary man whose life and career offer, even to Protestant judgment, so much occasion for wonder, and such frequent cause for admiration. The Catholics point to his fervid and burning zeal as the legitimate growth of their own faith, and contend that out of the pale of the Romish Church there are no influences that could have given it birth. This is to a considerable extent true. Nothing less than a universal Church, which clasped the whole human race in its folds of charity and compassion, could have inspired such fervour of self-devotion. Nor could such lives as his and many others in the annals of the Romish Church have existed without the element of celibacy. The influence of a family is always rather centripetal than centrifugal—tending to keep men within the sphere of daily duties and practical toil, and restraining all erratic and enthusiastic impulses. But much must be set down to that temperament which the fervour of a southern clime burns into the frame. Monachism began in the East, where the fierce sun beats upon the yellow sands with blinding and scorching power, and where the stars of midnight shine through a transparent atmosphere with such splendour, that a highly wrought imagination can easily interpret their rays into glances of encouragement or rebuke. There is a vein of orientalism in the history, literature, and art of Italy; and the life of St. Francis is a picture set in an oriental frame. The part of Italy in which he was born is a region of mountain and valley —the heights swept by cold winds and visited by snow and frost in winter; but the lowlands in summer parched with

long-continued heat—in which tracts of brown grass, treeless hills, and bold rocky eminences recall the landscapes of Idumæa and Palestine. Italy, Spain, and the East have been the birthplaces and homes, not only of anchorets, pillar-saints, and ascetics, but of men who have carried into life the ascetic spirit; and who, while moving about upon their missions of love and faith, were visibly wasting away in the flames of devouring zeal, and, in the ecstasy of their self-abasement, welcomed hunger, poverty, fatigue, contumely, and persecution, not merely with patience but with rapture. In these climes Nature opens wide her arms of companionship and consolation to the melancholy, the disappointed, the penitent, the impassioned. She soothes them with her golden mornings, the floods of sunshine that break from her cloudless skies, her indescribable sunsets, her radiant nights, her finest voices, and her mountain streams. How impossible is it for the mind to blend such figures as Simon Stylites or St. Francis of Assisi with the deep snows, the dark winter days, and the gray skies of Russia!

From the fact that Italy preceded England so much in the march of civilization and refinement, it happens that the men and the events of Italian history appear nearer than those of England. It has always seemed strange to me that Raphael was born about the time of Bosworth Field. Fitness and proportion would seem to make him a contemporary of Milton. When we read of the taste and civilization of Rome in the time of the great painter—the graceful entertainments of the nobility, the wit, the poetry, the music, and the art that embellished life, the courtly manners, the scholarship, the extended commerce and the manufacturing skill which marked the period—it is difficult to believe that the best blood in England were then dining at ten; that their dinners were composed of huge masses of fresh and salt meat spread upon a great oaken table; that their food was shovelled into the mouth without the help of a fork; that the floor of their dining-halls was strewn with rushes, among which their dogs

searched and fought for bones; and that, in the intervals of feasting, their minds were recreated with the postures of tumblers and the coarse jokes of licensed jesters. St. Francis of Assisi was born in 1182, about the time that Henry II. of England was mourning over first the ingratitude and then the death of his eldest son Prince Henry. But when we go to Assisi and see and feel how every spot in the landscape is identified with the saint and recalls his presence, it is difficult to believe that a chasm of more than six centuries is opened between us and him. It is not easy to find anywhere, in any country, an historical personage of such fresh and enduring vitality. When we think of Richard of England, and of Thomas à Becket, they seem, by comparison, to recede far back into the night of time. They are dim shadows; but St. Francis is a living presence, whose name is carved upon the rocks and whispered by the winds and the waters. This is one proof, and only one among many, of the enduring character of deep religious impressions, and that the most lasting conquests are won by those who fight with spiritual weapons against spiritual foes.

The church and convent of the order of Sti. Apostoli at Assisi stand at one extremity of the town, and form a most imposing group of buildings, in which the pointed arches of the Gothic are blended, not inharmoniously, with a massive square campanile. Their general aspect resembles a fortress rather than a church. The entrance lies through a kind of cortile, with rows of arches on either hand, above which, on one side, a stately terrace is reared. The upper church is a Gothic structure; with glorious painted windows and a roof of five compartments, three of which are adorned with frescoes by Cimabue, and two contain gold stars on a blue ground. The upper portion of the walls of the nave has also a series of works by the same venerable hand, representing subjects from the Old and New Testaments. These designs are memorable in the history of art, as marking an epoch as distinct as the advent of Chaucer in English literature; and they are con-

templated and estimated by lovers of art with a feeling too reverential for criticism. We see in them, dimmed as they are by time, the successful efforts of a man of original genius to break out of the rigid conventionalism of the Byzantine school; at least, successful in part, for art in his hands was not wholly emancipated, but, like Milton's lion, was yet pawing to get free from the clods which held it imprisoned until it yielded to the stronger arm of Giotto.

This upper church, though Gothic in its forms, is not Gothic in its gloom; but, on the contrary, is filled with glowing and brilliant light, through which the fading forms of saints and apostles strike upon the eye with strange power. It is much less crowded than most Italian churches, and a silence like that of the grave broods over its spaces. The attention is not disturbed by streams of worshippers going and coming; nor is the sense of reverence offended by a mass of trumpery and incongruous details in plaster, gilding, and wax. The falling step awakens echoes that seem to have been long slumbering. The whole effect of this upper church is highly impressive, partly from what is addressed to the eye and partly from what is addressed to the mind. The spiritual forms of Gothic architecture make a stronger impression upon one coming from the South from their contrast with the gayer and more secular character of Roman churches.

On descending into the lower church a different scene presents itself. The upper church, with its high roof, its ample spaces, and its glorious lights, breathes of the peace and serenity of heaven; but the lower, heavy-vaulted and gloomy, suggests the sorrows and struggles of earth. It is a perfect treasure-house and museum of art, containing a multitude of curious or beautiful works, many of which, however, can hardly be seen in the dim light. Here are those three wonderful frescoes by Giotto, the Dante of painting, typifying the Poverty, Obedience, and Chastity, which St. Francis enjoined upon his followers; and also a fourth, representing the glorification of the Saint. There are many works by his

followers and pupils, and by later artists, various in style and unequal in merit, but all appropriate to the spirit of the place and deeply penetrated with religious feeling. There are also some sepulchral monuments and some rich painted glass. To all these striking and instructive objects I could only give hasty and superficial glances, though they would have rewarded the patient study of many days. Below the lower church there is a kind of cellar, in which is the sepulchre of St. Francis hewn out of the solid rock.

After leaving the church I was glad to relieve my overtasked faculties by a stroll about the town. In the piazza is the magnificent portico of the Temple of Minerva, with six fluted columns and a pediment, of which Goethe has written in such animated terms. I drove back to Perugia in the glow of a declining sun, and, though in a very light carriage, the road for the last mile was so steep as to require the help of a pair of oxen.

PERUGIA TO FLORENCE.

The next morning I left Perugia early in a vettura for Florence. My companions were three Italians, respectable in appearance and very well-mannered. The day was not entirely pleasant, though we had sunshine enough to light up the beautiful lake of Thrasimene, which looked so peaceful and gentle that it was difficult to believe that its banks had ever been trampled with the feet of contending armies, or its waters reddened with their blood. We stopped to lunch at a post-station at the foot of the hill crowned by Cortona, to which I looked up with longing eyes, but had no time to do anything more. On a small house opposite the inn was one of those inflated inscriptions, so common in Italy, announcing in very stately Latin that Pius VI. visited it on his return from France, and "filled it with the splendour of his dignity." The post-house at which we stopped seemed to be under the management of three sisters, handsome and graceful young

women, who glided about their duties with a smiling alacrity which would make any reasonable traveller submit to overcharge of at least ten per cent. on his bills. We reached Arezzo about an hour before sunset, and had time to walk the town and see the house in which Petrarch was born; the fine Loggie of Vasari, author, painter, and architect; the Palazzo Pubblico, covered all over with the armorial bearings of the Podestas; the singular Church of Santa Maria della Pieve; and the Cathedral, the interior of which is solemn, splendid, and magnificent, with glorious painted windows, the finest in Italy; a highly elaborate and beautiful tomb, erected to the memory of Guido Tarlatti; and a striking picture, Judith showing the head of Holofernes, by Benvenuti, an artist of our own times, of the classical school of Camuccini. The lovers of good poetry and good wine should not forget that in this cathedral lies buried Redi, the author of 'Bacco in Toscana.' The situation of Arezzo is very beautiful, and as we came out of the cathedral the setting sun was breaking out of the clouds, and covering the broad landscape with rich golden lights and long shadows. A space behind the cathedral is laid out as a public walk, from which the eye ranges over a region of country large enough to make a German principality.

The next day was one of steady rain, and my journey left nothing of sufficient interest to be recorded. We reached Florence between four and five in one of those hearty and downright rains which, at least, do not tease one with expectations of clearing up, which are destined to end in constant disappointment. I thought it rather unlucky that I should enter Florence a second time and find it veiled, as before, in rain and cloud. The weather improving a little towards sunset, I walked out along the Arno and Piazza del Gran' Duca, delighted to greet once more those noble architectural forms which all the waters of Rome had not washed out from my memory. I saw again the same pretty flower-girl, in the same Leghorn hat, and with the same smile carved upon her

lips; and, alas! the same wooden case over the David of Michael Angelo which I had left in December.

My journey from Rome to Florence occupied eight days, two of which were given to Perugia and Assisi; and there is no portion of my time spent in Italy that I look back upon with more vivid pleasure. The picture which these days has left in the memory is made up of beautiful scenery, soft vernal weather, picturesque old towns, mediæval architecture, and most touching and impressive revelations of art. To move along this region, and through these quaint, sleepy, venerable places, with their walls, their towers, their gates, and their churches, is like reading a leaf out of the chronicle of Villani, or the Divina Commedia of Dante. Nor is this pleasure to be purchased by anything more than trifling discomforts and inconveniences. The inns are at least decent, and the food tolerable. Let me also give my willing testimony in favour of the people; for I had met with uniform courtesy and civility, and no one had attempted to overreach or overcharge me. My companions in the diligence and the vettura were of the middle class and not highly educated, but their manners were gentlemanly and engaging, and marked with a constant recognition of my claims as a stranger in the land. The Italians are naturally of a fine organization, readily taking the polish of gentle speech and courteous deportment. When I compared my last impressions of the Italians with my first, I felt that I had taken one lesson more on the rashness of hasty judgments. Let me earnestly advise all persons who may visit Italy, on no account to forego this land route between Rome and Florence, and not to yield to the temptation held out by a rapid passage in the steamer between Civita Vecchia and Leghorn. Let them also not be in a hurry to get over the ground. Three or four days for Perugia and Assisi, a day for Arezzo, and another for Cortona, are none too much. Assisi, especially, is a place unlike any other—unique in its aspect—unique in the impression that it makes. Its venerable double church—hallowed by the devotion of so

many generations, and crowded by so many works of Christian art, which overshadow the whole structure with the spirit of prayer and praise—is to a Roman Church, what an antique missal, written on parchment and glowing with miniatures, whose colours rival the flowers of spring or the leaves of autumn, is to a decorated volume from the press of London or Paris. Perugia is more various and hardly less impressive, with an incomparable situation—commanding views boundless in extent and glorious in the combination of objects they comprise—and rich in the best works of an original artist. Life, indeed, is short, and art is long, and all things cannot be seen; but thrift and resolution can do much, and let them not fail to see Perugia and Assisi.

I left Florence at noon on a beautiful spring day, which made that charming city and its more charming environs look like a bride decked for the altar, and, by diligence and rail, arrived at Leghorn at about seven. I found my old quarters at the excellent hotel San Marco as comfortable as ever, and its landlord, Mr. Giovanni Smith, whose looks and manners are, like his name, a pleasant combination of Italy and England, as obliging and gentlemanly as before.

LUCCA.

The next morning, the steamer not having appeared, I took the opportunity to run up to Pisa and Lucca. Leaving Leghorn at half past ten, I had about an hour for Pisa, which I spent in the cathedral, admiring anew, with a more trained eye, its imposing interior, and studying the breathing seraphs in bronze by John of Bologna, the capitals of the columns in the choir, the wood-work of the nave, and the small marble figures around the pulpit. I reached Lucca between twelve and one, and went first to the Church of San Romano to see the celebrated Madonna della Misericordia, by Fra Bartolommeo. Much as I had heard of this picture, and high as were my expectations, the sight of it fairly took me off my

feet. The Virgin, a beautiful figure full of feeling and truth, stands with uplifted hands, in the attitude of supplication. Above is God the Father, with several cherubs and a tablet, on which are the words "Miserior supra turbam." Behind the Virgin, cherubs are holding a sort of canopy over a large number of persons. In front are many portrait figures. An old woman in red is admirable—also a kneeling magistrate in a robe of the same colour, and an ecclesiastic, his brother. It is not easy to say in what respect this wonderful picture falls short of the best works of the best masters. Drawing, colouring, relief, expression are all fine; the composition, noble; the drapery, beautifully managed; and its tenderness and devotion, most admirable. Kugler says of this great painter, that, "generally speaking, we feel the want of that inward power, so essential to the perfection, and even conception, of grand and elevated subjects." With deference to so high an authority, this seems to me to be a hasty and erroneous judgment. Surely his works in Lucca, and his admirable St. Mark in Florence, must have slipped out of the critic's memory when he wrote this disparaging remark. In them there is no want of inward power, no want of elevation and grandeur; but, on the contrary, truth, religious feeling, correct drawing, and especially a splendid tone of colouring, which is only to be equalled in the Venetian school. In the same church is another work by him, of uncommon merit: St. Catharine and Mary Magdalen are kneeling, and the Almighty above. Mary Magdalen is in red, and holding a vase—St. Catharine in a kind of monastic robe of yellow—both admirable figures. In the cloisters are some curious old frescoes illustrating the life of St. Dominic. In one, he is hauling the devil along with very little ceremony, much like a constable dragging an unwilling culprit to prison.

The Cathedral front is a singular architectural structure—a forest of columns, no two of which are alike, arranged in tiers and arches over one another. There are many curious objects in the atrium—bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and monsters

carved in marble. The interior is very fine, especially the gallery filled with the richest Gothic tracery, and the painted glass of the windows. The roof is coloured in fresco, and the pavement is in mosaic. The sacristan, an old man, "fat and scant of breath," lame with the gout and oppressed with a sense of the dignity of his office, took me first into the sacristy and showed me a very interesting picture by Ghirlandajo, the Virgin attended by several saints. The head of St. Peter is especially fine. Below, is a narrow picture, representing events in the lives of saints, painted with great neatness and delicacy. Then we went into the body of the church, and saw a beautiful picture, by Daniel da Volterra, Sta. Petronilla. In a chapel is a work by Fra Bartolommeo—the Virgin and Child, with St. Stephen and John the Baptist; and below, a Child-Angel singing to a lute. This is a very delightful and cordial composition. The angel is singing with a heart full of music and a face full of heaven. The Child in the Madonna's lap is listening to the strain, and his little form seems fluttering with delight, while a faint, soft smile of sympathy plays round the mother's lips. What a soul that cloistered monk must have had—"who never had a child"—to paint a picture so full of human as well as divine feeling! There is an excellent Visitation, by Ligozzi, a pupil of Paul Veronese, and an artist of considerable merit, though not much known. A Presentation, by Bronzino, is good; as is also a Last Supper, by Tintoretto. The marble chapel in which the Volto Santo—an ancient crucifix carved in cedar, and only shown on great occasions—is kept, has a lamp of pure gold hanging before it, a votive offering of the Lucchesi, when their devotion was quickened by the approach of the cholera. Behind the chapel is a fine statue of St. Sebastian, by Civitali. There are also some other works by this artist, who was a native of Lucca, and flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century. He was a barber for the first forty years of his life, and then became suddenly a sculptor, and attained to considerable eminence in his new profession.

The situation of Lucca, in the lap of an amphitheatre of hills, is very pleasant; and the walk upon the ramparts is one of the finest promenades in Europe. There is a noble aqueduct, of four hundred and fifty-nine arches, which makes a most picturesque feature in the landscape. The weather was beautiful, the outlines of the neighbouring hills were rounded into the finest curves, and the level plain near at hand, under the most careful cultivation, was revelling in the vivid yellow-green of spri[redacted]whole population seemed to be out of doors. Th[redacted]men wear a graceful head-dress—a sort of handkerch[redacted]rimmed with lace, and disposed with much taste. A walk under the arches of the aqueduct was a most agreeable refreshment after all the sight-seeing of the previous hours. I left Lucca at a quarter before five, and reached Leghorn at half-past six. I noticed that the locomotive on the railway was of Philadelphia manufacture—a small dividend contributed in the shape of the useful arts by the New World towards paying off that great debt of gratitude which all mankind owes to Italy for what it has done in the fine arts.

The brief excursion to Lucca was a most agreeable experience, and, as I have begun to give advice, let me say that this neat and beatifully situated town should at least have a day devoted to it. The view of the glorious company of hills that stand round about it, as seen from the ramparts, is alone worth coming up from Leghorn to look at. The statues and bas-reliefs of Civitali—an artist whose works are hardly to be found anywhere else—have a character and expression of their own, and mark a distinct period in the history of sculpture. And, above all, that great artist Fra Bartolommeo is in his glory at Lucca; and no one who has not been there can have any adequate conception of the power and grandeur of his genius. The impression his works made upon me is, I admit, not quite borne out by the rank assigned to him by writers upon art; but my recollections, which are most distinct, confirm the testimony of records made upon the spot. To me his

reputation seems below his merits; and I cannot but think that it would have been higher if the admirable works which adorn a provincial capital like Lucca had found a place of deposit in the Pitti Palace or the Vatican, where every traveller could have seen them, and every writer could have praised them. I know not what heights of art he might not have reached under more favourable circumstances of development, or with a character of firmer tone. Had he been a braver and heartier spirit, and mingled freely in the shocks of life, instead of running and hiding his head in a monastery at the first blast of danger, and thus added variety, invention, and dramatic power to his other gifts, he might have rivalled every name but Raphael's. But it is much better, so far as the interest of travelling in Italy is concerned, that all the good pictures should not be in one place, but that they must be sought in many separate localities. It is agreeable to know that you can judge of certain painters only by going to certain spots. It establishes a relation between an artist and the place where he lived or wrought, which throws over his works a grace like the flavour which wine has, to the mind's taste at least, when drunk on the soil of its growth. Titian, for instance, must be seen at Venice; Correggio, at Parma; Luini, at Milan; Perugino, at Perugia; Fra Bartolommeo, at Lucca; Guido and the Caraccis, at Bologna.

GENOA.

The next day, in the afternoon, I went on board the steamer for Genoa and Marseilles. It was very full of passengers, nearly all of whom were English, and there were three English travelling carriages on the deck. The night was very lovely, the moon bright, and the sea as smooth as a mill-pond. For the first time in my life, I found myself at sea without being miserable. We reached Genoa the next morning before day, and it was a beautiful spectacle to see the light break over the bay and the encircling hills.

Engravings and descriptions have made the situation of Genoa familiar even to those who have not seen it. It is a cluster of palaces, of brilliant white, crowded together at the base of a mountain of semicircular form, the sides of which are dotted with gay suburban villas. The sweeps and curves of the hollow, crescent-shaped mountain, are in animated contrast with the level of the Mediterranean, and the brilliant white of the houses is distinctly brought out by the dark background behind and above them. All this was very beautiful as it gradually glowed into day, and put on the imperial robes of morning; but when the first shock of surprise and pleasure had passed by, I could not help feeling how very small it all was. It looked like a clever scene in an opera: the lifting of the darkness was like the rising of the curtain. The portion of the harbour enclosed by the moles had the appearance of a good-sized swimming-school—and as if the moles were portable, and could be folded up and taken in at night.

After breakfast I sallied out to see as much as could be seen in half a day. The streets in Genoa, as everybody knows, are very up and down, very narrow, and with very high houses on either hand. These houses, in the principal streets, are superb structures of marble, built in a rich and showy style of architecture, which to a stranger seems rather incongruous with the narrow and crowded spaces in which they are huddled together. Genoa thus may be compared to a cluster of shafts cut through a quarry of marble.

I went first to the Cathedral, of which I retain but a faint recollection. There is a singular effect produced in the interior by alternate courses of black and white marble. There are several pictures and statues, and rich chapels shining with marble and gilding, upon all of which I threw a hasty glance, but saw nothing that deserved a second look. After walking through several streets with constant admiration of the fine architectural effects on either hand, and over a noble bridge which joins two hills, and from which you look down upon

the chimneys of houses which are six or seven stories high, I came to the Church of Sta. Maria di Carignano. The effect of the interior is very pleasing, and there are four colossal statues, two by David and two by Puget, which have considerable merit. From the cupola on the top there is a fine view of the city, the hills, and the sea.

The Palazzo Brignole Sale is a splendid palace with an admirable collection of pictures, which bears well the recollections of Rome and Florence. I was much struck with a work, by Castiglione if I remember right, representing a scene from the life of Abraham. On one side, the two boys Isaac and Ishmael are struggling together—the former evidently second best—and Hagar is endeavouring to part them, with a countenance of ominous foreboding. In the foreground, Sarah is speaking to Abraham, with an expression upon her face which says as plainly as words could say, "You see how it is. I cannot stand this any longer, and one thing is certain; either she or I must go." Abraham has the look of a man sorely perplexed, as if he thought something must be done, but did not know exactly what. The subject is not treated in an ideal way, and the result is not a work of high art; but it has truth and dramatic power, and the story is told in a natural and homely way. By Rubens, there are portraits of himself and his wife, powerful but coarse. There is a portrait by Holbein, hard, but vigorous and lifelike. There is an excellent portrait of a man with a book in his hand, by Bassano. An Adoration of the Magi, by Bonifazio, is natural and finely coloured. The Virgin and Saints, by Guercino, is an admirable work—I think, the best thing of his I have ever seen. There is an excellent Madonna, by Andrea del Sarto; a capital Vandyke, the Pharisees questioning our Lord about the tribute-money; a beautiful work by Piola, a Holy *Family, in which St. John offers a butterfly to the infant Saviour; an admirable portrait* by Rubens; and a charming *Madonna by Bordone.*

This gallery is especially rich in portraits by Vandyke,

many of them of members of the family. There is a full-length of the Marchioness Geromina Brignole, with her daughter, a little girl, by her side. The lady is not handsome, and she is dressed in a hideous ruff that injures the air of the head, but the child is lovely; and the picture, as a work of art, is of the highest merit. But the gems of the whole collection are the portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness Brignole Sale, which hang opposite to each other in one of the rooms. The Marquis is on horseback, a noble figure, dressed in black, with his hat in his right hand and the reins in his left; the face and form full of dignity and grace; every inch a gentleman. The Marchioness is a full-length figure, in rather an awkward dress of black, with a large disfiguring ruff, a feather fastened into the hair at the back of the head, and a rose in her hand. This is one of the most beautiful portraits ever painted. There is a winning sweetness and softness in the expression of the eyes, and a light bloom plays round the cheeks and the lips, which seem just ready to break into a smile, She stands before you so full of rich, warm life—so breathing an image of youth and grace and sweetness—that it is hard to believe that all that remains of so rare a "piece of well-formed earth" is but a handful of dust. The picture is as fresh as if the painter were just cleaning his brushes after the last touch had been given to it, and one expects to hear a door open and catch the light step and rustling silk of the fair original. Its fascination is indescribable, and I found it hard to leave the room in which it hangs. There is a certain degree of companionship in an animated portrait of any one who has really lived, beyond what we feel in looking at an ideal head; not only from the help which the imagination gives, but because ideal heads rarely have the sharp individuality of portraiture; and when the truth of the representation is enhanced by the charm of those delicate and vanishing feminine graces which painters so rarely succeed in catching, the force of the attraction is proportionately increased. To me there is something profoundly touching in the pictured face of youth and beauty that lived and died two

or three centuries ago. It brings together, in such vivid contrast, the mortal nature of the subject, and the immortal power of the mind which grasped and arrested it. It is the most striking commentary upon the text that life is short and art is long. The glowing face and the cunning hand have long been dust, but both live upon the breathing canvas to proclaim at once the power of genius and the power of beauty.

In the Palazzo Serra is a famous saloon, which is all ablaze with gilding, marble, and mirrors. The preparation of this room is said to have cost the incredible sum of a million of francs. If so, never was money more unprofitably spent. The result is a cold waste of heartless dazzle and glitter. I would rather live in a garret, with one such picture as that of the Marchioness Brignole Sale smiling upon me from the wall, than in the chilling splendour of a room like this.

In the Palazzo Durazzo, which has a fine staircase of marble, is a beautiful Magdalen by Titian, the Tribute Money by Guercino—an expressive and admirable picture—and a very good work by Procaccini, the Woman taken in Adultery. There are also a Sleeping Child by Guido, very pleasing and graceful; a good Domenichino—the Saviour appearing to the Virgin after the Resurrection; a portrait of Philip IV. by Rubens, full of character; and three Vandykes—one representing the young Tobias; one, a little boy in a white dress, full of grace and feeling; and the third, three children of the Durazzo family.

The Church of the Annunciata, into which I looked for a moment, has a splendid interior crowded with rich marbles, gilding, and painting; but how inferior is the effect of such confusing magnificence to the elevating unity of impression made by the old church at Assissi! The latter is like a mass by Allegri or an organ fugue by Sebastian Bach; the former, like a noisy overture by Verdi, which leaves the ear stunned with noise and giddy with a whirl of notes, but the mind just where it was at the beginning.

After leaving this church I walked about the streets for some

time. Went into the Loggia de' Banchi and saw the picture of the Holy Family, by Piola, which is painted on stone and covered with glass, in the middle of the street of the goldsmiths. It is a very beautiful work, and has a melancholy interest when we remember that the artist who painted it was assassinated at the early age of twenty-two; and, as some say, from envy excited by the excellence of this very picture. Had he lived he could hardly have failed to become very eminent. Among the other pleasant things which I saw in Genoa, the becoming head-dress of the women is not to be forgotten. It is something between a veil and a shawl, of white linen or muslin, thrown over the head and falling down and flowing into the rest of the costume in a way which masculine eyes can more easily approve than masculine pen can describe.

I went on board the steamer again about noon, and found it comparatively deserted. Most of the English families had landed at Genoa, not venturing to travel through France in its present unsettled state. There were, however, enough left to make a pleasant party, and in the course of the afternoon and evening I had much agreeable conversation with two gentlemen, one an officer and one a civilian, who had lived many years in India. There were also two ladies on board, a mother and daughter, who had been travelling all over Europe, alone and unattended. Although the former, from her own looks and those of her daughter, must have been within speaking distance of seventy, yet she was as full of activity, energy, and interest in life, as if she had been making a bridal tour in the bloom of youth. Growing old seems to depend much upon the temperament, and somewhat upon the will. With an active mind and a warm heart, all that is dark and unlovely in age may be kept off very long—if not to the end.

We left Genoa between one and two. The steamer moved rapidly over the waveless sea, and long before sunset the coast of Italy had disappeared from view. I did not part from it in that sadness of spirit with which Mary of Scotland fixed her farewell gaze upon the receding shores of France; but

when the line of land had melted into air, and nothing could be seen but the meeting of water and sky, a momentary shadow fell between me and the horizon. Over that fair region the sight had now no more dominion: it was given over to the memory. Who can look upon the soil of Italy for the last time without regret?

"Farewell! a word that must be and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Travellers in Italy and Writers upon Italy — Pilgrimages — Petrarch — Poggio Bracciolini — Luther — Montaigne — Shakespeare — Ascham — Milton — Evelyn — Addison — Gray.*

PILGRIMAGES.

THE earliest travellers in Italy were pilgrims. The stream of devotional feeling, after the approach to Jerusalem became too difficult or too dangerous, was diverted to Rome, the second city in the Christian heart. Men of this class did not, as we may suppose, usually travel with a pen in the hand. The industrious research of Mabillon has, however, brought to light the journal of one of these religious travellers, a resident of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, who visited Rome in the ninth century. His journal, published by Mabillon in his *Analecta*, is said to be of some value in an antiquarian point of view, especially upon some topographical details, but it contains no record of personal feeling, and the modest writer has not even recorded his own name.

A great impulse was given to these pilgrimages by the proclamation of years of jubilee, which dates from the pontificate of Boniface VIII., who was chosen Pope in 1294. Gibbon, in one of the closing chapters of his great work, has described, in his striking and condensed manner, the first of these jubilees or holy years, in 1300, and the motives which induced the pontiff to take the step. His bull, dated February 22, 1300, granted plenary indulgence to all persons who, being truly repentant, and having confessed their sins, should visit once a

* In the preparation of this chapter and the two others which follow it, I have been occasionally indebted to an essay in the miscellaneous writings of M. Ampère, entitled 'Portraits de Rome à différents âges.'

day, during thirty days, the churches of the apostles Peter and Paul. To strangers the number of days was lessened to fifteen. Hardly was the ink of the papal bull dry when its call was answered by an innumerable stream of pilgrims, who flocked to Rome from all parts of Italy, Germany, France, and England. Villani, the Florentine historian, who was one of this devout company, computes that during the whole of the year there was no time in which there were not at least two hundred thousand strangers in Rome. A far greater Florentine than Villani, Dante, was also there, and a vivid ray from his genius has fallen upon one of the scenes which he witnessed, and made it immortal. The bridge of St. Angelo, in order to accommodate the immense multitudes that were passing to and fro upon it, had been divided lengthwise by a partition, so that all who were going in the same direction might keep on one side. The poet compares the mournful files of sinners in the eighth circle of the Inferno to the crowds which he had seen upon this bridge. He also dates his poem from the year of the jubilee.

The purpose of Boniface VIII. had been to make the return of the jubilee coincident with the first year of each century, but the Roman people, who had reaped a golden harvest from the presence of so many travellers, did not like so long an interval. Clement VI., by a bull dated at Avignon, January 27, 1343, fixed its recurrence once in fifty years. This period was afterwards shortened by Urban VI. to thirty-three years, being those of the Saviour's life; and finally by Paul II. to twenty-five, which still continues the prescribed interval.

The jubilee of 1350 caused a general movement throughout Europe, equal to that of 1300. It occurred during the career of Rienzi, and in the interval between his first success and his last and short-lived elevation. More than a million of strangers visited Rome during the year, although a rainy spring, succeeding a very cold winter, had broken up the roads and made travelling difficult and dangerous. The people of Rome, unchecked by any strong hand of authority, plundered the poor

pilgrims, without conscience or mercy, through the exorbitant prices which they required for all articles of necessity; and when the cardinal-legate, from a wish to shorten the stay of the strangers, gave them some new indulgences, the citizens attacked his palace, killed several of his servants, and forced him to leave the city. The crowd of devout worshippers in Rome was so great that no great ceremonial of religion took place without several persons being crushed to death.

Since that period the jubilee has taken place every twenty-five years, and on these occasions the number of strangers in Rome is unusually large, though very far from equalling the immense throngs of the middle ages. The great concourse of foreigners in Rome during these years has led to the foundation of those national churches and hospitals which are among the peculiar features of this city. Thus the Spaniards built the church and hospital of St. James, the French those of St. Louis, the Lombards of St. Ambrose, the Portuguese of St. Antony; and there are many others of the same class and origin. The pilgrims were received and entertained for three days gratuitously at these foundations, and they were sure of finding aid and protection there during the whole period of their residence.

PETRARCH—POGGIO BRACCIOLINI.

Petrarch was the earliest among the writers in modern literature to look at Rome with that feeling, partly scholarlike and partly imaginative, which has since inspired so many books. In his day the papal court was at Avignon, and Rome was in the lowest stage of desolation and disorder. The population was said to have sunk to the number of seventeen thousand, though this is hardly credible. The remains of antiquity, and even the structures of more recent periods, were abandoned to neglect or exposed to violence. The heart of Petrarch was moved as a patriot, a poet, and a scholar. In many portions of his writings and his letters he breathes the impassioned sor-

row which the condition of Rome naturally called forth. To the Pope, Urban V., he writes in the following energetic strain: "In your absence there is neither repose nor content; civil and foreign wars desolate the land; houses are sinking and walls falling to the ground; temples and shrines are yielding to decay; laws are trampled under foot and justice is a prey to violence; the unhappy people sigh and groan, and with loud voice call upon your name, but you hear them not; you are not moved with their multiplied sorrows; you do not see the pious tears of your desolate spouse, nor do you hasten to her side as you should. . . . . But with what heart—O good Father, pardon me this boldness—can you slumber softly on the banks of the Rhone, under the gilded roofs of your chambers, while the Lateran is falling to ruin, and this mother of all the churches, stripped of its roof, is exposed to the winds and rains, while the sanctuaries of Peter and Paul are tottering to their fall, and that which was once their temple is now a heap of ruins, a mass of shapeless stones, such as would wring compassion from a heart of stone?" In another place he complains of the ignorance of the people of Rome of their own history, and says that Rome is nowhere so little known as in Rome itself. But, as Bunsen remarks, his own knowledge of antiquity was anything but exact, and the reflections which its remains call forth are the splendid declamations of a poetical enthusiast, who would not wish to be disabused of a pleasing delusion. Thus he calls the Pyramid of Cestius the Monument of Remus, at that time the traditionary name among the common people, in spite of the inscription so visible on its walls. From his fervid imagination and strong feeling for antiquity, Petrarch became a warm friend and admirer of Rienzi, that meteor which shone so brightly and so briefly; and sad as was the fate, and imperfect as was the character of the Roman tribune, there was enough in him to justify the enthusiasm which he inspired in a man so ideal and so sincere as Petrarch.

Gibbon, in the last chapter of his history, has quoted some

eloquent passages on the ruins of Rome, from a Latin essay, 'De fortunæ varietate,' by the celebrated Poggio Bracciolini. He was one of the intellectual lights of Italy in the first half of the fifteenth century—a man of great activity of mind and variety of attainments—like many of the scholars of that period, not always leading a reputable life, and sometimes writing lines which, whether living or dying, he should have wished to blot. These extracts are written with true feeling and much energy of expression, and Bunsen remarks, in his learned preface to the 'Beschreibung der Stadt Rom,' that his observation was accurate, and that we owe to him some valuable information as to the state of Rome in his time, which would otherwise have been wholly wanting.

LUTHER.

Petrarch and Poggio, Italians, scholars, and men of genius, felt themselves in some measure at home, even in Rome. They beheld it with the eye of taste and learning only, and have recorded none of the impressions which its religious aspect may have made upon them. But a man of a very different stamp came to Italy in the early part of the sixteenth century. Martin Luther was in Rome in the year 1510, having been sent there by his superiors, on some business connected with his convent. He was at that time twenty-seven years old, and in the midst of that struggle and unrest through which all persons pass who are destined to exercise great influence over the spiritual nature of man. He was beginning to study the mystery of his own being, and he found it a riddle hard to solve. He was perplexed with doubts, at war with himself, and recoiling from the natural impulses of his own impassioned temperament, as the snares and seductions of the enemy of mankind. He entered Rome, not in the mood of the scholar or the poet—not to study inscriptions or muse over the ruins of fallen grandeur—but with the burning zeal of a devout pilgrim, who hoped to find there a fountain which

would slake the deep thirst of his soul. There his troubled spirit he trusted would attain that peace of God which passes all understanding. But what a disappointment awaited this fervid enthusiast! He found a warlike pontiff, Julius II., full of dreams of ambition and plans of conquest; cardinals, worldly and politic; a clergy, ignorant and profligate. He was shocked at the indecent haste with which mass was said. He was filled with horror at hearing many ecclesiastics openly avow their unbelief. He remained but a fortnight in Rome, but, during that time, so strong and deep were his indignation and disgust, that he hardly ever could speak or write upon the subject, without using language which modern decorum hesitates to quote. He used afterwards to say that he would not for a hundred thousand florins have failed to visit Rome; for, in that event, he should have been disturbed by the apprehension that he had been unjust to the Pope in his subsequent controversial writings.

MONTAIGNE.

Thirty-four years after the death of Luther, Montaigne made a journey into Italy, of which he has left a characteristic sketch. He left home in June, 1580, and returned in November, 1581. His object was the improvement of his health, especially a wish to use the mineral waters of Tuscany; and thus a considerable portion of his diary is occupied with minute records of the state of his health, and detailed accounts of the effects of the various waters which he tried, especially of the baths of Lucca, where he spent a considerable time.*

* The disease for which Montaigne sought relief was an hereditary calculus. In judging of the medical details of his journal we must bear in mind that it was not intended for the press, but kept for his own amusement. A part of the manuscript, about one-third, is in the handwriting of a domestic, who acted as secretary, who speaks of his master in the third person, though he unquestionably wrote from his dictation. The journal was discovered about the year 1772 in an old chest in the chateau of Montaigne, at that time in the possession of a descendant in the sixth generation from his daughter and only

The journal has the characteristics of thought and style which have given such wide and permanent popularity to his Essays; the same good sense, the same penetrating observation, the same easy *bonhommie*, the same liberal and enlightened way of thinking, and the same careless and rambling method. His course of travel was very irregular and zigzag, and he seemed to have been absolutely without any plan of movement; a course of proceeding which appears to have annoyed some of his companions. He is attracted to all natural phenomena, and records peculiarities of manner and costume, but feels very little of that kind of enthusiasm which seems indigenous to the soil of Italy, and is so insensible to art as not even to mention the names of Michael Angelo or Raphael. His honest and homely nature recoils from anything like sentiment or fine writing. Of the approach to Rome and the Campagna, he speaks in a brief and business-like way.

"Rome did not seem to make much of an appearance as we approached it from this road. Far away on the left lay the Apennines; the aspect of the foreground was exceedingly unpleasant to the eye; hilly, with every here and there deep marshes, altogether unfit for military operations or marches; the country all around us for ten miles in every direction was open, barren, and destitute of trees, and almost equally so of houses."

His reflections upon the altered condition of Rome, as recorded by his secretary, are vigorous and striking. He observed—

"That there is nothing to be seen of ancient Rome but the sky under which it had risen and stood, and the outline of its form; that the knowledge he had of it was altogether abstract and contemplative, no image of it remaining to satisfy the senses; that those who said that the ruins of Rome at least remained said more than

---

child. It was first published in 1774. Brunet says that the work is of no interest, and has met with no success. Other critics have judged it more favourably. Mrs. Shelley pronounces it 'singularly interesting.' At any rate the name and reputation of Montaigne give interest to his works.

they were warranted in saying; for the ruins of so stupendous and awful a fabric would enforce more honour and reverence for its memory; nothing, he said, remained of Rome but its sepulchre. The world, in hatred of its long domination, had first destroyed and broken in pieces the various parts of this wondrous body; and then, finding that, even though prostrate and dead, its disfigured remains still filled them with fear and hate, they buried the ruin itself; that the few indications of what it had been, which still tottered above its grave, fortune had permitted to remain there as some evidence of the infinite greatness which so many ages, so many intestine and parricidal blows, and the never-ending conspiracy of the world against it, had not been able entirely to extinguish; but that, in all probability, even the disfigured members that did remain were the least worthy of all those that had existed, the malignant fury of the enemies of that immortal glory having impelled them to destroy, in the first instance, that which was finest and most worthy of preservation in the imperial city."

In another place he speaks of a peculiarity of Rome which has been felt at all times by observant travellers. "One of the great advantages of Rome is, that it is one of the least exclusive cities in the world; a place where foreigners at once feel themselves the most at home; in fact, Rome is, by its very nature, the city of strangers." He also records of the same city, "The longer I stayed in this city, the more did I become charmed with it; I never breathed air more temperate, nor better suited to my constitution."

He was well received by the Pope, Gregory XIII., and had the honour of the citizenship of Rome conferred upon him, which gave him a degree of pleasure which seems singular in one of so sceptical and philosophical a temperament. Indeed, he never fails to record the little honours and attentions which were paid to him, more as a gentleman of easy fortune than an author, with a self-complacency which shows a fair amount of self-esteem.

Of the Carnival he speaks slightingly. In his time they had races in the Corso, "sometimes between four or five children, sometimes between Jews, sometimes between old men stripped naked."

At Florence he saw the Grand Duke Cosmo II. and his wife, the celebrated Bianca Capello, of whose luxuriant beauty, and liberal display of it, he speaks. He was charmed, as well he might be, with the lovely situation of Lucca. Speaking of the waters at the baths, he says, "They are much praised for removing eruptions and blotches on the skin, which I note as a useful memorandum for an amiable lady, a friend of mine, in France."

At Pisa he records the astounding fact, that the leaning tower deviates from the perpendicular not less than forty-two feet! a curious instance of carelessness. Of Venice he says, "The curiosities of this place are so well known that I need say nothing about them." . . . "The system of government, the situation of the place, the arsenal, the square of St. Mark, and the concourse of foreigners, seemed to him the most remarkable features." The diary is often amusing from the abruptness with which he passes from one subject to another. Thus, being in Florence, he, or rather his secretary, writes as follows: "We went to see the cathedral, a magnificent structure, the steeple of which is faced with black and white marble; it is one of the finest and most sumptuous churches in the world. M. de Montaigne said he had never been in a country where there were so few pretty women as in Italy."

While at the baths at Lucca, he says, "After dinner to-day, I gave a dance to the country-girls, and danced with them myself, in order not to appear airish."

SHAKESPEARE.

The question whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy is one of those literary curiosities which has been somewhat discussed of late years. Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, in an ingenious essay on the autobiographical poems of the great poet, published in 1838, maintains the affirmative of the proposition with much zeal; and the probability of it is admitted in some of the notes to the Italian plays in Knight's pictorial edition.

Mr. Brown comes to this conclusion, partly because it was the general custom at that time for cultivated Englishmen, whose fortunes would allow of it, to travel in Italy, and because Shakespeare's means were sufficient for such an indulgence, and partly from the superior knowledge of Italian customs and localities shown in the later Italian plays, such as The Taming of the Shrew and The Merchant of Venice, as compared with The Two Gentlemen of Verona. It is certainly true that Shakespeare, in his Italian plays, shows an extensive and minute acquaintance with Italian life, manners, localities, occupations, and amusements. Lady Morgan remarks, that there is not a single article of furniture which Gremio describes as being in his house in Padua, which she has not herself seen in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, or Genoa; and Mr. Brown confirms the truth of this statement from his own observation. But, on the other hand, it may be urged that a journey into Italy in those days was a great undertaking, requiring time and preparation as well as liberal outlay; and that, with the minute and microscopic examination to which the life of Shakespeare has been exposed in our times, which has brought so many curious facts to light, it is hardly possible that some scrap or fragment should not have turned up which would set such an expedition beyond question, supposing it to have been made. And in the next place, his knowledge of Italy may be explained without a visit to the country. The old notion of Shakespeare's having been a wild, irregular genius, with no help from books and study, is long since exploded by modern research and modern criticism. There is little doubt that he understood the Italian language, and we may be sure that in the preparation of his Italian plays he read every book illustrative of the subject on which he could lay his hands. His intuitive perception of historical truth, the astonishing sagacity with which he seizes upon every trait which is distinguishing and characteristic, and the vitality which his genius breathes into his knowledge, are as remarkable in his Greek and Roman plays, as in those

in which the scene is laid in modern Italy. On the whole, Shakespeare's visit to Italy stands much upon the same footing in point of evidence as that of the Northmen to New England before Columbus. It is certainly possible, perhaps probable; but it remains to be proved. It is pleasant to think of Shakespeare's swimming in a gondola, and to believe that the beautiful pictures in the Merchant of Venice and Othello were recollections, and not imaginations; that Belmont was a palazzo whose blazing windows he himself had seen, and that, when he wrote Lorenzo's lovely description of a summer's night, his thoughts went back to the brighter moons and larger stars of an Italian heaven, and to the myrtle walls and flowery banks of an Italian garden.

ASCHAM.

The learned Roger Ascham, who went to Germany about the middle of the sixteenth century as secretary to Sir Richard Morysine, the English ambassador, made a flying visit of only nine days into Italy. Most of this short period appears to have been spent in Venice. In his 'Schoolmaster,' written some years later, he alludes to this passage in his life, and makes it the text and starting-point for a furious tirade upon the vices of Italy and the corrupting influence which that country had exerted upon the morals, manners, and literature of England. Indeed, he speaks of the sin which he himself saw, in that brief space of time, as being so great, that one cannot but suspect that he must have gone out of his way, and taken some pains to find it. His observations have no other value than such as is derived from one or two facts which he does not so much state as assume. One of these is, that it was at that time the fashion for young Englishmen of birth and fortune to complete their education by a tour in Italy; and another is, that many "fond" (that is, foolish) books had recently been translated out of Italian into English, over which the good Roger groans in spirit. "Ten sermons at

Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine, as one of these books do harm with enticing men to ill living. Yea, I say further, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living as they do to subvert true religion. More Papists be made by your merry books of Italy than by your earnest books of Louvain." As to good morals, there may be some foundation for these charges against the "merry books of Italy;" but when we remember the scandalous stories of monks and nuns which they contain, and the bold hand with which they satirize the vices of the clergy, we may well doubt whether Ascham's Protestant zeal did not outrun his reflection when he supposed them to be dangerous to doctrine.

Another argument which he uses against visiting Italy sounds rather odd from English lips. He complains of the freedom of thought and speech which prevails in the cities of Italy, both in religion and politics, and that young men, who have been accustomed to this liberty, come home less inclined to be good subjects and good Protestants.

MILTON.

In 1638 Milton went to Italy. He was at that time thirty years old, and had been living for some years in studious retirement; probably the happiest period of his life, undisturbed by domestic troubles or political controversy, and dedicated to the highest intellectual labours and delights. He had in this interval published 'Comus,' 'L'Allegro,' and 'Il Penseroso;' but, strange to say, they had attracted comparatively little notice, and he was as yet not much known beyond the circle of his own university. No traveller ever visited Italy more thoroughly prepared to profit by the advantages which that country afforded. He wrote and spoke both the Latin and Italian languages with idiomatic ease and elegance, and was perfectly familiar with the history and literature of both Rome and Italy. His person was beautiful, his manners graceful, and he was skilled in all the manly exercises of his

time; he had also inherited from his father a natural taste for music, in which art Italy was then in advance of the rest of Europe. It is not to be wondered at that this handsome young Englishman, so full of learning, genius, and accomplishments, speaking and writing their own language so perfectly, should have been received by the susceptible Italians with an enthusiasm such as he never inspired in his own country at any period of his life.

He passed into Italy by way of Paris, Nice, and Genoa. He remained two months in Florence, mingling in the learned society of that place, and receiving many marks of distinction from its scholars. While here he visited Galileo, who was then living at Arcetri, in the immediate vicinity of Florence, under the eye of the Inquisition, though not actually a prisoner.

From Florence he passed to Sienna and thence to Rome, where he resided also two months, much caressed by the most distinguished society there. He then continued his journey to Naples, where he became acquainted with Manso, Marquis of Villa, a soldier and scholar, well known as the friend, patron, and biographer of Tasso, and who has secured a place in English literature by the beautiful epistle in Latin verse—the most Virgilian of all compositions not written by Virgil—which Milton addressed to him. From Naples he purposed passing over to Sicily and Greece; but, on hearing of the commencement of the troubles between the king and the parliament of England, he set his face homeward. He returned to Rome, where he spent two more months; visited Florence and Lucca; and, crossing the Apennines, went by the way of Bologna and Ferrara to Venice, where he remained a month. From Venice he took his course through Verona, Milan, and along Lake Leman, to Geneva; and then home, through France; having been absent about fifteen months.

It is rather curious that Milton should not have recorded any of the impressions which such a country as Italy must have made upon him. It does not even appear that he kept a diary.

With what interest should we learn that such a manuscript had been discovered, and how precious a memorial it would be of that bright period of his life! And it is also quite remarkable how little there is in his subsequent writings which seems to have sprung directly from his Italian tour, and to have been distinctly drawn from the images and impressions then gathered up. Critics are at great pains to trace this or that picture or expression in the Paradise Lost to some painting, statue, or scene in Italy; but the faintness of the resemblance fails to bring conviction to the mind. With the exception of the well-known allusions in the first book of the Paradise Lost to the woods of Vallombrosa, and to the astronomer in Fiesole or Valdarno, there is hardly a line which would prove incontestably that the poet's foot had ever been upon the soil of Italy. And yet no one can doubt that the art, the scenery, and the antiquities of that country must have sunk deep into his mind, and filled it with images which rose up in his hours of solitude and blindness with soothing and refreshing influence. He doubtless saw much there which offended his puritan zeal, always an active principle in his nature, however mellowed by classical studies. It is difficult to imagine Milton, at any period of his life, in a Romish church, without a frown upon his brow. He has expressly recorded that he gave offence, and incurred some danger, by the freedom with which he spoke upon religious subjects; and in his grotesque description of the paradise of fools in the third book of the Paradise Lost, there are some touches of sarcasm doubtless supplied by the ceremonials of the Church which he had witnessed at Rome. The same recollections also gave earnestness and point to the vigorous invective with which, in his prose writings, he so often assails the abuses of prelacy and the corruptions of the Church.

EVELYN.

Within three or four years after Milton's return to England, the pure-minded and accomplished John Evelyn, that

model of an English gentleman, visited Italy, and indeed resided there nearly three years. He left England at the age of twenty-three, and it curiously illustrates the difference between his temperament and that of Milton, that the troubles between the king and the parliament which called the one home sent the other abroad. Evelyn has left a diary of his journey and residence, which has no marked literary merit, but gives evidence of a thoughtful and observant spirit, and of a pure and elevated character. It is a very gentlemanly record, in the highest sense of the word, and we feel sure that a young man with such sentiments and dispositions would never lead any but a virtuous and honourable life. He arrives at Rome in November, 1644, and finds lodgings in the Piazza Spagnola, as he calls it, and began to be "very pragmatical," to use his own expression; that is, very busy in sight-seeing. He is attracted to much the same places and objects as a stranger is now-a-days. He speaks with enthusiasm of the grounds and collections of the Villa Borghese, mentioning the group of Apollo and Daphne, by Bernini, who was then living, in the prime of his powers and at the height of his reputation. Evelyn mentions him again, in his account of St. Peter's, and says that, a short time before his arrival at Rome, the artist gave a public opera, "wherein he painted the scenes, cut the statues, invented the engines, composed the music, writ the comedy, and built the theatre." Evelyn visited the Villa Ludovisi, where the statue of the Dying Gladiator then was; and also the Villa Medici, in which at that time were the Venus de' Medici, the Wrestlers, the Knife-Whetter, and the Apollino, all of which have long been in Florence.

At Naples he goes to the summit of Vesuvius and makes excursions to Pozzuoli and Baiæ. He returns to Rome by land, not venturing to sea for fear of Turkish pirates.* He

* It is only within a comparatively recent period that the coasts of Italy have been safe from the attacks of Barbary corsairs. Madame Frederica Brun, who was at Nettuno in 1809, states that, a short time before, a boat's crew had landed there and carried off a young lad, the brother of her hostess.

speaks of himself as going down to the Piazza Navona to buy medals, pictures, and such commodities, "and also to hear the mountebanks prate and distribute their medicines."

At Frascati he is greatly struck with the Villa Aldobrandini, and the description he gives of it may be entertaining to my readers.

"Just behind the palace, in the centre of the enclosure, rises a high hill or mountain all over-clad with tall wood, and so formed by nature as if it had been cut out by art, from the summit whereof falls a cascade, seeming rather a great river than a stream precipitating into a large theatre of water, representing an exact and perfect rainbow when the sun shines out. Under this is made an artificial grot, wherein are curious rocks, hydraulic organs, and all sorts of singing birds moving and chirping by force of the water, with several other pageants and surprising inventions.' In the centre of one of these rooms rises a copper ball that continually dances about three foot above the pavement, by virtue of a wind conveyed secretly to a hole beneath it; with many other devices to wet the unwary spectators, so that one can hardly step without wetting to the skin. In one of these theatres of water is an Atlas spouting up the stream to a very great height; and another monster makes a terrible roaring with a horn; but, above all, the representation of a storm is most natural, with such fury of rain, wind, and thunder, as one would imagine one's self in some extreme tempest."

After leaving Rome he passed several months at Venice. He was there on Ascension Day, in June, 1645, and witnessed the splendid ceremonial of the espousal of the Adriatic by the Doge, "in their gloriously painted, carved, and gilded Bucentora, environed and followed by innumerable galleys, gondolas, and boats, filled with spectators, some dressed in masquerade, trumpets, music, and cannons." He visits, and describes at considerable length the ducal palace, the church of St. Mark's, the Campanile, and some of the churches and palaces. The arsenal seems to have much impressed him. He saw a cannon weighing upwards of sixteen thousand pounds, which was cast while Henry III. was at dinner, and put into a galley, which was built, rigged, and fitted for

launching within that period. There were twenty-seven galleys at that time laid up there, and, as he states, arms for eight hundred thousand men! probably one cipher too many.

In his account of the Carnival at Venice, which he witnessed, he says, "They have also a barbarous custom of hunting bulls about the streets and piazzas;" of which he remarks with great gravity, that it is "very dangerous, the passages being generally narrow."

ADDISON.

At the close of the year 1700 Addison went to Italy and spent the principal part of the next year in travelling there, and, on his return to England, published an account of his tour. He was twenty-eight years old when he began his travels; had lived nearly all his life in the studious calm of the University of Oxford; had attracted the notice of Lord Somers and the Earl of Halifax by his literary abilities, and through their influence had obtained a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might complete his education by foreign travel. His account of his tour is scholarlike, but rather tame and colourless. Sometimes we meet with a graceful turn of expression, and a delicate touch of humour, such as we might expect from his later writings; but in general the style is languid and without character. There is no youthful glow or spirit about it, but he writes likes a man whose blood had been chilled by hard study, and thinned by spare diet. The range of his reading is not at all extensive—being mostly confined to the Latin poets—but within that range was thorough and exact, as his numerous quotations show. The most characteristic part of the tour is the description he gives of the little republic of San Marino, in which his peculiar vein of humour is called forth. "This," he remarks, in speaking of some events which took place some centuries before, "they represent as the most flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half way

up a neighbouring hill, but at present they are reduced to their old extent." His account of Naples and its vicinity is entertaining, especially his sketch of the island of Capri, which he seems to have explored pretty carefully. In Rome, he describes statues, antiquities, and especially medals; and pours forth a profusion of quotations from the Latin poets in illustration of them, but says very little about pictures. He shows some sensibility to natural scenery, especially in what he says of Tivoli, and he cannot help admiring the Gothic beauties of the cathedral at Sienna, though he half apologizes for his taste, as if it were something to be ashamed of. He often falls into a strain of general reflection, which is sensible but not striking; talking like an Englishman and a Whig about the blessings of liberty, and how the natural advantages of a fine country are counteracted by despotic governments. What we most miss is life, spirit, and the flavour of personal interest. We want him to take off his learned spectacles and tell us what he saw with his own living eyes—how the people lived, what they were doing, and what happened to him. We ask for adventures, and he gives us quotations; we ask for observation, and he gives us learning.

During his absence he addressed to his patron, Lord Halifax, his poetical 'Letter from Italy,' the most spirited and popular of all his poems. It is a sort of abstract or summary of his travels, and in pleasing and flowing lines delineates the natural beauties of Italy, and the fine productions of art which there delight the eye and charm the taste, but with a glow of national pride points to the boon of liberty enjoyed by England as worth far more than all. Towards the close, where he has occasion to speak of King William, he says,

> "Fired with the name which I so oft have found
> The distant climes and different tongues resound,
> I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
> That longs to launch into a bolder strain."

The poet much mistook the character of his muse, which was anything but "struggling" or "bridled in with pain."

On the contrary, it was a well-broken, sure-footed, ambling pad, which a child might have governed with a silken thread.

GRAY.

In the year 1739 the poet Gray sat out on a tour to Italy, travelling in company with Horace Walpole. He remained abroad till 1741, and in the interval passed more than a year, at two different periods, in Florence. His letters, addressed to his father, his mother, and his friend West, contain lively and animated sketches of what he saw, written in easy and graceful prose, quite unlike the rich elaboration of his poetry. His first impression of Rome seems rather overwrought, and probably, in the flutter of spirits into which a person of so much genius and so much learning must have been thrown on such an occasion, he drew more from what he felt than from what he actually saw.

"The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with statues: this brings you into a large square, in the midst of which is a large obelisk of granite, and in the front you have at one view two churches of a handsome architecture, and so much alike that they are called the twins; with three streets, the middlemost of which is one of the largest in Rome. As high as my expectation was raised, I confess the magnificence of this city infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace, or church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine."

His account of Tivoli, in a letter to West, is full of that playful humour which gives such a charm to his familiar correspondence.

"This day, being in the palace of his highness the Duke of Modena, he laid his most serene commands upon me to write to Mr. West, and said he thought it for his glory that I should draw up an inventory of all his most serene possessions for the said West's perusal. Imprimis, a house, being in circumference a quarter of a mile, two feet, and an inch; the said house containing the following

particulars, to wit, a great room. Item, another great room; item, a bigger room; item, another room; item, a vast room; item, a sixth of the same; a seventh ditto; an eighth, as before; a ninth, as abovesaid; a tenth (see No. 1); item, ten more such, besides twenty besides, which, not to be particular, we shall pass over. The said rooms contain nine chairs, two tables, five stools, and a cricket. From whence we shall proceed to the garden, containing two millions of superfine laurel hedges, a clump of cypress-trees, and half the river Teverone . . . . . Finis. Dame Nature desired me to put in a list of her little goods and chattels, and, as they were small, to be very minute about them. She has built here three or four little mountains, and laid them out in an irregular semicircle; from certain others behind, at a greater distance, she has drawn a canal, into which she has put a little river of hers, called Anio; she has cut a huge cleft between the two innermost of her four hills, and there she has left it to its own disposal; which she has no sooner done, but, like a heedless chit, it tumbles headlong down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaks itself into shatters, and is converted into a shower of rain, where the sun forms many a bow, red, green, blue, and yellow."

Of Naples, he says in a letter to his mother, "The streets are one continued market, and thronged with populace so much that a coach can hardly pass. The common sort are a jolly, lively kind of animals, more industrious than Italians usually are; they work till evening; then take their lute or guitar (for they all play) and walk about the city, or upon the seashore with it, to enjoy the fresco. One sees their little brown children jumping about stark-naked, and the bigger ones dancing with castanets, while others play on the cymbal to them." He describes in the same letter a visit to Herculaneum, though he does not call it by that name, and speaks of it as having been recently discovered.

It was at Reggio, on their return homeward, that the well-known rupture between Gray and Walpole took place, of which the latter always generously took the blame upon himself. This disagreement is easily to be explained by the difference in character, position, and temperament of the two men. Gray was retiring, sensitive, and studious; perhaps

irritable; and with a proper share of the pride of genius and learning. Walpole was young, giddy, and probably a little mischievous: sensible of his position as son of the prime minister of England, and not always treating his half-tutor and half-friend with the consideration which he deserved. The wonder rather is that they kept together so long: for no one who has tried it needs to be told that there is no such touch-stone of friendship as travelling, and that whatever of selfishness or irritability there is in one's nature is sure to come to the surface under such circumstances.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Writers on Italy and Travellers in Italy, continued — Smollett — Dr. Moore — Goethe — Chateaubriand — Forsyth — Madame de Staël.

SMOLLETT.

In the autumn of 1764, Smollett, who had been for some months previous a resident of Nice, on account of his health, made a short excursion into Italy. He had left England in the summer of 1763 with a constitution broken by the toils of a literary life, and spirits deeply depressed by the death of a beloved daughter, an only child, in the fifteenth year of her age. He set out from Nice early in September, and returned to it before Christmas, running rapidly over that portion of the peninsula which lies south of the Apennines and between Genoa and Rome. His travels are probably more known by the sarcasms of Sterne, who, in his 'Sentimental Journey,' ridicules Smollett under the name of Smelfungus, than by their own merits or defects. The strictures of Sterne are not undeserved. Smollett was a man of an extremely irritable temperament; sudden in quarrel, though placable; of lofty self-esteem, and inclined to suspicion. These infirmities had been aggravated by the wretched life he had long been leading—of an author writing for bread: a life, at that time, made up of all sorts of degradations and disgusts, the more galling to Smollett from the fact that he was of an old and honourable family, and had the pride of birth, as well as the pride of genius, to sharpen the stings of poverty and insult. His journal is, for the most part, an unattractive record of annoyances and discomforts, marked by considerable energy of expression, but wearisome from its sameness. With innkeep-

ers, ostlers, and postilions, especially, he seems to have been in a state of perpetual war; and he fell into so many quarrels with them that the wonder is, considering the revengeful and vindictive character of the lower class of Italians, that he ever got out of the country alive. He is everywhere devoured by vermin, poisoned with bad food, and pillaged by extortionate landlords. Indeed, making all allowances for his diseased state of mind and body, travelling in Italy at that period must have been a very uncomfortable experience, requiring patience, animal spirits, and a well-stocked purse to make it at all endurable. Here, for instance, are some of his records between Rome and Florence:—

"From Perugia to Florence the posts are all double, and the road is so bad that we never could travel above eight-and-twenty miles a day. We were often obliged to quit the carriage, and walk up steep mountains; and the way in general was so unequal and stony, that we were jolted even to the danger of our lives. I never felt any sort of exercise or fatigue so intolerable; and I did not fail to bestow an hundred benedictions per diem upon the banker, Barazzi, by whose advice we had taken this road. If the coach had not been incredibly strong, it must have been shattered to pieces. The fifth night we passed at a place called Comoccia, a miserable cabaret, where we were fain to cook our own supper, and lay in a musty chamber, which had never known a fire, and indeed had no fireplace, and where we run the risk of being devoured by rats. Next day one of the irons of the coach gave way at Arezzo, where we were detained two hours before it could be accommodated. I might have taken this opportunity to view the remains of the ancient Etruscan amphitheatre, and the Temple of Hercules, described by the cavalier Lorenzo Guazesi, as standing in the neighbourhood of this place; but the blacksmith assured me his work would be finished in a few minutes; and as I had nothing so much at heart as the speedy accomplishment of this disagreeable journey, I chose to suppress my curiosity, rather than be the occasion of a moment's delay. But all the nights we had hitherto passed were comfortable in comparison to this, which we suffered at a small village, the name of which I do not remember. The house was dismal and dirty beyond all description; the bedclothes filthy enough to turn the stomach of a muleteer; and the victuals cooked in such a manner that even a Hottentot could not

have beheld them without loathing. We had sheets of our own, which were spread upon a mattress; and here I took my repose, wrapped in a great coat, if that could be called repose which was interrupted by the innumerable stings of vermin."

That Smollett, in recording the incidents of such a journey, should have put a good deal of gall into his ink is not a matter of surprise; but it is rather remarkable that his journal should be so devoid of literary merit. The author of 'Humphrey Clinker' seems to have packed his genius away at the bottom of his trunk, and not taken it out during his whole tour. His spirit is all put forth in vituperation; but otherwise he is tame and commonplace. He is rowed in a felucca along that lovely coast between Nice and Lerici, and goes to Rome by way of Sienna and returns to Florence by way of Perugia, and yet the grand and beautiful scenery which passed before his eyes does not appear to have soothed his spirit or left any pictures upon his memory. He faithfully records the steep hills which he had to climb, as if the ache were not out of his bones when he wrote; but he says nothing of the glorious prospects which rewarded him when he had got to the top. His sketches of the character and manners of the people remind one of the story told of a petty officer on board an English man-of-war, who, when required to keep a journal of his voyage, and note the manners and customs of the places he visited, set down in his diary on one occasion, "The inhabitants of this country have no manners at all, and their customs are very beastly." This is just about the sum and substance of Smollett's judgment of the Italians.

Smollett's journal is not wholly occupied with the record of his Italian tour, but the larger part is devoted to his travels in France and his residence at Nice. In the course of this portion of the work he gives some advice to travellers, which is as sound now as it was then. Had he always "recked his own rede," he would have spared himself many undignified and unavailing quarrels.

"And here, once for all, I would advise every traveller who con-

sults his own ease and convenience to be liberal of his money to all that sort of people; and even to wink at the imposition of aubergistes on the road, unless it be very flagrant. So sure as you enter into disputes with them, you will be put to a great deal of trouble, and fret yourself to no manner of purpose. I have travelled with economists in England, who declared they would rather give away a crown than allow themselves to be cheated of a farthing. This is a good maxim, but requires a great share of resolution and self-denial to put in practice. In one excursion, my fellow-traveller was in a passion, and of consequence very bad company, from one end of the journey to the other. He was incessantly scolding either at landlords, landladies, waiters, ostlers, or postilions. We had bad horses and bad chaises: set out from every stage with the curses of the people; and at this expense I saved about ten shillings in a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. For such a paltry consideration he was contented to be miserable himself, and to make every other person unhappy with whom he had any concern."

DR. MOORE.

In 1775, Dr. Moore, the author of 'Zeluco,' passed some months in Italy, as medical attendant and travelling companion to the Duke of Hamilton, and published an account of the country upon his return home, with the title of 'A View of Society and Manners in Italy; with Anecdotes relating to some eminent Characters.' The work was favourably received by the public, and indeed has a considerable degree of merit. The author, who had lived much upon the Continent, was a man of candid and liberal spirit, and, though born a Scotchman and reared a Presbyterian, was free from national prejudice and religious intolerance. He had greatly the advantage of his countryman Smollett, not only in the enlightened judgment he passed upon foreign countries, but in the patient good humour with which he met the inconveniences of travel. His position as companion to the Duke of Hamilton gave him access to a higher class of society than he could have reached as a man of letters or a physician; and his tour is chiefly occupied with observations upon society and manners, as its title indicates. He had but little knowledge of art, as he more than

once frankly confesses, and still less sensibility to nature; but he is a shrewd and intelligent observer of men and manners, with an uncommonly quick perception of the ludicrous, and a turn for satire, which, though always under the control of good sense and good nature, yet serves to give a spicy flavour to many a paragraph. The popularity of the work was mainly owing to its amusing sketches, to the many good stories which it contains, and to the lively and animated style in which the whole is written. He gives several pages to an account of the political constitution of Venice, and to some incidents from its history; and I imagine he is the first popular English author who relates the stories of Marino Faliero and the Foscari.* He is also one of the first English travellers who describes a visit to Pompeii, of which then only a very small portion had been laid open. As the work of Dr. Moore is now not much known, I have made a few extracts from it, in order to show its claims to the popularity it once enjoyed. Describing the piazza of St. Mark's in Venice, he says,—

"At the corner of the new Procuratie, a little distant from the church, stands the steeple of St. Mark. This is a quadrangular tower, about three hundred feet in height. I am told it is not uncommon in Italy for the church and steeple to be in this state of disunion; this shocked a clergyman of my acquaintance very much; he mentioned it to me, many years ago, amongst the errors and absurdities of the Church of Rome. The gentleman was clearly of opinion that church and steeple ought to be inseparable as man and wife, and that every church ought to consider its steeple as mortar of its mortar and stone of its stone. An old captain of a ship, who was present, declared himself of the same way of thinking, and swore that a church, divorced from its steeple, appeared to him as ridiculous as a ship without a mast."

---

* Byron, writing to Murray from Venice, under date of Feb. 25, 1817, says, "Look into 'Moore's (Dr. Moore's) View of Italy' for me; in one of the volumes you will find an account of the *Doge Valiere* (it ought to be Falieri) and his conspiracy, or the motives of it. Get it transcribed for me, and send it in a letter to me soon. I want it, and cannot find so good an account of that business here."

At Rome he witnesses the Carnival, and says,—

"The coachmen, who are placed in a more conspicuous point of view than others of the same rank in life, and who are perfectly known by the carriages they drive, generally affect some ridiculous disguise. Many of them choose a woman's dress, and have their faces painted, and adorned with patches. However dull these fellows may be when in breeches, they are, in petticoats, considered as the pleasantest men in the world, and excite much laughter in every street in which they appear. I observed to an Italian of my acquaintance, that, considering the staleness of the joke, I was surprised at the mirth it seemed to raise. 'When a whole city,' answered he, 'are resolved to be merry for a week together, it is exceedingly convenient to have a few established jokes ready made; the young laugh at the novelty, and the old from prescription. This metamorphosis of the coachman is certainly not the most refined kind of wit; however, it is more harmless than the burning of heretics, which formerly was a great source of amusement to our populace.'"

The following is a specimen of the shrewd and good-humoured satire which frequently occurs in his pages. He is speaking of the Catholic clergy, and the unjust accusations often thrown out against them:—

"I remember being in the company of an acquaintance of yours, who is distinguished for the delicacy of his table and the length of his repasts, from which he seldom retires without a bottle of Burgundy for his own share, not to mention two or three glasses of champagne between the courses. We had dined a few miles from the town in which we then lived, and were returning in his chariot; it was winter, and he was wrapped in fur to the nose. As we drove along, we met two friars walking through the snow; little threads of icicles hung from their beards; their legs and the upper part of their feet were bare, but their soles were defended from the snow by wooden sandals. 'There goes a couple of dainty rogues,' cried your friend as we drew near them. 'Only think of the folly of permitting such lazy, luxurious rascals to live in a state, and eat up the portion of the poor. I will engage that these two scoundrels, as lean and mortified as they look, will devour more victuals in a day, than would maintain two industrious families.' He continued railing against the luxury of those two friars, and afterwards ex-

patiated upon the epicurism of the clergy in general, who, he said, were all alike, in every country, and of every religion. When we arrived in town, he told me he had ordered a nice little supper to be got ready at his house by the time of our return, and had lately got some excellent wine, inviting me at the same time to go home with him; 'for,' continued he, 'as we have driven three miles in such weather, we stand in great need of some refreshment.'"

The following extract shews the kindly mood in which he travelled, and his disposition to take hold of things by their right handles:—

"We left Loretto after dinner, and proceeded through a beautiful country to Macerata, a small town, situated on a hill, as the towns in Italy generally are. We only stayed to change horses, and continued our journey to Tolentino, where, not thinking it expedient to begin to ascend the Apennines in the dark, we took up our quarters at an inn, the best in the place, but by many degrees the poorest we had seen in Italy. However, as it was not for good eating or convenient bedchambers we came to the country, that circumstance affected us very little. Indeed, the quantity of victuals presented us at supper would have been as displeasing to a person of Sancho Panza's way of thinking on the subject of eating, as the manner they were dressed would have been to a nicer sensualist in that refined science. The latter circumstance prevented our regretting the former, and, although we had felt some uneasiness when we were told how little provisions there were in the house, the moment they appeared on the table we were all convinced there was more than enough.

"The poor people of this inn, however, showed the utmost desire to please. They must have unfortunate tempers indeed, who, observing this, could have shocked them by fretfulness, or an air of dissatisfaction. Besides, if the entertainment had been still more homely, even those travellers who are accustomed to the greatest delicacies might be induced to bear it with patience, for one night, from this consideration—that the people of the place, who have just as good a natural right to the luxuries of life as themselves, are obliged to bear it always. Nothing is more apt to raise indignation than to behold men repining and fretting, on account of little inconveniences, in the hearing of those who are bearing much greater every day with cheerfulness. There is a want of sense, as well as a want of temper, in such behaviour. The only use of complaining

of hardships to those who cannot relieve them must be to obtain sympathy: but if those to whom they complain are suffering the same hardships in a greater degree, what sympathy can those repiners expect? They certainly find none."

This is excellent advice for travel in all countries, at all times. Smollett's journal proves its value by the annoyances and discomforts which the neglect of it entailed upon him at every stage of his progress.

GOETHE.

Goethe set out upon his Italian tour in September, 1786. He was at that time thirty-seven years old, perhaps the best period of life for seeing Italy, if it is to be seen but once; because at that age the senses and the physical power of action and endurance remain unimpaired, but the effervescent ardour of youth has somewhat subsided, and reflection and judgment are not lost in a giddy whirl of sensations. This journey had long been the object of the poet's most ardent hopes and wishes. He has recorded that for many years previous he could not look upon a book or picture which brought before him the image of Italy, nor even read a Roman author, without pain, so intense was the longing which they awakened. His earnest desire to visit Italy arose from his sense of its importance to him in the light of self-culture, the great object to which his life was dedicated. He had passed through his stormy and impassioned youth; his mind was in a transition state; and the kind of reputation which he had acquired by his 'Stella' and 'The Sorrows of Werter'—that of a melancholy sentimentalist—had begun to be somewhat distasteful to his ripened judgment. He had written the first part of 'Faust,' though it was not published till 1790. But his mind, at the time his journey was undertaken, was teeming with two works quite unlike any of his previous productions—the claims of which were to rest upon their tranquil beauty and perfection of form—'Iphigenia in Aulis' and 'Tasso;' and in order to

complete these, he felt it necessary to study the remains of ancient art preserved in the museums of Italy, and to gather the spirit fresh upon the soil of its growth.

The account of his Italian journey, which was not published till more than twenty years after his return, being included in his general autobiography, is written in that exquisite prose, of which, if Goethe had never lived, we should have supposed the German language to be incapable. The attic bee hums over every page. It is also very interesting as a picture of the writer's mind; and every phase and aspect of such a mind is worth preserving and recording; but as a guide-book or companion to a tour in Italy, it does not seem to me of very great value. It is remarkable for being strongly personal, and, at the same time, cool, impassive, and emotionless. He looks at everything with the calm stern eyes of the Olympian Jove, which do not soften even when they rest upon Semele or Europa. He avoids all sentimentality and enthusiasm; and seems determined to shew the world that the author of 'Werter' can pass through the most exciting country in Europe, and yet never fall into ecstacies, nor yield to the temptation of fine writing. He appears half a Greek and half an Englishman—a Greek in his feeling for art, and an Englishman in his practical sense and distaste to all sorts of humbug and nonsense—but very little of a German. At Venice, for instance, where he spends some days, everything which he notes down shews the sharpest observation of the actual and the present, but he has nothing to say upon the past. He falls into no strain of reflection suggested by the contrast between the former glory of Venice, and the decay and decrepitude which he saw. There is not a jot of moralizing or sentimentalizing. Venice was to him no more than the yellow primrose was to Peter Bell. Its unique situation, the islands, the canals, the lagoons, interested him rather as a geologist and a naturalist than as a poet. On the Lido he sees the sea for the first time, a sight which his friend Schiller died without having enjoyed; but after speaking of the shells and the aquatic plants, he

turns to the great sea itself, and, as if apologizing for not having before noticed it, says, "The sea is indeed a great sight. I will endeavour to have a sail upon it in a vessel; the gondolas do not venture out." At Rome, a day or two after his arrival, he thus records his feelings: "Here I am now living with a calmness and tranquillity to which I have for a long while been a stranger. My practice to see and take all things as they are, my fidelity in letting the eye be my light, my perfect renunciation of all pretension, have again come to my aid, and make me calmly, but most intensely, happy."

There is also a remarkable passage, written at Terni, just before his arrival in Rome, in which, after observing that with ruins we must first painfully reconstruct the very thing we wish to form an idea of, he goes on to say, "With what is called classical ground the case stands rather different. Here, if only we do not go to work fancifully, but take the ground really as it is, then we shall have the decisive arena which moulded more or less the greatest of events. Accordingly, I have hitherto actively employed my geological and landscape eye, to the suppressing of fancy and sensibility, in order to gain for myself an unbiassed and distinct notion of the locality. By such means, history fixes itself on our minds with a marvellous vividness."

In this spirit he everywhere travels and studies; eagerly striving to catch the life and soul of antiquity, but not anxious about the costume. He wishes to see and feel the influences that moulded the mind and character of the ancients, but parades no rags of learning to prove that he understood what that mind and character were. Thus he never puts on what may be called the regulation dress of scholarship. There is not a Latin quotation in his whole tour, and no reference to Virgil, Horace, or Cicero.

After having been for some time in Rome, he says of it very truly, "It becomes every day more difficult to fix the termination of my stay in Rome; just as one finds the sea con-

tinually deeper, the further one sails on it, so it is also with the examination of this city."

Every one who has been in Rome will immediately assent to the truth of these remarks :—" Wherever one goes and casts a look around, the eye is at once struck with some landscape—forms of every kind and style; palaces and ruins, gardens and wastes, the distant and the near, houses, stables, triumphal arches, and columns, often all so close together, that it might be sketched on a single sheet; one should have a thousand points of steel to write with, and what can a single pen do! and then in the evening one is weary and exhausted with the day's seeing and admiring."

Another peculiarity which his travels reveal is an entire want of sensibility to Christian art and Christian antiquities. He looks upon everything in Italy with the eye, not so much of a Protestant as of a heathen. This feeling is curiously displayed in the account he gives of his visit to Assissi :—" Here, as I had learned from Palladio and Volckmann, a noble Temple of Minerva, built in the time of Augustus, was still standing in perfect repair. At Madonna del Angelo, therefore, I quitted my vetturino, leaving him to proceed by himself to Foligno, and set off in the face of a strong wind for Assissi, for I longed for a foot journey through a country so solitary for me. I left on my left the vast mass of churches, piled Babel-wise one over another, where St. Francis reposes, with aversion; for I thought to myself that the people who assembled in them were mostly of the same stamp with my captain." The " captain " was an ignorant Catholic from whom he had just parted, and who had bored him with many silly questions about the religion of the Protestants. He then goes on to describe the ruins of the Temple of Minerva with great admiration and great minuteness. This is surely one of the most curious and characteristic records ever made by man. That he should have passed by, on the other side, that wonderful old church with its unique treasures of art, not only with indifference, but actual aversion, and hurried to see half

a dozen Corinthian columns jammed in between the commonplace modern buildings of an insignificant public square, reveals a state of mind in which no traveller, before or after him, has ever shared, or at least cared to confess.

He has no feeling for the ceremonials of the Romish Church. The splendid processions, the rich vestments, the curling clouds of incense, and the bursts of music do not kindle his imagination, and make but a faint impression upon his senses, as the following record witnesses:—

"On Christmas-day I saw the Pope and the whole Consistory in St. Peter's, where he celebrated high mass, partly before, and partly from his throne. It is of its kind an unequalled sight, splendid and dignified enough, but I have grown so old in my Protestant Diogenism, that this pomp and splendour revolt more than they attract me. I, like my pious forefathers, am disposed to say to these spiritual conquerors of the world, 'Hide not from me the sun of higher art and pure humanity.'

"Yesterday, which was the feast of Epiphany, I saw and heard mass celebrated after the Greek rite. The ceremonies appeared to me more solemn, more severe, more suggestive, and yet more popular than the Latin.

"But there, too, I also felt again that I am too old for anything except for truth alone. These ceremonies and operas, these gyrations and ballet-like movements, pass off from me like water from an oil-skin cloak. An influence of nature, on the contrary, like a sunset from the Villa Madonna, or a work of art like my much-honoured Juno, makes a deep and vivid impression on me."

It is this pagan mood of mind which leads him to make one of the most extraordinary statements about himself that man ever committed to paper. On the first day of his arrival in Rome he writes thus: "In a moral sense, too, how salutary is it for me to live awhile among a wholly sensual people!"

His residence in Rome gave him an opportunity of indulging that love of mystification, and those habits of reserve, which were marked traits in his character. He seems to have kept his place of destination a secret from most of his friends, as the first words he writes in Rome shew: "At last I can speak out, and greet my friends with good humour. May

they pardon my secrecy, and what has been, as it were, a subterranean journey hither." It would appear also that he travelled under an assumed name, and this incognito was strengthened by a little incident which he relates with much satisfaction. A rumour had spread among the artists that the unknown stranger was the celebrated Goethe, but one of them, who maintained that he knew him well, after having seen the new-comer, stoutly maintained that it was not he, but quite a different person. Goethe seems to have encouraged, and to have induced his friends to encourage this mistaken notion; for a few days after narrating the above anecdote he says,—

"My strange and perhaps whimsical incognito proves useful to me in many ways that I never should have thought of. As every one thinks himself in duty bound to ignore who I am, and consequently never ventures to speak to me of myself and my works, they have no alternative left them but to speak of themselves, or of the matters in which they are most interested, and in this way I become circumstantially informed of the occupations of each, and of everything that is either taken in hand or produced. Hofrath Reifenstein entered into this whim of mine; as, however, for special reasons, he could not bear the name which I had assumed, he immediately made a baron of me, and I am now called the 'Baron gegen Rondanini ueber' (the Baron who lives opposite to the Palace Rondanini). This designation is sufficiently precise, especially as the Italians are accustomed to speak of people either by their Christian names, or else by some nickname. Enough: I have gained my object; and escape the incessant annoyance of having to give to everybody an account of myself and my works."

This incognito, as may be supposed, was loosely worn and easily slipped off; especially when by doing so an opportunity was afforded of paying a compliment to some person of rank or distinction.

There is also a peculiarity in Goethe's journal of his residence in Italy, which runs through his whole life; and that is, its self-reference. We see constant indications of how important he was to himself. Self-culture—the growth of his own mind—these seem not only the highest, but the only aims

which he proposes to himself in life. Everything which he sees comes before him in this relation, and is tried by this standard. This manner of looking at things is not without its ludicrous side, and a man of wit might easily parody it, and hold it up to the laughter of the unthinking; but that would be an unworthy way of dealing with a man like Goethe. Such a mind as his is fairly entitled to watch and record its own movements, and to chronicle every phase and incident of its growth; and the world should be grateful for the confidence bestowed upon it. But the price we have to pay for such revelations is the disgust awakened by the herd of clumsy imitators. The real Jupiter and the real thunder are grand; but the mock Jupiter—the Salmoneus—with his second-hand thunder, is a burden to the spirit.

But after criticism has exhausted all its objections, there remains, on the other side, a great deal to commend and to admire in Goethe's Italian journey. We meet there profound and striking remarks on nature and art, just and shrewd reflections upon life and manners, sketches of scenery rapidly but correctly drawn, and over all a serene atmosphere of genial yet deep enjoyment, like the violet haze which hangs over an Italian landscape. His faculties bring him the most truthful records—for no man who had read so much ever had such senses—and he sets them down most faithfully, without concealment or affectation. He disdains to assume a rapture which he does not feel; and whatever he likes or dislikes is chronicled without a scruple or apology; as we have seen in the account he gives of his visit to Assissi. There never was a book more free from cant and affectation. The reader has everywhere the satisfaction of feeling that he is hearing the testimony of a witness who is speaking the truth.

Some of the citations already made will confirm these favourable judgments, and many more might be added to them. Speaking of what he would like to do in Rome, if he had time enough for everything, he says, "Above all, history is read here far differently than in any other place on earth.

In other places we read from without, within; here we believe that we are reading from within, without; all things move from ourselves and group themselves around us." His words are not easily translated, but all who have been in Rome will feel the truth of the observation. On his return from Sicily to Naples, he writes a letter to Herder, from which I translate a few sentences:—

"As regards Homer, a veil has fallen from my eyes. His images and descriptions, poetical as they are, are also wonderfully true, and presented with a clearness and vitality which are almost fearful. Even the wildest and most improbable adventures have a naturalness which I have never felt so fully as in the neighbourhood of the scenes in which they are laid. Let me briefly thus state my thought. They presented existing objects simply as they are, but we commonly aim at effect; they described the fearful, we describe fearfully; they the beautiful, we beautifully; and so of the rest. Hence arise extravagance, affectation, bad taste, and bombast. For when a man is aiming solely at effect, he can never make his work moving enough."

How striking and comprehensive this is, and how true!

His descriptions of Naples, and his observations upon the manners and character of the people, are admirable. The following is a characteristic record of the impressions made upon him in that brilliant region:—

"We see here a remarkable light-heartedness, and everywhere the greatest and most sympathetic enjoyment of life. The gay and many-coloured flowers and fruits with which nature decorates herself seem to invite man to adorn with as bright colours as possible everything which he uses. All, who can command the means, ornament their hats with ribbons, silken scarfs, or flowers. Chairs and chests of drawers, even in the humblest houses, are embellished with flowers upon a golden ground. The one-horse calashes are painted bright red, the carved work gilded, the horses decked with artificial flowers, scarlet tassels, and bits of tinsel. Many have bunches of feathers, and others small flags, upon their heads, which move with every motion. We are generally accustomed to regard a love of gay colours as in bad and barbarous taste, and with us this is true in some measure; but, under so bright and blue a heaven, nothing is

really gay, for nothing can outshine the light of the sun and its reflection in the sea. The most vivid colours are thrown into the shade by that powerful splendour: and as all the hues of Nature, the green of the vegetable world, the brown, red, and yellow patches of earth, strike with full force upon the eye, so the flowers and the costume of men and women fall into the general harmony of tint. The scarlet boddices and gowns of the women of Nettuno, adorned with broad stripes of gold and silver, the other bright-coloured national costumes, the gaily-painted ships, all seem to be endeavouring to rival the glow of the sky and the sea, that they may not be undiscerned."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

In the year 1803 Italy was visited by a man of genius who presents the greatest possible contrast to Goethe, both in the character of his mind and in the spirit with which he viewed the objects which presented themselves to his observation. This was Chateaubriand. His temperament was naturally imaginative, impassioned, meditative, and religious. Though only thirty-five years old, he had passed through a long life of experiences and vicissitudes, such as would have thrown a shade of permanent melancholy over even the lightest spirit. He had seen his house and his fortunes shattered by the lightnings of the Revolution. He had visited America in early youth, and been the guest of the illustrious Washington. He had plunged into the then deep and unbroken solitudes of the West, lived among the red men, and, in the shade of primeval and untrodden forests, had gathered the materials of those vivid but untrue descriptions with which he thrilled the warm sensibilities of Europe in the glowing pages of his 'Atala.' He had nearly died of want in the populous solitudes of London, more pitiless than the unpeopled solitudes of the Mississippi. A new career was now opened to him. He had acquired a great reputation by the publication of his 'Génie du Christianisme,' and Bonaparte, at that time First Consul, eager to secure the services of men of genius, had made him

secretary of legation at Rome, where Cardinal Fesch was ambassador.

The record which he has left of the impressions which Italy made upon him is brief, and mostly confined to Rome and its vicinity. In the mood of mind in which he found himself, the present and the actual were merely types and symbols. Nothing is described as it is, but everything serves to suggest something else. He sees everything through a veil of association and recollection. Goethe paints Rome, but Chateaubriand sets it to music. The latter does not contemplate it as an artist or a philosopher, but first as a Christian, and secondly as a classical scholar. Rome is most interesting to him as the head of the Church; and the blood of martyrs which has bathed its soil is more to him than the dust of antiquity which covers it. There is a strain of melancholy, not bitter but pensive and devotional, breathing through his descriptions, which sounds like the chant of a band of pilgrims approaching a shrine. His musical prose is set upon a minor key. The ruins of Rome and its neighbourhood had a peculiar attraction to one who had seen "the ploughshare of ruin" driven over the ideas and traditions of a great kingdom, and had nearly perished himself under the falling fragments. He feels their power both as a scholar and a Christian, and the thoughts which they call forth are those sometimes of a poet and sometimes of a prophet. He sees the hand of God in the destruction of the monuments of paganism, and an ever-living faith springs up to assure him, as the ivy and acanthus, which twine round the broken fragments, are pledges of the undying youth of Nature. He was especially impressed with the ruins of the Villa of Hadrian, of which he gives a long account, closing with these striking reflections:

"Before quitting the Villa Adriana I filled my pockets with bits of porphyry, alabaster, verd antique, and pieces of stucco and mosaic, all which I afterwards threw away. These ruins are hereafter nothing to me, because it is not probable that anything will ever carry me to them again. At every moment we die to a period, an

object, a person, that we are never to see again. Life is a successive death. Many travellers, who have gone before me, have written their names on the marbles of the Villa Adriana. They have hoped to prolong their existence, by attaching a memorial of their fleeting presence to celebrated spots; but they have been deceived. While I was attempting to decipher a name, newly written in pencil, which I thought I recognised, a bird started from a tuft of ivy, and a few drops of the recent shower were shaken from its leaves, and, falling upon the name, blotted it out for ever."

By far the most striking record which Chateaubriand has left of the impressions which Italy made upon him is contained in his letter to M. de Fontanes, dated Rome, January 10, 1804, which is indeed one of the most elaborate and beautiful of all his compositions. It is entirely devoted to Rome and its environs; and the ruins which embellish and dignify the soil are dwelt upon with especial interest. He throws over that whole region the rapid, idealizing, and assimilating glance of genius. It is a series of exquisite pictures, painted by the light of a setting sun, and enclosed in frameworks of rich and melancholy reflection. He arrests and condenses the spirit that hangs over the landscape, enshrining it in his sparkling and perfumed periods, as an acre of roses reappears in a few drops of intense and penetrating essence. The whole letter is a grand symphony of eloquence and poetry which recalls the noblest productions of Beethoven in a sister art. I proceed to translate a few passages from it, regretting that so much of the charm of the style must pass off in the course of transfusion into another language.

Speaking of the Roman Campagna, he says,—

"You perceive here and there fragments of Roman roads in spots where there is now no travel, or the dry beds of winter torrents, which, seen from a distance, appear like roads, frequented and worn by travel, but are really only the deserted track of a stormy flood which has passed away like the Roman people. A few trees are with difficulty discovered, but everywhere the ruins of aqueducts and tombs are prominent; ruins which seem to be the forests and indigenous plants of a soil composed of the dust of the dead and the fragments of empires. Often, upon the extended plain, I have be-

lieved that I saw rich harvests, but on approaching found that I had been deceived by the appearance of the withered herbage. Everywhere under these barren harvests the traces of ancient cultivation are distinguishable. Here are no birds, no labourers, none of the movements of rural life, no lowing of cattle, no villages. A few decaying farm-houses appear in the midst of the general desolation, but there issue from them neither smoke, nor sound, nor inhabitants. A kind of savage, almost naked, pale, and wasted by fever, keeps guard over these sad abodes, like the ghosts which, in our Gothic tales, forbid approach to deserted castles.

"You will think perhaps, my dear friend, after this description, that nothing can be more repulsive than these Roman plains. It is far otherwise; they have an inconceivable grandeur. One is ever ready, in looking at them, to exclaim with Virgil,

> 'Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
> Magna virum.'

If you view them with the eye of a political economist you will be in despair; if you contemplate them as an artist, a poet, or even a philosopher, you will not wish them to be other than they are. The aspect of a field of corn, or of a hill-side covered with vines, will not awaken in you such emotions as the sight of this region, where modern cultivation has never renewed the vigour of the soil, which remains as old as the ruins which cover it.

"Nothing can equal the beauty of the lines of the Roman horizon, [illegible] gentle inclination of the plains, and the soft and blending outlines [illegible] the mountains which enclose them. The valleys in the Cam[illegible]gna often take the form of an arena, a circus, or a hippodrome; [illegible]e sides are cut in the shape of terraces, as if the powerful hands of [illegible]e old Romans had carried off the soil. A peculiar vapour, spread [illegible]er the distant points, gives roundness to every object, and veils whatever of harshness or abruptness there may be in their forms. The shadows are never black and heavy, and there are no masses of rock or foliage so dark as not to admit some gleams of light. A singularly harmonious tint blends together the sky, the earth, and the water; also the surfaces, by means of an insensible gradation of colours, unite at their extremities, so that the eye cannot mark the point where one shade begins and another ends. You have doubtless admired in the landscapes of Claude Lorraine that light which seems ideal and more beautiful than nature. Such is the light of Rome.

"I was never weary of seeing, from the Villa Borghese, the sun go down behind the cypresses of Monte Mario and the pines of the Villa Pamphili planted by Le Nôtre. I have stood upon the Ponte Molle to enjoy the sublime spectacle of the close of day. The summits of the Sabine hills appeared of lapis lazuli and pale gold, while their bases and sides were bathed in vapours of violet or purple. Sometimes lovely clouds, like fairy cars, borne along by the evening wind with inimitable grace, recall the mythological tales of the descent of the deities of Olympus. Sometimes old Rome seems to have spread all over the west the purple of her consuls and her Cæsars, beneath the last steps of the god of day. This rich decoration does not vanish so quickly as in our climate. When we think that the hues are about to disappear, they revive on some other point of the horizon; one twilight follows another, and the magic of sunset is prolonged."

In another part of his Journal he thus records some of the impressions made upon him by the aspect of Rome by moonlight:—

"From the height of Trinita de' Monti the bell-towers and the distant edifices appear like the effaced sketches of a painter, or like the inequalities of a sea-coast, dimly discerned from the deck of an anchored vessel.

"Rome is asleep in the midst of these ruins. This star of the night, this orb which is supposed to be extinguished and unpeopled, moves through her pale solitudes, above the solitudes of Rom She shines upon streets without inhabitants, upon enclosed space open squares, and gardens in which no one walks, upon monasteri where the voices of monks are no longer heard, upon cloisters whic are as deserted as the arches of the Colosseum.

"What has been going on during the last eighteen hundred year at this hour and in these spots? Not only is ancient Italy no more, but Italy of the middle ages has disappeared. Everywhere the trace of these two Italies is yet distinctly marked in Rome. If modern Rome shews St. Peter's and all its wonders of art, ancient Rome opposes to them the Pantheon and all its ruins; if the former summons from the Capitol its consuls and emperors, the latter evokes from the Vatican the long line of its pontiffs. The Tiber separates the two glories. Mourning in the same dust, pagan Rome sinks deeper and deeper into its tombs, and Christian Rome slowly descends into the catacombs from which it emerged."

JOSEPH FORSYTH.

This learned and accomplished man went to Italy at the close of the year 1801, and remained there till the spring of 1803. He was a native of Scotland, but had passed many years of his life in the immediate neighbourhood of London, in the modest and laborious duties of a teacher of youth. Thoroughly acquainted with Roman and Italian literature, he had long cherished the hope of visiting Italy; and as soon as the Continent was thrown open to English travellers by the peace of Amiens, he eagerly grasped the opportunity held out to him of accomplishing the dream of his life. He started on this journey within five days after hearing of the event which made it possible—little imagining at how great a price he was to purchase this privilege. He was arrested at Turin, by the French police, in May, 1803, under that cruel and wicked decree of Bonaparte's, by which all British subjects travelling in the French dominions were seized and detained on the breaking out of hostilities between the two countries. He languished eleven years in captivity, in various parts of France, and died within a little more than a year after his return home, his constitution having been worn out by the sufferings and anxieties he had passed through. His case is but a single leaf torn out of a huge volume of sorrow, for the whole number of innocent and unsuspecting travellers, upon whom this barbarous decree fell, was not far from ten thousand; and though many were released, and many made their escape, yet what an aggregate of wretchedness and heart-break must have gone up to the throne of God, to plead against the heartless tyrant who could so cruelly abuse the power he enjoyed.

Forsyth's 'Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in the years 1802 and 1803,' were prepared during the author's captivity, and published in England in 1812, in the hope that by this step he might gain the boon of freedom from a ruler who patronized literature, at least

when it did not stand in his way. But his effort failed; and he is said to have ever regretted the publication of his work, as having been prepared under circumstances which made it necessarily fragmentary, imperfect, and far removed from that standard of excellence which existed in his own mind—which he might more nearly have approached had he written out his notes aided by leisure, a mind at ease, and libraries to consult.

But Forsyth had no cause for self-dissatisfaction, except in that comparison between the actual and the possible which alloys the triumph of the most successful author; for his journal is an admirable work; in some respects the best that has yet appeared upon Italy. His memory was very retentive, and his knowledge various, accurate, and even profound. Architecture, especially, he thoroughly understood, and his criticisms in this department are always striking, vigorous, and generally sound; though sometimes not intelligible to the common reader from the technical language in which they are expressed. His taste in this art would have been perfect had it been a little more tolerant, and had he been a little less exclusive in his admiration for classical forms. His observation is everywhere sharp and accurate, and his judgments, perfectly manly and independent, are never flippant or offensive. His mind and way of looking at things are eminently English. He never stoops to sentiment, never indulges in poetical flights, takes nothing upon trust, and sometimes growls out his satisfaction, as if wrung from him against his will. The great defect of his work is that it is not amiable enough in tone. His censure is too general and too hearty, and his praise too rare and too cold. In this, as in other things, the influence of the occupation he had long followed is discernible in his manner of thinking and writing. The drudgery of teaching had doubtless worn upon a temperament naturally sensitive, and put the fine chords of feeling a little out of tune. But we see the good effects of the discipline he had passed through in the sharp distinctness of his knowledge, the emphatic decision of his judgment, the unfailing

obedience of his memory, and the clearness and accuracy of his style. He writes like a man who had acquired a keen distaste for extravagance, exaggeration, and rhetorical flourishes, by having been obliged to endure and correct so much of them in the exercises of his pupils. His style is indeed admirable; vigorous, pointed, and condensed; sharp as steel and clear as crystal; and sometimes charming and surprising his reader by an uncommon felicity of phrase. Occasionally, too, there slips from the guarded and self-watchful man an expression which reveals warmth and depth of feeling, and a genuine sensibility to beauty. Though his book has but few personal records, it leaves upon the mind of the reader a most favourable impression of the character of the writer. We can easily believe that Forsyth was a man whom everybody must have respected, and whom many may have loved. A few brief extracts will illustrate the peculiarities of his style and manner. While in Florence he went out to Fiesole, and describes with genuine feeling the rare assemblage of beautiful objects which greets the eye from its airy height. His poetical emotions were interrupted by an old peasant, who addressed to his companion some words of admiration upon the fine prospect and the numerous farms and vineyards, ending with saying, "But, after all, none of it belongs to us.' Upon this, Forsyth remarks, "Those notes of exclamation end in a selfishness peculiar to age. There is generally something sordid at the bottom of the bucket which old men throw on admiration."

How pointed, yet how true, are his observations upon the Colosseum: "As it now stands, the Colosseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed—vacant—serious—yet grand—half gray and half green—exact on one side and fallen on the other—with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray."

How beautiful and picturesque is his account of the illumi-

nation of the interior of St. Peter's by the lighted cross at Easter!—

"No architecture ever surpassed in effect the interior of this pile when illuminated at Easter by a single cross of lamps. The immediate focus of glory—all the gradations of light and darkness—the fine or the fantastic accidents of this chiaroscuro—the projection of fixed or moving shadows—the sombre of the deep perspectives—the multitude kneeling round the Pope—the groups in the distant aisles—what a world of pictures for men of art to copy or combine! What fancy was ever so dull, or so disciplined, or so worn, as to resist the enthusiasm of such a scene!"

His description of Tivoli is animated and striking:—

"The hill of Tivoli is all over picture. The city, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades in the foreground; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance; these form a succession of landscapes superior, in the light produced, to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described; no true portrait of it exists; they are poetical translations of the matchless original. Indeed, when you come to detail the hill, some defect of harmony will ever be found in the foreground or distance, something in the swell or channelling of its sides, something in the growth or the grouping of its trees, which painters, referring every object to its effect on canvas, will often condemn as bad nature. In fact, the beauties of landscape are all accidental. Nature, intent on more important ends, does nothing exclusively to please the eye. No stream flows exactly as the artist would wish it; he wants mountains when he finds only hills; he wants hills when he finds a plain. Nature gives him but scattered elements; the composition is his own."

What traveller will not confirm from his own recollection and experience the following reflections?—

"We make the tour of Italy as we make the circuit of a gallery. We set out determined to let nothing escape us unexamined, and thus we waste our attention, while it is fresh, on the first objects, which are not generally the best. On advancing we are dazzled with excellence and fatigued with admiration. We can take, however, but a certain dose of this pleasure at a time, and at length, when the eye is saturated with picture, we begin to long for the conclusion, and we run through the last rooms with a rapid glance."

MADAME DE STAEL.

The '.Corinne' of Madame de Stael is the most popular, and, in some respects, the most remarkable book that has ever been written upon Italy or inspired by it. Her father, always to her an object of passionate love and idolatrous reverence, had died in April, 1804, and her journey into Italy, of which 'Corinne' was the result, was taken rather to divert her vehement and consuming grief by new scenes and the fatigues and occupations of travel, than from any strong original attraction towards the country and its peculiar objects of interest. The love of nature was never a decided feeling with her; and it was not until her heart had been softened by this great sorrow, that the beauty and grandeur of the outward world made much impression upon her. Nor had she paid much attention to art, in any of its forms or departments. Indeed, minds of such original power as hers, which have within themselves the inexhaustible fountains of genius to draw from, rarely submit to the patient study and prolonged examination which are indispensable to a thorough comprehension of the arts of sculpture and painting. Their time may be better spent in creation than in analysis and criticism; in the production of new forms of beauty rather than in the observation of those which other minds have given birth to. Men of genius are more apt to feel art than to understand it; and they sometimes mistake the emotions which a work of art calls forth, for essential characteristics of the work itself. The melancholy exhaustion of grief made the mind of Madame de Stael comparatively passive and receptive, and thus more disposed to return a faithful image of Italy. In her ordinary state, her vivid, powerful, and creative genius would have subdued to its own essence all external objects, and the book which she would have written would have been to Italy what satin is to the mulberry-leaf. She had the advantage of being attended in her tour by her friend Schlegel, a man of brilliant

powers, thoroughly instructed in literature and art, who could supply to her rapid and discursive glance that accurate knowledge and careful observation which she needed. Many of her eloquent and striking reflections upon ancient and modern art were undoubtedly the growth and expansion of ideas originally suggested by this accomplished German.

The great and lasting popularity of 'Corinne' renders it superfluous to dwell at any length upon its characteristic excellences, or to quote from its inspired pages. Indeed, it would be doing the author injustice to give to her eloquent conceptions the garb of any other language than that in which she had clothed them. Her prose is absolutely untranslatable. To say nothing of her many felicities of phrase which dissolve as soon as they are touched, there is a certain declamatory recitative in the movement of her periods, which suits the genius of the French tongue, but sounds strained and affected in English.

The plan of the work, combining a romantic love-story with pictures of Italian life, manners, and scenery, was a most happy thought, and gave full scope to all the writer's powers. The birth, growth, and tragical close of a mutual attachment between two highly endowed beings, upon the soil of Italy, where every passion felt by susceptible natures becomes at once more intense and more exalted, was a theme peculiarly suited to Madame de Stael's genius, so imaginative and at the same time so craving the support of love and sympathy. In the execution, also, there is so much of grace, power, and feeling, that all defects of detail are overlooked. We forget the improbabilities of the story; we pardon the want of incident; we forbear to ask if 'Corinne' be a possible being, or if, being possible, she could have so loved such a forcible Feeble as Oswald.

'Corinne' is certainly a work of extraordinary beauty; captivating the young by its impassioned sentiment, its glowing eloquence, its rich tone of colour, and its tender melancholy; and attracting those who are no longer young by the accuracy of

its observations upon social life and manners, and the profound knowledge of the human heart which it reveals. The chapters which are devoted to the ruins, the edifices, and the works of art in Rome, are not, it seems to me, the finest portions of the book, though probably they cost the writer the most pains in the preparation. They are eloquent and striking, but too elaborate and wanting in repose. The objects which she describes are lost in the crowd of reflections which they call forth; and the mind's eye is dazzled and blinded by the brilliant light which is poured upon it. She seems to write from recollection, rather than from observation; making the objects she saw points of departure rather than themes. She theorises, but does not describe, and gives us speculation instead of detail. But her speculations are original and striking, and her theories charm, if they do not convince. The ruins of Rome, interpreted by the voice and glance of 'Corinne,' start into life, and the heart of antiquity throbs anew under the creative touch of love.

The passages descriptive of Italian character and the social life and manners of the people, though less ambitious, are at least equal in literary merit to those in which ruins and works of art are discussed. They are in every way admirable; remarkable alike for the noble generosity of their tone, their vigorous grasp, and their delicate and feminine observation. They awaken a feeling of strong admiration for the writer; and it warms and strengthens the heart to see a person of so much genius so free from prejudice, narrowness, and bitterness; so thoroughly familiar with the most finished forms of social life, and yet so loyal to truth and so sensitive to the touch of the noblest sentiments. These portions of 'Corinne' seem the most natural and spontaneous of the work; those in which the writer's mind poured itself forth most freely and with the least effort. The warmly sympathetic and feminine nature of Madame de Stael—and though she had masculine powers there never was a more truly feminine nature than hers—craved companionship and sympathy; and her genius,

various as it was, was never more strikingly and successfully displayed than in painting and analysing the movements of the human heart and the human mind as modified by the customs and usages of society.

The sketches of Naples and its neighbourhood seem to have more of the charm of natural expression than the lofty declamations upon the ruins of Rome. The gay and smiling aspect of Naples, and the joyous pulse of life which beats there, may have more soothed and stirred a heart too much oppressed by sorrow to bear the melancholy desolation of Rome. Naples is the place for those who wish to escape from grief, and not Rome: the latter may lighten the pain, but the former extracts the dart. Nothing can surpass the splendour as well as the fidelity of her descriptions of that whole enchanting region—the forms of the landscape, the aspects of the vegetable world, the streets and population of Naples, and the mingled beauty and desolation of its neighbourhood. The contrasts which are there assembled; the loveliness and fertility illumined by the ghastly funeral torch of Vesuvius—the remains of Roman luxury on the other side of the bay, in the midst of a region scarred and blackened by elemental strife—took powerful hold of an imagination like hers; and the colours which burn and glow upon her pages are not inferior to those of the living scenes.

The 'Corinne' of Madame de Stael, and the 'Remarks' of Forsyth, may be set in contrast with each other, like the impressions which Italy made upon Goethe and Chateaubriand respectively. It is not possible for two books, inspired by the same theme, to be more unlike; one is all accuracy, point, and precision; the other, all sentiment, imagination, and enthusiasm; one is a map, and the other a landscape. They resemble each other as an outline by Flaxman resembles a picture by Giorgione. Each is the complement of the other; and between them the whole circle of Italy is rounded. Combining the two, we have Roman drawing and Venetian colouring; and there can nothing be had on earth better than

these. In the smallest portable library which the intelligent tourist takes into Italy or collects there, both these books should find a place; one for its fidelity of form, and the other for the kindling power of its genius; one fashioning the statue, and the other waking it to life by a touch.

CHAPTER XXX.

Travellers in Italy and Writers on Italy, concluded — Eustace — Matthews — Lady Morgan — Shelley — Lord Byron — Rogers — Miss Eaton — John Bell — William Stewart Rose — Andersen — Mrs. Kemble — Spalding — Murray.

JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

Eustace was a Catholic priest who went to Italy in 1801, as travelling companion to two young gentlemen of fortune, and published an account of his tour in 1813, under the title of 'A Classical Tour through Italy.' He was a man of considerable learning, after the English school, and was especially well acquainted with the authors of Rome, both in prose and verse. Everything which he serves up is garnished with quotations, but they are generally apposite and often new. Although a sincere and devoted Catholic, he was also a thorough, not to say prejudiced Englishman, and he hated France and Frenchmen as if there had been a special commandment to that effect in the decalogue. He looks upon the French nation as the enemies of religion, liberty, and the arts; and his feelings as a clergymen, an Englishman, and a scholar, are equally aroused against them. He seems to have been a truly amiable man, but, where France is concerned, we miss not only his usual mildness of judgment, but the usually cautious and inquiring habit of his mind. Everything is taken on trust which is disparaging to that country and its people, and no story can be too monstrous for his credulity which is to their discredit. But in justice to Eustace, and to many others of his countrymen who have left similar sentiments on record, it should be said that this hatred drew much of its energy from a fear which they were too proud to con-

fess. And no one, who looks back upon the history of that period, can wonder at it. Bonaparte was so extraordinary a phenomenon—his character and career were so unprecedented —his progress and success were so fearful—he broke in upon the conventional monotony of history so like a comet upon the regular orbits of the solar system—that we cannot feel surprised that he should have been looked upon as something supernatural and demoniac, against whom all mortal resources were as unavailing as against the power of lightnings or earthquakes.

The 'Classical Tour' attained great and immediate popularity. It commended itself by its ripe English scholarship, its hearty English prejudices, by a style of considerable dignity and elegance, and a truly gentlemanly tone of feeling; for Eustace was a gentleman as well as a scholar, and is never scurrilous or vulgar even in the expression of his distaste and ill-will. It was for a time valued beyond its deserts, and a certain reaction necessarily took place; and when criticism was turned against it, many vulnerable points were found open to attack. Besides the prejudices, national and theological, with which its pages bristled, it was found to swarm with inaccuracies of detail. This last defect arose, probably in part, from the long interval between the date of the journey and the publication of the tour. Having been once much overvalued, it is now unreasonably undervalued. It is not, and never was meant to be, a guide-book, but it certainly may be read with pleasure and profit, either before going to Italy or after returning from it, especially the latter. The scholar will not object to the profusion of beautiful passages in Latin prose and verse which are poured around the scenes which he visited, nor can any right-minded reader fail to respect the pure morality of the writer, and the manly frankness with which he maintains his religious convictions. Lord Byron, in a note to the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold,' has made a sweeping attack upon the 'Classical Tour;' but his Lordship should have remembered that, in a characteristic criticism upon Mitford's 'History

of Greece,' he had enumerated "wrath and partiality" as among its merits. Eustace's tour has a kindred excellence; that is to say, it abounds with honest expressions of honest prejudices. It is a truthful book, and stamped with marked individual character. There is always a certain pleasure in reading works of this class, irrespective of their merely literary merit. Their flavour is positive, if not fine. We are sure that we are brought face to face with the author's mind, such as it is. We should have put Eustace higher upon the scale of writers and thinkers, if he had been less prejudiced, but it is by no means certain that the 'Classical Tour' would have been a more readable book, if it were entirely free from those strong expressions of personal and professional feeling which sometimes call forth a smile at their extravagance.

Speaking of Boccaccio, Eustace says, "Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence, and it little imports where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust." He has been sharply taken to task for this severe judgment upon an eminent name in literature, and it would perhaps have been more discreet to have said nothing, where he must have censured if he spoke at all. But being a Catholic and a clergyman, he could not have written of Boccaccio with admiration without forfeiting his own claims to respect even in the eyes of a Protestant and a layman. Being a priest, he could not think well of Boccaccio; or, thinking well of Boccaccio, he could not be a priest. The man who is false to his own proclaimed standard is contemptible even in the judgment of the wicked.

A single quotation from Eustace, of some length, is all that I shall make. Speaking of the habit of the people near Naples to build new houses on the very spots laid waste by the eruptions of Vesuvius, he says,—

"A French traveller, who noticed this persevering spirit some years ago, attributes it to the blindness and folly of the human race, and very ingeniously, and at the same time much to the credit of

his species, compares them to ants, which never fail to repair their nests how often soever they may be ravaged and crumbled to pieces. Addison observed, near a century ago, that even in his time the principal object of some French writers seemed to be to degrade and vilify human nature; and since that period, whole swarms of declaimers and sophists have risen in succession, to provoke and justify a more extensive application of the remark. The English nation, much to its credit, differs in this respect, as indeed in many others, very widely from its rival neighbours, and is united with the wise, the good, the great, of all ages and countries, in a glorious confederacy to support the dignity and the grandeur of our common nature. In opposition, therefore, to the sagacious president, we may venture to praise the inhabitants of Torre del Greco, and consider their perseverance, which, undismayed by the most tremendous disasters, still pursues its object, as a sublime sentiment that indicates the greatness of man, and displays at once his courage and his resources. Camillus preferred a cottage, amid the ruins of Rome, still smoking after the Gallic conflagration, to the palaces of Veii; and the natives of this town prefer their country, though on the verge of a fiery abyss, to a secure but foreign mansion. We applaud the patriotism of the former; why should we not praise the spirit of the latter?"

In this characteristic paragraph we have not only a specimen of Eustace's own prejudices, but an illustration of the follies and inconsistencies into which all men fall when they give themselves over to the guidance of prejudice. The French traveller whom he cites is the President Dupaty, who makes the comparison about the ants on occasion of a visit to Pompeii. Surely his illustration does not deserve such solemn and prolonged rebuke, and still less does the tenacity with which those people cling to the roots of a burning mountain justify the commendation bestowed upon it. Most travellers would ascribe the strength of this local attachment, not to any elevated sentiment, but to indolence, want of enterprise, and a stupid Mohammedan fatalism; and would look upon the sneer of Dupaty as being quite as near the truth, to say the least, as the glorification of Eustace. The analogy between Camillus and his compatriots, and the cottagers that sleep on the edge

of a fiery abyss, would be pertinent if invasions were governed by the same laws as volcanic eruptions.

As to his hasty and illiberal remarks upon the character and tendency of French literature, it is curious to observe that the leading French writers of his time were Madame de Stael and Chateaubriand, both remarkable for their ideal views of humanity and the exalted tone of their minds; and as to the sweeping praise of English literature in this regard, it is enough to ask Eustace to name any French writer, holding the high rank of Swift in English literature, who has ever vilified and degraded humanity in so foul and atrocious a manner as he has done in his Voyage to the land of the Houyhnhnms. French literature is not without sin, but England is not exactly in the position to cast the first stone.

HENRY MATTHEWS.

Matthews, the author of 'The Diary of an Invalid,' was in Italy in 1817 and 1818. His tour, which embraced also Portugal, Switzerland, and France, was taken in pursuit of health. He was a man of considerable cultivation and scholarship, sharp faculties of observation, a quick sense both of the beautiful and the ludicrous, and with decided, but not excessive English prejudices. His journal betrays at times the languor as well as the sensitiveness of ill-health. Its chief merits, which gave it immediate and extensive popularity, consist in its light, airy, and graceful style; its natural, but not offensive revelations of personal feeling, and its gentlemanly tone. He is never profound or original, but, on the other hand, never laboured or affected. The records of the hour and the impressions made by every object and experience are honestly set down. He often falls into a careless felicity of phrase, as, when speaking of Guido and Carlo Dolce, he says, "The pictures of the first have been termed the *honey*, and those of the last may perhaps be called the *treacle* of painting." His Diary is still a very pleasant book for after-dinner reading, not

rousing the faculties or engaging the attention too deeply, but skimming gracefully over the subject, and causing a variety of agreeable pictures to glide before the eye and the mind.*

LADY MORGAN.

Lady Morgan's 'Italy' was the record of an extended tour in that country in 1819 and 1820. Unquestionably it was the book which prompted the tour, and not the tour which gave birth to the book. It was a journey in three volumes, and probably the bargain with the publisher was concluded before her trunks were packed. Her Ladyship is a writer of a vigorous and masculine understanding, with a considerable amount of historical reading; much of which, however, seems to have been gotten up for the occasion, and to be the result of diligent cramming. Her historic sketches leave the impression that she tells therein all that she knows, and she sometimes announces familiar facts as if they were new discoveries. She is independent in her views and fearless in the expression of them; a warm, if not always a wise friend of liberty; humane in her disposition, and filled with generous indignation at the oppressions of the strong and the sufferings of the weak; sympathetic in her nature, and readily assimilating herself to the persons among whom she is thrown. She observes accurately, and describes fairly, the character and peculiarities of such portion of the Italian people as she saw with unprejudiced eyes. Her style is forcible, but too elaborate and artificial, and too constantly aiming at points and brilliant turns. In the noble art of book-making she is a great proficient. History, philosophy, speculation, sketches of society and manners, remarks on the fine arts, descriptions of scenery, succeed each other in her pages, and offer a varied entertainment at which every taste may find something to feed upon. She has much

* Matthews is, so far as I know, the earliest English author who speaks of the celebrated Paganini, whom he heard in Rome, and whose fame had not then gone beyond the Italian peninsula.

of that taste for humour common among the Irish, but she sometimes introduces it unseasonably, and passes from grave to gay with an abruptness of transition for which her readers are not quite prepared. Her radicalism is not of the most austere and unbending kind; and the complacency with which she records the social attentions paid to her by noble and titled personages is sometimes in amusing contrast with the energy of her political declamations.

The defects of her work—its defects of substance, that is—arise in a great measure from her strong Anglican and Protestant prejudices, and her want of imagination and refinement. She has an intolerant hatred of kings and priests in general, and the Medici family in particular; and she proclaims it in season and out of season. She judges the institutions and governments of Italy, not so much by what they have and are, as by what they have not and are not. She is justly proud of the British constitution and the blessings of regulated liberty which it ensures, and she ascribes the misery and decay which meet her eyes in Italy to a corrupt Church and despotic rulers. She forgets that nations, as well as individuals, have their periods of growth, maturity, and decline, and that there are many elements that have conspired to produce the present unhappy condition of Italy which have nothing to do with the religion or politics of the country. Not that she is not often right. On the contrary, a Protestant and a republican will generally assent to her eloquent and indignant comments; but she is extravagant in degree, and often pushes her politics and political economy beyond the limits of reason as well as good taste; as when she says of St. Peter's, that to the philanthropist it "will appear foremost in the causes which have continued the pestilence of the Campagna, desolated the plains of Latium, and brought misery, through error, to myriads all over the suffering world." Her book is a true book, but it does not contain the whole truth. She does not look at Italy from the proper point of view. English comfort, English neatness, and English liberty are not there, but to these wants

she should have made up her mind before starting. We should think it unreasonable in an Italian traveller in England who should complain that the sun was not bright, and that there were no oranges growing in the open air. Her explosions of Anglican and Protestant feeling provoke from M. Ampère, a Frenchman, a Catholic, and a lover of art, some caustic criticisms:—

"That the English, in entering Italy, and especially at the commencement of a residence in Rome, should be strongly impressed with the want of comfort and neatness in the people—that the obvious defects of Italian governments in general, and of the Papal government in particular, should offend men accustomed to the spectacle of constitutional manners—and that they should express their dissatisfaction with the people and the government in energetic terms—is certainly very natural. Since the days of the Whig Addison, who, as we have seen, displayed with much pride in the presence of Rome the feeling of the political superiority of England, almost all Englishmen who have followed him have repeated the same lofty commonplace. They have a fair right to have this satisfaction of Italy for the blessings which she enjoys and are denied to them—such as sun, sky, climate, perception of art—but they should not surrender themselves to a too contemptuous pity. From the height of their immortal constitution, which is beginning to totter, and of their sublime philanthropy, which has never found bread for Ireland, they should not too arrogantly hurl disdain or compassion upon a noble city and an admirable people, who would not change their ruins and their churches for the manufactures of England, their sunshine for hydrogen gas, the genius which reared the Colosseum and St. Peter's, carved the Laocoon, or painted the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, for the industrial energy which has constructed the steam-engine or carried the useful arts to such perfection as to have spun during the last fifty years a thread of cotton long enough to stretch one hundred and forty-two times from the earth to the sun."

It is but repeating the criticism of M. Ampère in another form to say that Lady Morgan is wanting in that imagination and poetical feeling which give such charm to the writings of Madame de Stael and Chateaubriand upon Italy. Her sketches are all in the colours of prose: the present and the

practical hold sway over her mind. She never wholly surrenders herself to any fine or imaginative influence, and, however powerfully the heart or the fancy may be addressed, she never fails to let fall some caustic comment or disparaging fling, to prove her cold self-possession. The display of the illuminated cross in St. Peter's during Easter week, for instance, is described by all travellers as a most impressive spectacle, acting upon the imagination through the senses to an extent almost unparalleled, warming the most prosaic bosoms into a glow of unwonted admiration, and filling the minds of such as are endowed with poetical sensibility with visions of celestial glory. But what is the mood in which Lady Morgan looks upon this sight, and what are the impressions which it leaves upon her memory? A brief extract from her description shall answer:—

"The pious votarists on the right, on the contrary, were all true 'mortal mixtures of earth's mould;' and chuckle-headed princes, and ponderous princesses, squatted on their carpets like Indian pagods, and thumped and bumped and crossed and groaned in vain; none were edified by their devotional exercises; not even the mailed soldiery who guarded them. The cardinals were the same 'gallant gay Lotharios' at the foot of the cross as in the saloon. They circulated the snuff-box, shook their handkerchiefs, whispered their remarks, winked their drowsy lids before the lamps, and yawned or blessed themselves for want of something else to do."

Supposing all this irreverence to have been strictly true, which may be fairly doubted, what use is there in noticing, still less in remembering and recording it? Everything in life has its reverse side. All our earthly glories and pageants are attended with homely elements, or unlucky mischances, which a morbid imagination may magnify so as to turn the whole into burlesque. The slave in the Roman triumph embodied this mocking spirit of parody, but who would voluntarily assume the character? The nobler the nature, the more will it overlook what was not meant to be seen, and forget what was not meant to be remembered.

But after all the criticisms to which the 'Italy' of Lady Morgan is open, there still remains much that is good and much that is true. There is a masculine vigour in the grasp of her understanding, and a masculine energy in her style. If not always refined, she is never feeble; and if her own peculiar views are sometimes obtruded with unnecessary dogmatism, it is impossible not to respect the frankness and courage of her attitude. Her account of Bologna—a very interesting city, which most persons hurry through without stopping, but where she seems to have spent a considerable time—is at once instructive and entertaining.

SHELLEY.

Shelley lived in Italy from the spring of 1818 till his melancholy death in the summer of 1822. He spent a month at Milan and the Lake of Como; thence passed in succession to Pisa, Leghorn, the Baths of Lucca, Venice, Este, Rome, Naples, and back again to Rome. The spring of 1819 was passed in Rome. Here he lost a son; and he and his wife left the spot too painfully associated with his image, and resided during the summer in a small house near Leghorn. The succeeding autumn and part of the winter were spent in Florence, and afterwards he lived at Pisa, the Baths of San Giuliano, and Spezzia. He was charmed with the external face of Italy. Mrs. Shelley says, "The aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic storms, of the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble cities, enchanted him. The sight of the works of art was full of enjoyment and wonder; he had not studied pictures or statues before, but he now did so with the eye of taste, that referred not to the rules of schools, but to those of nature and truth. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of ancient grandeur that far surpassed his expectations; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy."

From his shy and shrinking temperament, he avoided society and lived in great seclusion. He had no acquaintances among the Italians of the higher class, and saw very little of those of his own countrymen who travelled in Italy. And what seems more singular, he was not attracted to the rich and beautiful literature of the people among whom he lived. He read English, Greek, German, and Spanish; everything but Italian. His feeling for art was fine and true; but his knowledge of it was superficial; nor does he appear to have given much time to the examination of the galleries of Rome or Florence. His love of art and his love of books were less strong than his love of nature. The former were but tastes, the last was a passion. He spent much time in the open air, and his bodily and mental health were improved by it. The climate of Italy was in unison with his delicate organization, and even the fierce heats of its summers, from which every other living thing shrank, gave him strength and spirits.

Thus, in the various works produced by him while residing in Italy, there is no trace of any influence exerted upon his mind by Italian literature or society, but constant indications of the power with which nature acted upon him. The luxuriant vegetation of Italy, its light and richly coloured atmosphere, its sparkling seas, and the azure depth of its clear sky seem to have inspired the lavish and gorgeous descriptions of 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'Epipsychidion,' 'Adonais,' and 'The Sensitive Plant.' In pure description—such as is not warmed by passion or deepened by philosophical reflection—he is a great master. His sense of colour is particularly fine, and he paints the hues of a landscape or a garden as Titian would paint a purple mantle embroidered with gold. With a single touch, an imaginative epithet, or a happy expression, he presents the peculiar character of Italian scenery. Thus, in the 'Lines written among the Euganean hills,' he speaks of the "*waveless* plain of Lombardy" spreading like "a green sea," and "*islanded* by cities fair;" of the towers of Venice "*quivering* through aërial gold;" of the "*olive sandalled*

Apennine." In the same poem he compares the purple mists of an autumn noon to a "vaporous amethyst"—a very beautiful as well as just image. In his 'Ode to Naples' he speaks of the sea which bathes that enchanting coast as "a plane of light between two heavens of azure."

In an unstudied effusion, conversational in its tone, called a 'Letter to Maria Gisborne,' he draws a graceful picture of an Italian summer evening:—

> "Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
> Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne
> In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,
> Like winged stars the fireflies flash and glance
> Pale in the open moonshine; but each one
> Under the darkness seems a little sun,
> A meteor tamed; a fix'd star gone astray
> From the silver regions of the milky-way.
> Afar, the Contadino's song is heard,
> Rude, but made sweet by distance;—and a bird,
> Which cannot be a nightingale, and yet
> I know none else that sings so sweet as it
> At this late hour."

He wrote the tragedy of 'The Cenci' at Leghorn in the summer of 1819. This is the most finished and carefully constructed of all his poems, and is in some respects the highest production of his genius. The subject is too tragical, or rather too horrible, for dramatic purposes. It lays upon the soul a ghastly and hideous weight of unrelieved guilt and suffering too heavy to be borne. The characters also speculate and analyze too much, and the flow of the action is languid. But it is a wonderful work to have been written by a man of twenty-six, and it is remarkable for being so free from the peculiarities of his other poems. The diction is simple and unadorned, without any of that luxuriant and many-coloured imagery which seems the natural garb of his thoughts. Were the tragedy now first discovered in manuscript, and did we only know that it was written by some one who was alive in 1819, Shelley is one of the last persons to whom,

from the internal evidence of his other poems, it would be assigned. In connection with his early death, we read it with a melancholy interest as an earnest of what he might have done had he lived longer, and, instead of weaving airy webs of abstraction, and, steeping them in the gorgeous hues of fancy, had sought his themes in the course of real life and the emotions of the common heart.

Admirable, however, as 'The Cenci' is, it takes nothing from Italy but its subject. It is a very original work, drawn from the depths of his own heart and the treasures of his own mind. It might as well have been written in London as in Leghorn. There is nothing in it which tastes of the soil. The influence of Italian models is not felt, though it is a faithful picture of Italian society at the time when the scene is laid. But the truth is due to the unerring glance of genius, and not to the imitative faculty. Great passions and great sufferings are levelling principles, and obliterate the distinctions of birth and blood. Manners and costume vary, but love, jealousy, hatred, and ambition bear the same fruits in Greece, Italy, and England.

During his residence in Italy, Shelley described the peculiarities of the country in a series of letters to his friends, which were published after his death. They are easy and graceful in style, and interesting as revelations of character. They are as unlike as possible to those which his friend Byron was writing at the same time. The latter are fierce, abrupt, sarcastic, and personal; but Shelley's are gentle, affectionate, and refined, shewing great domestic tenderness and a passionate love of nature. He had no corner in his heart for hatred to lurk in, and his tone, whenever he speaks of individuals, is courteous, tolerant, and forgiving. Their literary merit is not striking, but their ease, transparent diction, and poetical sensibility give them a claim to the honours of the press, which they also deserve on higher grounds as illustrations of the life and character of so remarkable a man. They contain passages of great descriptive beauty, which are all

the better for their natural and unstudied simplicity. In a letter from Leghorn, he writes:—

"I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere here, and the growth of the thunder-showers with which the noon is often overshadowed, and which break and fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fireflies are fading away fast, but there is the planet Jupiter, who rises majestically over the rift in the forest-covered mountains to the south, and the pale summer lightning which is spread out every night at intervals over the sky. No doubt Providence has contrived these things that, when the fireflies go out, the low-flying owl may see her way home."

While in Venice, the aspect of the gondolas calls forth a striking image. "The gondolas themselves are things of most romantic and picturesque appearance. I can only compare them to moths, of which a coffin might have been the chrysalis."

His description of the Falls of Terni is poetical and accurate.

"Imagine a river sixty feet in breadth, with a vast volume of waters, the outlet of a great lake among the higher mountains, falling three hundred feet into a sightless gulf of snow-white vapour, which bursts up for ever and for ever from a circle of black crags, and thence leaping downwards, makes five or six other cataracts, each fifty or a hundred feet high, which exhibit, on a smaller scale, and with beautiful and sublime variety, the same appearances. But words (and far less could painting) will not express it. Stand upon the brink of the platform of cliff which is directly opposite. You see the ever-moving water stream down. It comes in thick and tawny folds, flaking off like solid snow gliding down a mountain. It does not seem hollow within, but without it is unequal, like the folding of linen thrown carelessly down; your eye follows it, and it is lost below; not in the black rocks which gird it around, but in its own foam and spray, in the cloud-like vapours boiling up from below, which is not like rain nor mist, nor spray, nor foam, but water in a shape wholly unlike anything I ever saw before. It is as white as snow, but thick and impenetrable to the eye. The very imagination is bewildered in it. A thunder comes up from the abyss wonderful to hear; for, though it ever sounds, it is never the same,

but, modulated by the changing motion, rises and falls intermittingly.' *

LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron resided in Italy from the autumn of 1816 to the summer of 1823, when he went to Greece. He lived first in Venice, then in Ravenna, subsequently in Pisa, and lastly in Genoa. It would be difficult to find a writer whose works contain so much to admire, and whose life presents so little to respect; and within the period of his residence in Italy are comprised the most splendid creations of his genius and the lowest degradation of his character. In reading his letters and journal, we are disgusted with the passionless profligacy of his habits, from which an escape into open adultery was

* Byron has described the Falls of Terni in four celebrated stanzas of the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' which are too well known to be quoted. His sketch and that of Shelley, above cited, show in what different lights two great poets may look at the same thing. Shelley is more distinct and individual; Byron, more elaborate and impassioned. In Shelley's mind one visible object suggests another, but Byron personifies the whole scene, and interprets it by epithets drawn from human passions and emotions. He speaks of the "*agony*," the "*delirious bound*," and the "*fierce footsteps*" of the waters; of the "*distracted waters*," and the "*torture of the scene*." There is a glittering animation and dazzling richness in Byron's verses which will not allow the mind to fix a searching glance upon them, but they will not bear a dissecting criticism. They are vague and indistinct, and will answer for one waterfall about as well as another. Nor will all the images and embellishments be commended by a stern taste. The comparison of the foam dripping from the rocks to the "sweat of their agony" is doubtful, to say the least. The rainbow hovering over the stream is likened first to "Hope upon a deathbed," and then to "Love watching madness"—both a little fantastic and far-fetched. Shelley's simple prose challenges no comparison with Byron's elaborate verses, but his outline is more correct in drawing than his noble friend's splendidly coloured picture. Judging from my own impressions and recollections, I should say that both were overstated. The Velino is a deep and rapid stream, but only about fifty feet wide. It certainly makes the most of itself, but when the poet talks about "the fountain of an infant sea," and about its "coming like an eternity as it' to sweep down all things in its track," he must have remembered more than he saw.

hailed by his friends as an absolute reform; and we feel a mixture of pity and contempt for his waywardness and irritability, his weak sensitiveness to public opinion constantly breaking through his affectation of indifference, his pride of birth varnished over with a coating of radicalism, and his real love of money thinly veiled by the lordly unconcern of his hectoring epistles to his publisher; while a sterner feeling of reprobation is roused by the savage ferocity of his hatreds, and the unwarrantable language in which he speaks of his wife. But when we turn to the creations of his genius during this period, we readily yield the highest admiration to their number, their variety, and their surpassing excellence. We see proceeding from a profligate and degrading life, a succession of poetical productions so full of beauty and originality, as to confound all the notions we have, or at least would like to have, upon the connection between genius and moral worth. This will be readily admitted when we remember that while in Italy he wrote the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' 'Beppo,' 'Mazeppa,' 'The Lament of Tasso,' 'The Prophecy of Dante,' all his dramas, and 'Don Juan.'

The mind of Byron was both original and imitative. He was very susceptible to influences from without, whether derived from books or conversation, and thus his Italian experiences had much to do in shaping the channels in which his genius flowed. He spoke the Italian language with fluency and correctness, and could doubtless have written in it if he had chosen so to do. He mingled to some extent, especially while in Venice, in Italian society; and his sharp and correct observation gave him accurate views of the life, character, and manners of the people. Without having made a thorough study of Italian literature, he had read a good deal, in his usual fitful and desultory manner, in Italian authors; and his memory, which, in his own language, was "wax to receive and marble to retain," and his fertile genius, caused a little reading to produce in him all the fruits of extended research. That the products of his mind should be moulded and coloured

by the books which he read, and the social atmosphere which he breathed, was inevitable. His 'Beppo' is the most perfect reproduction in English of the gay and laughing tone of Berni and Ariosto, with here and there a sting of sharper satire, and a burst of more passionate feeling, than we find in the airy movements of Italian genius, which flutters lightly over the surface of things, without piercing to their depths. The manner is conversational, and the language the simple current coin of daily life; but the right word always slips into the right place, and the strong English is moulded into as graceful forms as the soft Italian. The story is nothing in itself—a slight anecdote which might take ten minutes in the telling—but we lose sight of this in the brilliant description, the playful banter, the colloquial grace, and sparkling animation which accompany it. In the vivid stanzas upon Italy—too well known to be quoted—which glow with all Giorgione's depth of colouring, he rises for a moment into a higher mood, and lets the laughing mask drop from an impassioned brow; and in his brief and caustic sketch of London literary society, there is a momentary intrusion of personal feeling venting itself in a vehemence of sarcasm not in unison with the rest of the poem.

His two dramas, founded upon Venetian history, 'Marino Faliero' and 'The Two Foscari,' though certainly not in the first rank of his productions, are remarkable as poems, if not as plays. They abound with passages which are stamped with all the vigour and beauty of his genius. They paint with great power the dark and heartless spirit of Venetian tyranny, and the iron sternness of Venetian patriotism. They have given to the history of Venice an interest unknown before to English readers at least, and the dethroned Queen of the Adriatic owes to the noble poet a debt of gratitude inferior only to that which is due to Shakespeare.

'The Lament of Tasso' and 'The Prophecy of Dante,' though they treat of Italian themes, are not particularly Italian in their spirit. They are striking poems—the latter, especially, in which the difficult *terza rima* of Dante is imi-

tated with a success which one would hardly have deemed possible in a language with so little ductility as the English, and so much less manageable in regard to rhymes than the Italian. They are both somewhat personal in their tone. Byron found, or fancied that he found, some points of resemblance between the fortunes of both Dante and Tasso and his own, and the energetic verses in which he breathed forth warnings and lamentations in their names flowed from the bitter fountains of sorrow and self-reproach in his own breast.

'Don Juan,' the most original and characteristic of all his poems, and one of the saddest revelations of mind and character to be found in any literature, borrows nothing from Italy but the form of its stanza. There is nothing in it of the animal spirits and playful irony of Pulci and Berni. It is bitter, impassioned and fierce, drawn from far deeper fountains than their sportive strains, and resembling them only as the lightning resembles the dancing streamers of an aurora borealis. It is full of sparkling wit, of tenderness, of pathos, of blistering satire, and especially of magnificent description; but, over all and through all, there is the sadness of a wounded spirit, and the desolation of a heart scathed and blighted by its own volcanic passions. His sensibility is so intense, and his mind is so worn with strife, that the tone of assumed gaiety and indifference is ever running into defiance and denunciation, and his wild laughter ends in a hollow sound which seems half a curse and half a groan. It is a poem which has no precedent, and, it is to be hoped, will find no imitator.

The fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' generally esteemed the most finished and beautiful of his works, is the most deeply penetrated with the spirit of Italy. It is indeed a translation of Italy into the noblest verse. The tone of the whole poem is false, unmanly, and irreligious, for it teaches, or at least insinuates, the doctrine that unhappiness is in exact proportion to genius, and that the man of the highest capacity and the finest susceptibility is, on that account, the greatest sufferer. The tendency of these views of life, commended as they are by

such exquisite poetry, is to discourage manly effort and generous self-sacrifice, and to enlist the imagination in the service of the subtle and seductive passion of self-love. A being crowned with all the blessings which men covet and admire—with youth, health, beauty, rank, genius, and fame—writes four cantos of melodious verse to prove that he is the most miserable of mortals, and is in a perpetual controversy with his Creator for having bestowed upon him the gift of life. The young and the sensitive imbibe the poison of his poetry, but they miss the antidote which the record of his life supplies; for that shews his unhappiness to have been the sting of debauch and the exhaustion of excess.

This blemish, however, is less conspicuous, or, at least, less offensive in the fourth canto, because it is so much occupied with external objects. Byron has somewhere said of himself, that description was his forte, and this immortal canto seems to justify the judgment. His descriptions of natural scenery, and of works in sculpture and architecture—for of painting he does not speak at all—are perfect in their way; not minute or detailed, and rather expressions of emotion than actual delineations, but remarkable above all for their intense vitality. Into everything that he looks upon he puts a heart and a pulse of life. Under his touch, the woods, the waters, and the mute forms of art glow with human feeling, and are linked to all the moods of the soul by vital chords of sympathy. The power and distinctness with which he paints the impressions produced by sculpture are the more striking, because his love of art could not have been a very strong or deep feeling. Of this we want no better proof, than the fact, that out of six years in Italy he gave only two or three days to Florence, and no more than two weeks to Rome. It may be doubted whether he ever saw the Venus de Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, or the Dying Gladiator, more than once.

From the moment that the feet of the pilgrim press the soil of Rome, his train of thought and feeling becomes most noble and elevated; though a severe taste might pronounce it to be

sometimes a little overstrained. The beauty and originality of this part of the canto are a striking illustration of the inexhaustible fertility of genius. Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël had apparently exhausted Rome in its sentimental or imaginative aspect, but Byron moves over the oft-trodden field as a reaper, and not a gleaner, and returns with the rich harvests of a virgin soil. The stanzas in which the general impression made by Rome and its ruins is delineated are as excellent as those in which particular objects of interest are described. 'The Niobe of Nations' is one of those magical expressions which act upon the mind like the solution of a riddle. After the first thrill of pleasure and surprise is over, it seems so obvious that we wonder that it never was said before. The lines occasionally thrown in, which contain expressions of personal feeling, are not quite worthy of their proximity; for, besides that their tone is false, there is often a cloudy indistinctness in their phraseology through which the meaning is but dimly seen. The magnificent stanzas in which he sets before us the Apollo, the Laocoon, and, above all, the Dying Gladiator, are so well known, and have so passed into the memory and heart of all who speak the English tongue, that they need as little to be praised as to be quoted. The description of St. Peter's is of equal excellence. The skill with which all the resources of language are put in requisition, and the best words set in the best places, is not more conspicuous than the perfect fidelity with which the entire impression is conveyed. The ease and grace with which he moves under the restraints of the difficult and complicated Spenserian stanza make this passage, apart from its subject, valuable as a rhetorical study of the capacities of the English tongue.

The scenery of the Alban and Sabine hills, and the peculiar aspect of the Campagna, are fruitful in themes on which the descriptive genius of the noble poet would assuredly have paused and lingered, had his residence in Rome been prolonged. What he might have gathered in these fields for our admira-

tion, may be inferred from the exquisite image which the view of Mount Soracte suggests to him :—

> "——————— from out the plain
> Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
> And on the curl hangs pausing."

Nothing can surpass the beauty and accuracy of this comparison. It is an absolute flash of inspiration, like that which darts from the brow of the Dying Gladiator, and shows us the rude hut by the Danube's side and the young barbarians at play. Often as I have looked upon Mount Soracte, I never did so without a fresh sense of the charm of this image, nor without a sort of personal acknowledgment to the genius which had thrown a new grace around an object in itself so striking.

It is a little remarkable that Byron, who lived so long in Italy, should have seen, comparatively speaking, so little of it. He was only about a fortnight in Rome; and Naples, the scenery of which seems so much in unison with his passionate and volcanic genius, he never saw at all. He did little more than pass through Florence. Nor does he appear to have taken any pains to explore the grand and beautiful scenery of Italy, and to refresh his worn faculties by that communion with nature of which he writes in such glowing terms. Indeed, it may be well doubted whether Byron had, in his heart of hearts, a genuine love of nature, and whether the predominant impulse which drew him to a noble landscape were not its capacity of being reproduced in verse. His movements and residences, while in Italy, seem to have been mainly regulated by his relations to women,* which, with the pursuit of literary fame, occupied his whole time and thoughts, till the trumpet-call of the Greek revolution roused him to a transient gleam of self-sacrificing action.†

* In a letter to Moore, dated Rome, May 9, 1817, he says, "I have not been here long enough to affect it as a residence, and I must go back to Lombardy, because I am wretched at being away from Marianna." He had then been in Rome about twelve days, and left it a few days after.

† Some of my readers may be startled at the statement in the text, that Byron, whose descriptions of scenery, sculpture, and architecture they have

ROGERS.

The 'Italy' of Rogers resembles 'Childe Harold' as little as possible, considering that they are both poetical pictures of the same country. Byron, at thirty, had exhausted life; but Rogers, at sixty, had lost nothing beyond that which time must of necessity take. Such is the wisdom of renunciation! such is the folly of eating seed-corn instead of sowing it! After the passionate melancholy and intense ideality of 'Childe Harold,' the tone of 'Italy' will seem, especially to the young, languid, and its colours faint; but the latter poem wears well to the end. Men who have lived through the Byron age, in their own lives, are a little shy of the poetry which is so strongly associated with past conflicts and spent storms; but the mellow wisdom, the genial sympathy, the graceful pictures, and the perfect taste of Rogers are not fully appreciated till our shadows have begun to lengthen. It is, indeed, a delightful poem; a work of such perfect art that the art is nowhere seen; with just the right amount of personal feeling; with a warm sense of all that is attractive to a poet and a scholar in Italy, and a generous judgment of all that is distasteful to an Englishman

read with so much delight, was not a genuine lover either of nature or of art. But none but the very young need be told that there is no necessary connexion between imagination and sensibility, and that emotions may be admirably painted which are not habitually felt. That Wordsworth and Cowper were lovers of nature—that Goethe was a lover of art—are proved by their lives as well as their writings. But I submit that the facts of Byron's life show no more than this; that he felt a beautiful scene or a beautiful statue when brought before them, but that he never took any pains, or went out of his way, to procure either class of satisfactions. There is another piece of evidence on the question of his love of nature, which seems to me of much weight. His usual habit was to rise between one and two in the afternoon, and to sit up during the greater part of the night. No true lover of nature ever falls into ways of life like these, or consents to lose the beauty and freshness of the morning hours. Byron felt female beauty as few men have ever done; and his descriptions of female beauty have a sincerity, a vitality, and a heartiness which I do not find in his descriptions of nature, brilliant as these are.

and a Protestant; and full of charming pictures which seem to demand those exquisite illustrations of Stothard and Turner, with which they are so inseparably united in our minds. All his sketches of Venice are admirable—bringing back the wonders of that unique city as freshly as the scenery of a last night's play: the few words in which he describes the works of Michael Angelo in the Medicean Chapel at Florence are worthy of the subject; and how well is told the sad story of poor Ginevra, and the mouldering chest, and the portrait that was painted in dream-land, and which has so troubled the ciceroni of Modena, who hear all England asking for a picture which nobody ever saw! The temperate wisdom of the poet's life has passed into his book, and the style proves the worth of renunciation. Nothing is overdone or overstated; the temptation to over-dress and over-ornament is always resisted; his words are choice, but plain and few; the tone of sentiment is healthy; fine writing never offends us with its paste jewels; and whether writing prose or verse (for a portion of the work is in prose), the author knows both what to blot and when to stop. It does not stir the blood, or enchain the attention, at first, but we recur to it again and again; it is not demanded at one time and rejected at another, but it suits our varying moods of mind; its hold upon us is enduring because its claims are founded on good sense, good taste, and good feeling.'

MISS EATON. — JOHN BELL. — WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

Miss Eaton's 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century' is the work of a clever and very well-informed woman, who passed several months in Rome and its neighbourhood in 1817 and 1818. It contains the results of much careful research, honourable to her industry and perseverance. The information it gives upon the antiquities, the ruins, and the monuments of Rome, is ample and correct; and it has a full and good

account of the sights and ceremonies of Holy Week. Her strictures upon society and manners are shrewd and sharp, but somewhat tinged with Anglican prejudice. The style is animated and lively, and the whole air of the book shows a healthy mind aided by the energies of a healthy body. Before the days of Murray, there was no better guide-book in English to the sights of Rome, and it will still be found an agreeable and instructive companion, both there and at home, after leaving it.

Bell's 'Observations on Italy' are brief and fragmentary, but excellent in their way. The author was a distinguished anatomist; and a scholar and man of taste besides. His remarks on art, sculpture especially, have a peculiar value from the profound professional knowledge on which they rest. His criticisms on the statues of antiquity are as interesting as they are instructive. His sense of their beauty is not the least impaired by his technical skill and keen appreciation of scientific details. His admiration does not languish in the air of knowledge. Whatever be the subject on which he writes, his tone is always that of an amiable, cultivated, and right-minded man.

Rose's 'Letters from the North of Italy' are the work of an accomplished Italian scholar.* He was familiar not only with the literature of Italy, but with the character, habits, and manners of the people. It has much curious information upon a part of the country which most travellers hurry rapidly over, and upon subjects not usually treated in books of travels. His account of Venice, its society, its peculiarities, its literature, is full and interesting; and has that easy and natural flow which is the result of thorough knowledge. Like most Englishmen, he paints the people, especially of Lombardy, in rather dark colours. He was an invalid in pursuit of health; a point of view not favourable to kindly judgments.

* He translated the 'Orlando Furioso' of Ariosto into English verse. It is said to be a spirited and truthful version.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The powerful attraction exerted by Italy over men of imaginative temperament born in the North would seem to justify the theory that all knowledge is but recognition; and that these ardent Scandinavians, who feel and express the spirit of the country more than its own people, were natives of some pre-Adamite Italy, and find themselves in their first home only when south of the Alps. For the last hundred years there have always been men of northern blood living in Rome, and so strongly attached to it that a command to return to their place of birth would be received like a sentence of banishment. The gray skies and languid colours of the North, its monotonous vegetation, its dark, wintry days, its summer twilights of pale silver, its sombre forests, its contracted horizons, oppress the eye and mind which have been long accustomed to the splendours and contrasts of Italian scenery, to its atmosphere of gold, purple, and violet, to the regular outline of Italian architecture, and to the expressive forms and glowing faces of Italian men and women. When Winckelmann, after living twelve years in Rome, went back to visit his native country, the narrow valleys and sharp-roofed cottages of the Tyrol were a perpetual discord to his eye; and he fell into a sort of home-sickness for Italy, which weighed upon his spirits and his health, until a determination to return restored him to cheerfulness and activity.

Hans Christian Andersen, a native of Denmark, has travelled in Italy, but never resided there for any length of time; but no one has ever made better use of his opportunities for studying and observing the country. His is a Northern imagination—dreamy, spiritual, and fantastic—without the passion and intensity which, in the South, usually accompany poetical genius like his. It would be difficult for any Italian to produce a book so redolent of Italy as 'The Improvisatore;' because he would not feel, to the same extent as a susceptible

stranger, the peculiar character of objects and scenes which to him had become dulled by long familiarity. To Andersen —a young man of vivid fancy, fine senses, and cordial sympathies, who had been reared in the blessed air of renunciation —everything was a delight: upon every shape and every scene there hung a brightness like that of the dew of the first morning in Eden. He was like the lad in Miss Edgeworth's story, who had lived all his life in a mine, to whom weeds were glories, and thistles revelations. No book brings back the externals of Italy more distinctly and vividly to the eye of the mind than this novel of the Danish poet's. Its chief literary merit resides in its descriptions, which are correct in substance and animated with the most sincere poetical enthusiasm. Everything which an observant traveller may have noted as characteristic of Italy, and not elsewhere found, will be discovered anew in these animated pages. Andersen has a large share of that happy faculty which may be called pictorial memory—the power of preserving, in all their original freshness, the impressions made by the sight upon the mind. In his thoughts, Italian pictures dwell like flowers in a conservatory, and not like dried plants in a herbarium. With what fidelity, for instance, he paints the characteristic features of Rome—its fountains, its architecture, its pines and cypresses, its shops garnished with white buffalo cheeses, like ostrich-eggs, the red lamps burning before the pictures of the Madonna, the flickering fires of the chestnut-pans in the winter evenings, and the yellow moon reflected in the yellow Tiber! The Campagna, too, is not less faithfully delineated, with its decayed tombs, its purple mountains, its golden clouds, its tropical rain-storms, and its fierce summer heats, when the deadly sirocco blows and the red-eyed buffaloes chase each other with arrowy speed, in great circles, upon the parched soil. Naples and its neighbourhood, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Pæstum, and the Blue Grotto, are also described with the same truth and spirit. The story is improbable, the characters are not drawn with a very firm or discriminating touch, and the

sentiment is sometimes a little lackadaisical; but all who love Italy, and wish to have it recalled to their thoughts, will pardon these defects in consideration of its pictures and its descriptions, which commend themselves to the memory by their truth, and to the imagination by their beauty.

MRS. KEMBLE.

Mrs. Kemble's 'Year of Consolation' contains the impressions of a year spent in Rome and its neighbourhood in 1846. It is in many respects a remarkable book, with energetic expressions of personal feeling, a masculine grasp of thought, and a feminine sharpness of observation. Her judgments in art are fearlessly uttered, sometimes striking, but not always sound. Her severe strictures upon the character of the people betray the exaggeration both of temperament and of sex. Her energy is not always under the control of perfect taste, and sometimes degenerates into what—were she not a woman—we should call coarseness. This occasional blemish doubtless springs from the disposition of vehement natures like hers, to seek right in a point the most remote from wrong: her protest against the silly prudery so common among American women, taking the form of extreme plainness of speech and a hardy grappling with subjects which feminine pens usually avoid, or at least touch upon very lightly. The great merit of the work consists in the admirable descriptions of scenery and nature which it contains. Her sense of beauty—of the beauty of colour, especially—is very keen; and in conveying impressions to her reader, she uses language with uncommon skill. A single expression, or even word, dashed with an apparently careless hand upon the canvas, produces a fine effect. She speaks of "a *sulky-looking* mountain," of "the *unhesitating* white" of Italian daisies; and again of "wide-eyed daisies," of "a *rusty* donkey"—a very happy, though very obvious epithet—and of "snow-white *drifts* of hawthorn." Her illustrations have sometimes the

quaintness of Cowley; as when she compares the arches of an aqueduct to "the vertebræ of some great serpent, whose marrow was the living water of which Rome drank for centuries;" or the sky, seen through a window of the ruined Villa Mondragone, to "a sparkling blue eye through the sockets of a skeleton."

Her account of a summer and autumn passed at Frascati is written with great animation and genuine poetical feeling—especially her sketches of the wild solitudes and woodland regions of the Alban Mount. In the shadow of those grand old oaks and chestnuts, her impatient spirit, tried alike by its own vehemence and by unhappy circumstances, found that peace which she so often missed in the struggles and relations of social life. Mountain and forest scenery she paints with accuracy as well as enthusiasm: she both sees and feels. But, above all, her book is remarkable for the vivid truth of her descriptions of the Campagna; that is, of the Campagna as an object of sight. She does not moralize or sentimentalize over it like Chateaubriand; but no traveller has ever felt so deeply or reproduced so glowingly the impressions which the landscape is calculated to make upon a finely organized nature. Its outlines, its colours, its ruins, its living forms, its flowers—all reappear in her sparkling pages; idealized, and yet faithfully represented. It will not be easy to find a more brilliant piece of description than is contained in the few pages headed 'Rides through the Campagna.' Who that has been over the same ground will not recognise the truth as well as the beauty of pictures like these?—

"Small valleys open into each other between these swellings, all golden with buttercups, or powdered, as with the new-fallen snow, with daisies; gradually these gentle eminences rise into higher mounds with rocky, precipitous sides and cliffs, and rugged walls of warm yellow-coloured earth or rock, with black mouths opening into them, half-curtained with long tangled tresses of wild briar and ivy, and crested with gold fringes of broom and gorse, and blue-black tufts of feathery verdure. At a distance, where the plain opens again before us, clumps of wood, of insignificant appearance, dot the

level ground; on nearer approach, they lose the dwarf, stunted look which the wide field on which they stand tends to give them, and presently we ride slowly between the talon-like roots, and under the twisted, gnarled boughs of cork and ilex trees, warped into fantastic growth by the sweeping of the winds, and covering with their dusky foliage a wild carpet of underbrush, all strewed with flowers—violets, purple hyacinths, with their honey-sweet smell and dark-blue blossoms, white spires of delicate heath, the clear azure stars of the periwinkle, and the tall flower-fretted stalks of the silver-rod—asphodel; these, woven into one cloak of beauty, spread themselves over the ragged sides and rough gullies of these patches of forest, and every now and then we reach an eminence from which a fine dark sea of hoary woodland rolls down into the neighbouring hollows, and crests the rounded promontories all around us."

There are several pieces of poetry scattered through the book, some of them containing brilliant descriptions, and others strongly marked by personal feeling. They all show much power of language, and many of them are of high merit.

> "Dim faces growing pale in distant lands,
> Departing feet, and slowly severing hands,"

is a couplet of which any living poet might be proud.

SPALDING. — MURRAY.

Spalding's 'Italy and the Italian Islands' forms a part of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. It is a truly admirable work, and, from its being supposed to be merely a compilation, has not secured to its learned and accomplished author the literary reputation to which he is fairly entitled. It is a compilation, it is true; but executed in a manner which gives it a right to wear the honours of an original work. Its range is very wide, embracing ancient and modern Italian history; Roman and Italian literature; the progress of art; and the present social and material condition of the peninsula. All this is done in a thorough and scholarlike manner; the results of a very extensive course of reading are presented in a systematic form and in a clear and easy style; and the author's judg-

ments, both of books and men, are sound, generous, and discriminating. Mr. Spalding has lived in Italy, and his book shows a sincere interest in the country and its people. He has made use of German and Italian authorities, and in his last volume especially, which is devoted to the recent history and present condition of Italy, will be found a great deal of valuable information hardly to be met with in any other English work.

It would be hardly fair to conclude a sketch, however imperfect, of writers upon Italy and travellers in Italy, without a word of commendation and gratitude to the two guide-books of Murray, the 'Handbook for Northern Italy' and the 'Handbook for Central Italy and Rome. Their merits are of the highest order, and it is a privilege to have visited Italy under such excellent guidance. Like all books which are constantly in the hand, they are exposed to the most minute and searching criticism; but they bear it well. I very rarely found occasion to correct a statement, or dissent from an opinion. They are compiled with so much taste, learning, and judgment, and have so many well-chosen quotations in prose and verse, that they are not merely useful guides but entertaining companions. I have constantly had recourse to them in the preparation of these volumes, to revive my fading recollections, and to procure names, dates, and statistics; and I cheerfully make an acknowledgment commensurate with my obligations.*

* Murray's Guide-books now cover nearly the whole of the Continent, and he is one of the great powers of Europe. Since Napoleon no man's empire has been so wide. From St. Petersburg to Seville, from Ostend to Constantinople, there is not an innkeeper who does not turn pale at the name of Murray. An instance of this came to my knowledge. In the Handbook for Switzerland the Hôtel Faucon at Berne had been called "one of the best inns in Switzerland," but in 1847 a new edition appeared with the words of praise omitted and the ominous sentence "fallen off" substituted. An English gentleman of my acquaintance showed this new judgment to the keeper of the inn, who had not before seen it. He described the poor man's emotion as at once ludicrous and pitiable. He looked and acted as if he had received an arrow in his breast.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

All persons who travel at all visit Italy. No other country combines so many attractions, or speaks with so many different voices of invitation. Not to be drawn to Italy, not to be grateful for having seen it, not to remember it with vivid interest—is to be indifferent to everything that took place before we ourselves were born. No other country has been so fruitful in great men: no one has left so large a legacy to the mind of to-day: no one has passed through such historical changes: no one presents such variety of interests. Ancient and mediæval Italy, together, combine all that is most marked and characteristic in the national life and intellectual development of England and of Greece. The paths of the statesman, the scholar, the Christian pilgrim, and the artist, all meet upon her soil as a focal point of attraction.

Italy is a country in which the traveller encounters much annoyance and discomfort: his patience is often tried, and his moral sense is sometimes shocked; but when we look upon her shore for the last time, none of these things rise up in judgment against her. As in recalling the dead we think only of their virtues, so, in taking leave of a country in which we have found instruction and delight, we remember only what we have learned and enjoyed. The rainy days, the grasping innkeepers, the mendacious vetturini, the dinners that could not be eaten, the beds that murdered sleep—all these as we look back upon them only serve as shadows in a picture to bring out the lights in stronger contrast. We part in kindness: on the dial of memory only the hours of sunshine are noted.

There is a peculiar charm about Italy which corresponds to the primitive meaning of that perverted word, sentimental—a charm made up of beauty and misfortune. In literature, characters like the Master of Ravenswood, and Mowbray in 'St. Ronan's Well'—the representatives of decayed families—if tolerably well drawn, are sure to awaken interest. The same feeling extends to declining nations. In prosperous and progressive countries we find elements which quicken the faculties of observation and judgment, commend themselves to the moral sense, and gratify the benevolent affections; but Italy is more fruitful in influences which kindle the imagination and touch the sensibilities. The smiling fertility of Belgium is not so interesting as the dreary desolation of the Campagna. The twilight shadows of Rome are more touching and pensive than the morning beams of our land of promise. It is but a variation of the same thought to say, that the sky, the scenery, the climate, the coast of Italy, leave impressions of feminine softness and feminine beauty. We remember England or Germany as we remember a valued and esteemed friend; but the image of Italy dwells in our hearts like that of a woman whom we have loved.

The interest awakened by Italy is felt with peculiar force by our countrymen, because Italy is so rich in those elements which are most powerful in drawing a cultivated American to Europe, and because it offers such strong contrasts to what is most familiar to us. The mind of man craves to look after as well as before: it needs for its full development a past as well as a future. Our own country supplies but one of these wants: the imagination craves a more dim outline than the fresh youth of our land can supply: we mingle our sympathies with the distant experiences of other lands. Thus, in proportion to the extent of our reading is our eagerness to exchange thought for sight, and the cold page for the living forms. No Englishman can comprehend the feeling with which a well-informed American looks for the first time upon Westminster Abbey. It is like the mountaineer's first sight

of the sea, or the seaman's first sight of the mountains. It is to us not merely a venerable structure but a new revelation: it wakes to life, and clothes with flesh, the dry bones of history. At school and at college, the great vision of Rome broods over the mind with a power which is never suspended or disputed: her great men, her beautiful legends, her history, the height to which she rose, and the depth to which she fell—these make up one half of a student's ideal world. When we go to Italy, we seem to be seeing a drama acted which, before, we had only read. The Tiber, which so long flowed through our dreams, now flows at our feet: the Capitol, the Forum, the Alban Mount, stand before us in the light of day; and the imagination easily supplies the forms which are appropriate to the scene—the shadowy Æneas, the legendary Romulus, the living Cicero.

There is so little of movement and progress in Italy that I cannot conceive that an American—unless he be an artist—should wish to live there. As we have no past, so Italy seems to have no future. There, humanity, weary with its long journey, and faint with its protracted struggles, has sunk into a state which is half slumber and half despair. She is the Hagar, as well as the Niobe of nations; and to human apprehension nothing but an angel's voice can revive her drooping spirit—nothing but an angel's hand can point out to her the fountains of hope and strength. The change from America to Italy—from movement to repose, from the present to the past, from hope to memory—is soothing and delightful for a time; but who would wish to transplant his life into that arid soil? who would wish to share in decline and become a part of decay? who would wish to live in the midst of social evils which he cannot remedy, and of abuses which he cannot help—to have his heart perpetually wrung with misery which he cannot relieve, and his indignation aroused by wrongs which he cannot right? Life is but another name for action; and he who is without opportunity exists but does not live.

The American does not see Italy aright who does not find there fresh cause of gratitude for having been born where he was, and who does not bring home from it a new sense of the worth of labour and the dignity of duty. To have lived in that fair land—to have been for a time exposed to its fine influences—throws upon all the future hours a grace before unknown. The old books put on new attractions, and the burden of accustomed toil is lightened. A residence in that country enlarges that shadowy realm of imagination and memory, into which we can always escape when chased by troubles. In moments of weariness and despondency—when the weight of life is pressing hard upon us—the pictures which we have brought from Italy will rise up before us with restoring power: those lovely forms will breathe their own peace over the troubled spirit; the beauty which is there stamped upon the earth, and expressed in marble and upon the canvas, will glide into the mind, and help the thoughts to rise above dwarfing cares and debasing pleasures.

The proverb that he who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must first carry out the wealth of the Indies, applies with more force to Italy than to any other country on the globe; for Italy has had two distinct lives, one ending with the downfall of the Roman Empire, and one beginning with the new organizations which were patched up out of the ruins of that colossal fabric. Nor is this remarkable fact all; but, as I have before observed, the two lives are unlike. In Italy, the child was not the father of the man: Roman and Italian are by no means equivalent terms. No human life would be long enough, no human powers would be vigorous enough, to provide a perfect preparation for Italy: for that would include a knowledge of Roman history, Roman literature, and Roman law; of Italian history and Italian literature; of the history of the Christian Church and of art in all its forms. The best faculties and the amplest opportunities must here select and discriminate. But, on the other hand, there is the consoling reflection that every scrap of knowledge tells;

the scholar who has done no more than read Virgil has, in Italy, a sensible advantage over him who has not. Every hour spent in previous preparation for an Italian tour brings its recompense of reward. Let no one, therefore, who is meditating such a journey be discouraged by the amount of what he cannot do; but rather take encouragement from the thought of how much can be done. In the evenings of a single winter, judiciously and vigorously occupied, the seeds of many a precious harvest can be sown. The more learning the better; but a little is not dangerous. An ignorant man in Italy is a blind man in a picture gallery.

In conclusion, I offer a word of advice as to the time for visiting Italy. Most travellers see it only in winter; but this is a mistake. At this season, the weather is often cold and more frequently rainy; the sky is covered with a funereal pall of gray clouds; the houses in the towns are damp and the streets are muddy; in the country the trees are leafless and the vines are mere uncouth coils of cordage; and everywhere the faces of the people wear a mixed expression of patient resignation and impatient expectation. It is only in sunshine that the real life of Italy comes out; and, in its absence, works of art—churches, pictures, and statues—lose half their attractions. The heats of summer are said to be oppressive: on this point, I cannot speak from experience; but the degree of heat is not greater than we sometimes have it; and the narrow streets of the towns, and the thick walls, spacious rooms, and stone floors of the houses, afford a protection against it such as is unknown with us. The discomforts of a high temperature, and especially the necessity of remaining quiet during the middle of the day, may well be submitted to in consideration of the clearness of the air, the splendour of the morning lights and colours, and the incomparable beauty of the nights. Of spring and autumn in Italy, I can speak from a brief experience; and it is certainly not too much to say, that a week in September or April is fairly worth a month in winter. The bulb hardly differs more from the tulip than does Italy in winter from Italy in

spring. This latter season in that country is the spring which the poets paint, and its beauties and delights are such that they need borrow no embellishments from the imagination. Language cannot translate all that is seen and felt in the sky, the earth, and the air. He who has seen Italy only in winter has but half seen it: he has seen the reverse of the tapestry—a transparency by daylight.

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES & SONS, STAMFORD STREET, AND CHARING CROSS.

00032737

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016